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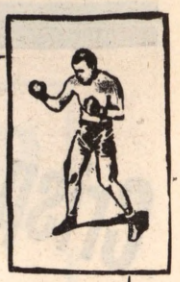

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In Our Next Issue

Things are popping in boxing the world over. Suddenly the ring fan finds himself in the thick of fresh developments from Los Angeles to London. And that, for readers of THE RING Magazine, means a more interesting, more thorough, more authoritative world coverage than ever before.

Fight fans still are talking about Randy Turpin's victory over Ray Robinson. Nat Fleischer, publisher of this magazine, who was at the ringside, will tell you more about this perhaps greatest upset since Gene Tunney took the heavyweight title from Jack Dempsey.

The approaching Ezzard Charles-Joe Walcott return fight will be discussed by Daniel M. Daniel.

The staff of this magazine will give you another interesting feature in its series of symposiums. It will deal with the virtually forgotten Little Men—the small masters who made boxing history. George Dixon, Abe Attell, Frankie Burns, Kid Chocolate, Pancho Villa, Pal Moore, Johnny Kilbane, and Kid Williams, among them.

Jersey Jones has done a fine piece about Then and Now—Boxing 100 years later. It will give the Old Guard a nostalgic jolt.

There will be the inaugural of a new department by Johnny Salak, devoted to television in boxing.

Fleischer will give you some very interesting dope on the situation abroad, apart from the Turpin-Robinson fight.

There will be an article on the latest developments in boxing in our armed services.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter either in the text or the advertisements which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining and it is clean.

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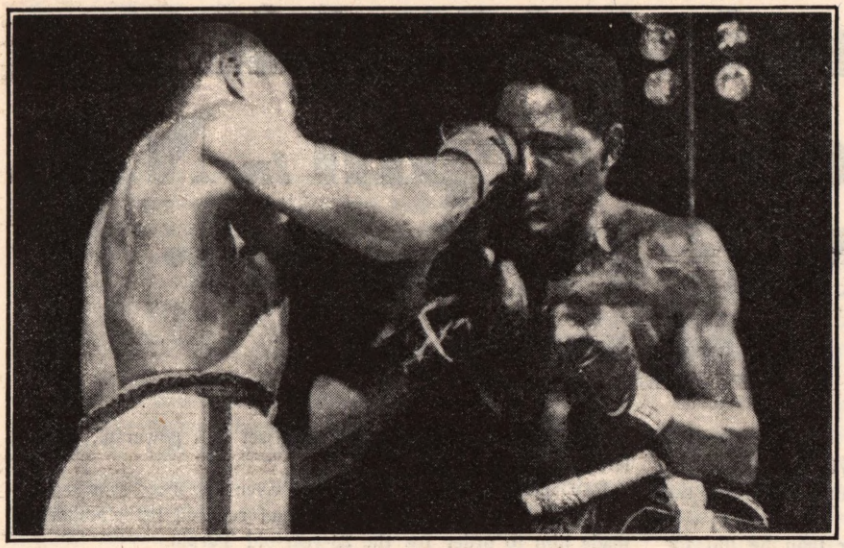
Walcott Is Finally Champion

By DANIEL M. DANIEL



Here are Ezzard Charles and Jersey Joe Walcott in their third meeting, in Pittsburgh. Joe is the scrapper on the left.

IN the bewildering aftermath of Jersey Joe Walcott's seventh-round knockout of Ezzard Charles, for the heavyweight championship of the world, boxing wonders, "Where do we go from here?"

In so far as Walcott was concerned, the victory was one of the most remarkable achievements in ring history.

In so far as the destinies of boxing were concerned, the downfall of Charles was something else again.

With all respect for Walcott, we must not forget that he was beaten twice by Charles and as many times by Joe Louis, before, on his fifth attempt, he sent Ezzard tumbling out of the championship with a left hook that ripped Charles' chin from one side of his mouth to the other. Fifty-five seconds of the seventh round, and a new and somewhat bizarre champion had been crowned.

In evaluating Walcott as an asset to the boxing industry, it is also important to emphasize the fact that Rex Layne gave him a beating in ten rounds last winter.

Only recently, this same conqueror of Walcott was outclassed, and knocked out in summary fashion, by Rocky Marciano, in the sixth round.

WHERE does all this get us? Well, it doubtless means a third meeting of Louis and Walcott, but it is a question if that fight could go in the Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds. It might have to be taken out of New York, or held in the Garden.

Louis vs. Walcott, then the winner against Marciano, and perhaps the heavyweight class will recover from this setback after all.

Setback? Yes, a setback, and a serious one. And once again, I want to emphasize my admiration for Walcott and the feat he accomplished at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, on the night of July 18.

Charles is 30. He had defended his title successfully eight times. He had fought back gamely against the insinuation that he was not a real champion.

Walcott is—well, how old is this new champion, really? He says he is 37. I believe he is 40. Most emphatically, he is at least 39, and could be he is even older than 40.

During the depression in the early 1930's, Walcott had been on relief. With a large family, he had been forced to subsist on less than $10 a week.

He had fought with fair success, then retired and gone into a shipyard, and finally had been dug out for a fresh start.

THE Cinderella Man angle certainly stood out in the dramatic career of Jim Braddock, who became the champion by beating Maxie Baer, and who lost the title to Joe Louis.

However, in the Walcott story, the intense human interest stands out even more acutely, more poignantly, than it did in the case of Braddock, who also had been on relief.

At 39 or 40, Walcott is the oldest champion elect in the history of the heavyweight division. How many title winners of that age have we had in the other classes? Possibly none.

The day after Jersey Joe had stopped Charles, the man in the street exuberated, "It did my heart good to see the old guy whale Ezzard with those sneak rights, and that left hook. It was a thrilling performance."

Fine and dandy, and nothing that the man in the street could say about Walcott could be criticized on the score of overdoing.

But, when Walcott meets Louis, how many of those men in the street will be ready to fork over twenty bucks for a seat? That is the question which now confronts the International Boxing Club, with its plans all askew after one of the biggest upsets in the annals of the ring.

Upsets, nothing but, Randy Turpin takes the middleweight title from Ray Robinson, Marciano belts out Layne, then Walcott, a 9 to 2 second choice, carries the fight to the younger Charles, and has him rocky a few times before he finally left hooks him to the canvas.

IT was a consummate knockout. Charles tumbled, took a count of nine, tried to get up, tumbled over on his head and hit the boards pretty hard. There was no question about his having been belted.

"I do not know what happened," Charles said as he sat in his corner, the champion no longer.

He insisted that his head had begun to clear when he made that effort to arise. But I doubt it. I don't believe Charles realized what had happened until he had been assisted back onto his stool.

As an upset, the result must be measured by what you think of Charles as a heavyweight fighter.

If you feel that Ezzard measured up to the title, then the Walcott success must be rated about as great a surprise as any in the history of heavyweight boxing.

If you now have your doubts about Charles' ranking—even if you did not have them before—the upset does not measure up to the one caused by Jim Corbett's victory over John L. Sullivan, or even Jess Willard's knockout of Jack Johnson. The Willard result is still under suspicion.

AS a feat in the long sequence of achievements in heavyweight championship competition, Walcott's victory does not measure up to Jack Dempsey's knockout of Jess Willard, Joe Louis' one-round triumph over Max Schmeling, even though Joe was the defending champion, Bob Fitzsimmons' solar plexus drama against Corbett, the Jeffries' victory over Fitz.

In winning the championship on his fifth try, Walcott set a record. Corbett had had three shots.

As the seventh round of his fight with Charles hove into view at Forbes Field, Walcott looked tired already. It appeared likely that in ten heats he would run out of gas, and then be worn down by the younger Charles.

The old guard recollected how, at 37, Corbett had tried to regain the heavyweight championship, in a battle with Jeffries, and how, after having piled up enough points to win three titles, Gentleman Jim found his legs gone, and himself a prey to the Boilermaker.

"Corbett could not do it at 37, and Walcott is not going to make it at whatever age he is—39, 49," the cognoscenti insisted.

But Jersey Joe Walcott, Old Man River himself, from Camden, N. J., with a family of six children and an abiding faith in God, made it.

Joe rocked Ezzard at the close of the third round with a couple of smashing rights.

Walcott just missed felling Charles with a sneak right in the fifth.

In the next round, Charles appeared to realize that time was running out, and he was losing *(Continued on page 59)*

Highly Trained Robinson Would Beat Turpin *in* N.Y. Says Nat Fleischer

By NAT FLEISCHER

(Right from the Ringside at Earls Court)

LONDON, ENGLAND—There will be a return match between Randolph Adolphus Turpin, 23-year-old conqueror of Ray Robinson for the middleweight championship of the world, in New York in September.

If Robinson doesn't do any more training than he did for their July 10 fight here, he will lose again.

If Robinson trains hard and once again is the Ray we know—sharp, scientific, even cruel in his punching—then Turpin will return here minus the crown.

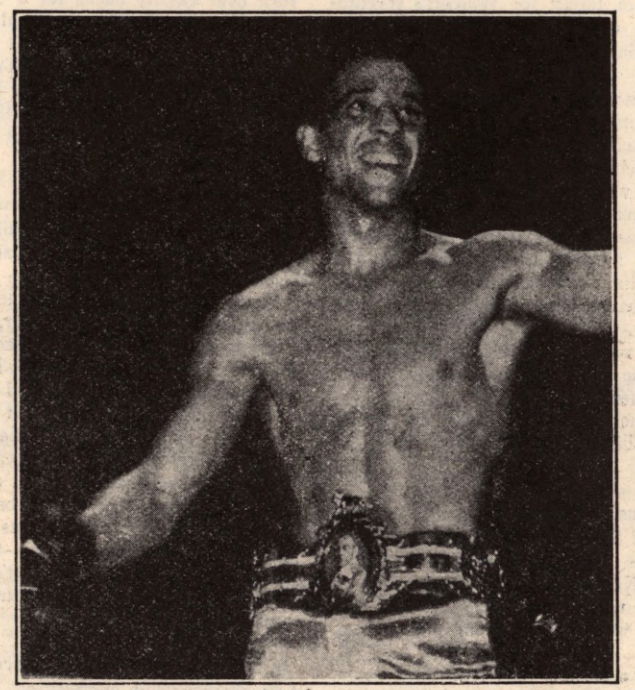
Never before have I witnessed such a demonstration of singing, hand-clapping, cheering and feet-stamping as accompanied the announcement: "The winner and new world champion, Randolph Turpin."

It was an indescribable scene, and well might the British celebrate as they did, for a 6 to 1 underdog, given little chance even by his own people—especially the London writers—came through with flying colors against a man who hitherto had been recognized as the greatest fighter of his time.

What happened to this "invincible American"? That's what everyone wants to know. Was he the great Sugar Ray whom Americans had been touting as the Black Prince, successor to the mighty Peter Jackson?

The answer was a definite "No!" The Sugar Ray who fought Turpin was only a shadow of the scientific, hard-hitting Robinson. Had he fought against Jake LaMotta as he did against Turpin, Ray would not have gone ten rounds.

MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMP



Randolph Turpin, boss of the world's middleweights, who won his crown in convincing win over Sugar Ray Robinson.

TURPIN'S victory on points in the spacious Empress Stadium, where 18,200 persons saw the bout, was no fluke. We cannot belittle his great triumph, but the fact remains that he did not score it over the marvellous ringmaster who had dethroned LaMotta.

He was not half the Ray we had come to know. He had left his fight in France, where social engagements, golf, night entertainments and long hops by car to engage in exhibitions and bouts had taken their toll.

It cannot be done, and Ray learned that lesson through loss of the title. Have a good time, and you pay for it.

Can you imagine Sugar Ray missing punches by feet? Can you picture Robinson grasping an opponent frequently, holding on to avoid punishment?

The customarily scientific, sharp-shooting, powerful Sugar was out-hit, out-generalled, out-maneuvered and out-classed in all branches by a boy whose only asset is a powerful, hooking left and a jarring right.

Ray simply didn't have a thing! Even his speed was lacking. The soft luxuries of good living had reduced his stamina and made him to order for the 23-year-old Turpin.

This quiet, soft-spoken, unassuming youngster, whose faith in his ability to take the crown was never shaken—not by all the fanfare accompanying the Robinson training ballyhoo—wasn't the least bit perturbed.

TURPIN'S confidence increased as the fight went on. He never faltered. He started out with a rush, as he had said he would while in training, and never let up.

Even when jarred occasionally, he quickly came back to make up for it by a relentless attack that had Ray either backing away or jumping into a clinch.

That wasn't the Sugar we had so frequently seen mow down opponent after opponent!

The pair have a return engagement listed. The contract calls for another bout in New York in September, and I venture to predict the result will be different. The real Sugar Ray has too much on the ball to be taken into camp by a fighter like Turpin. And I take nothing from the new champion by this declaration. He's a good fighter, but not in the same class as the real Ray Robinson.

I may be putting my foot in it again, as I did in predicting the knockout of Turpin in 12 rounds. But I cannot conceive Robinson again being as bad as he was in the London fight. He'll know what it means to take Randolph seriously when they meet again. He'll know how to train.

A fighter needs rest—plenty of it—for a title defense, and Ray got little of that. Even at his Star and Garter quarters, the noisy occupants of adjoining rooms, the autograph hunters, the music—all added to Ray's downfall. Ray looked like a million dollars in his gym workouts, but in combat he couldn't get going.

Ray faced Europe's best middleweight. He is a little better than Dave Sands, the Empire champion and, for an opponent like that, Sugar needed more rest and training than he had had after crossing the Channel following his tour of the Continent.

Randolph fought a heady battle. He knew what he was doing at all times. He took advantage of every opening. He never faltered and never permitted Ray to take command. The newly-crowned king was master almost from the start, and won hands down.

(Continued on page 23)

A Matter of Accurate Reporting

By NAT FLEISCHER

Much to my regret, a matter of accuracy in reporting has sprung up between Ray Robinson and me.

Such rhubarbs never help anybody, and this one is especially distasteful to me because I fancy myself to be a close friend of Ray's.

In fact, I helped Ray get the fight with Randy Turpin in England. Now it is a question if that was a real service to him.

I was astonished when I read an article in a London evening newspaper attacking my interview with Robinson, in which he told me that Turpin had repeatedly used the illegal rabbit punch and that the new world middleweight champion will never get away with the use of such tactics in their return bout.

In a telegram sent to the paper by Robinson, who was asked to comment on my article, because of the commotion my story aroused in England, Ray repudiated the interview. He declared, according to the paper, that he had not told me that Turpin had used the rabbit punch.

I leave it to the British as to who is telling the truth. Too frequently have Sugar Ray and his manager, George Gainford, renegued on statements given to the Press.

I go on record with the declaration that not only did Ray Robinson make every statement published under my name in an interview for "The People," but approved the material after it had been read back to him the morning that he left London for Paris. "Don't change anything," he told me.

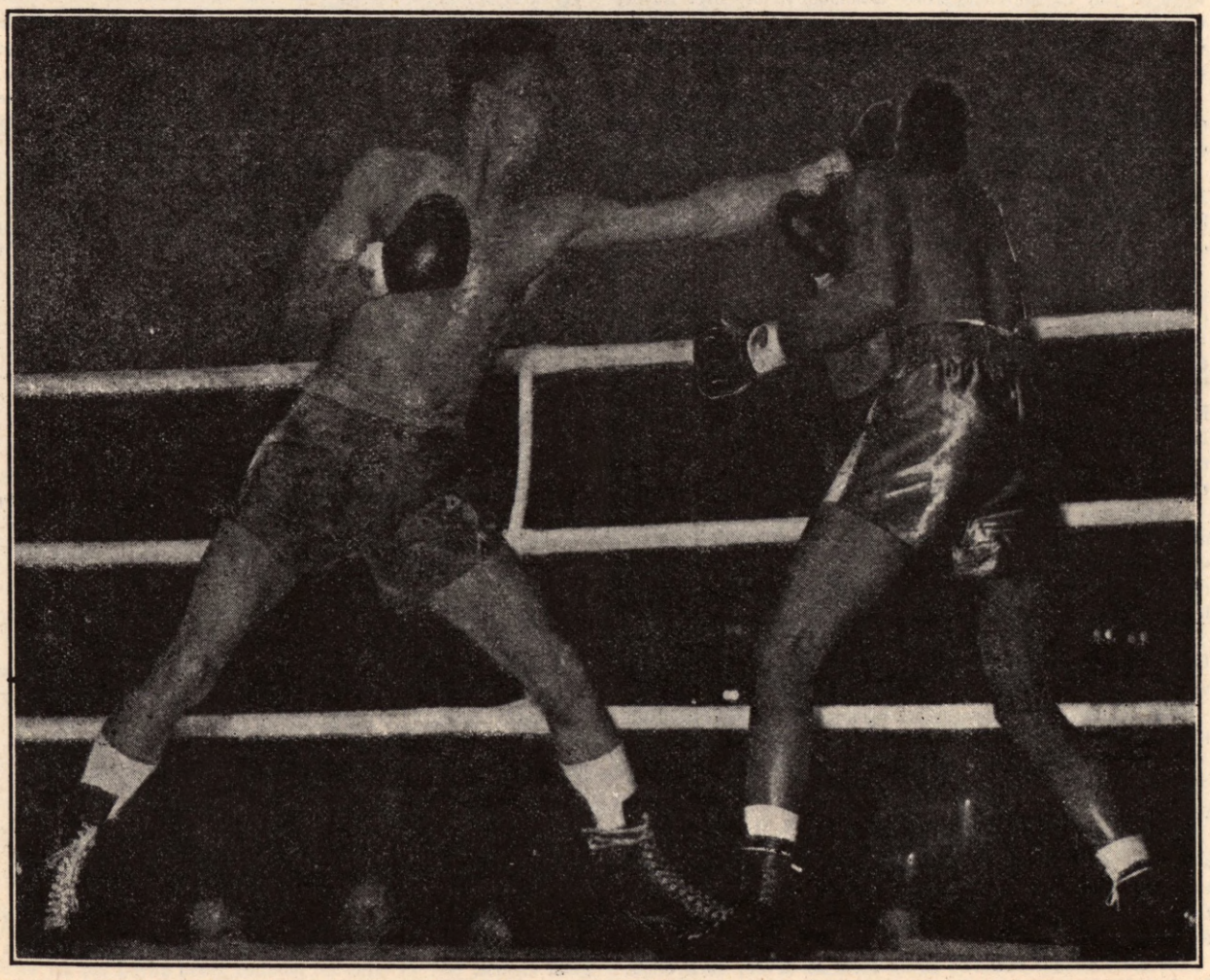
If Ray was not hit with the rabbit punch, I wonder why one of England's most competent boxing critics, Peter Wilson, in the commentary for the British fight film, repeatedly remarked, "Turpin again is striking Robinson with the dangerous rabbit punch."

Peter knows a rabbit punch when he sees one. In America, when the film was shown with Jimmy Powers taking the place of Wilson as the commentator, no mention of the rabbit punch was made. Yet every newspaperman and several members of the boxing commission who watched the showing, asked, "Why wasn't Turpin warned for the illegal use of the rabbit blow?"

In the New York *Journal-American*, Lewis Burton wrote: "It is difficult to understand, while watching the movies, why the British permit such a flagrant foul as Turpin's rabbit punch, without offering a word of protest in the papers in view of the celebrated haste to disqualify a fighter for other foul tactics! The chances are that Turpin will never be permitted to get away with it in America. Yet it is his cornerstone, or corner rock of his infighting. Take that from him, and much of his efficiency may be gone."

Robinson has taken advantage of an old stratagem—the repudiation.

I stand by what I wrote for "The People."



Randolph Turpin, leading with a long left, continually kept Sugar Ray off balance and rarely allowed the fighter who had been called the greatest in the game a chance to set himself to put over the damaging right. Turpin proved to be the master of Robinson and several times had his man on the verge of a knockout.

Marciano, Turpin, Murphy Spark a Fistic Comeback

Rocky's Six-Round Knockout of Layne Adds to Brighter Tone as Boxing Shoots Into International Revival

By NAT LOUBET

BOXING emphatically is in business again. It has happened quickly, surprisingly, merrily.

The fun achieved its crest on the night of July 18, when Jersey Joe Walcott upset Ezzard Charles, KO'ing Ezz in the seventh round, to gain the heavyweight crown of the world.

The carnival of tremendous revival actually got under way on February 14, in Chicago, when Ray Robinson stopped Jake LaMotta in thirteen rounds for the middleweight championship of the world.

On June 27, LaMotta was shorn of what was left of his fistic reputation, when, in Yankee Stadium, Bob Murphy stopped him in seven heats.

On July 9, in Philadelphia, Charley Fusari, who had fancied himself as a welter contender of top rank, ran into the surprise of his life. The 20-year-old Gil Turner knocked him out in the eleventh.

The very next night, in London, Randolph Adolphus Turner took the middleweight title from Robinson, with a 15-round decision he merited, richly.

Scarcely had the furore over the Turpin achievement slackened, when on July 12, Marciano scored a notable victory over Layne, whipping him all the way, and placing himself in line for a fight with the Charles-Walcott winner, when he KO'ed Layne in 35 seconds of the sixth round.

Thus has boxing risen to the crest of a tremendous wave of momentum. What had been regarded as a moribund industry now is an exciting operation.

Stilled are the Cassandaras who had howled from Boston to San Francisco that boxing was a No Man's Land inhabited largely by fistic bums, has-beens, never-will-bes and the refuse of American professional sport.

Yes, the old game is hopping with excitement. Big matches are in the making. Big crowds are in the massing. The comeback is in full swing.

SINCE the end of World War II boxing had been watching and waiting. It had been a patient wait, if anxious one. Reems of copy poured forth on the decline of fistic material. Leading fighters fell by the wayside with seemingly little to take their place. It became a lachrymose task to continually look into the dark mouth of boxing's despair.

"Boxing is on the decline." Who hasn't heard that one? Some maintained that all the game needed was an outstanding heavyweight, a two-fisted knockerouter who would remind us of the old days. We maintained that as the heavyweights go, so goes boxing. The heavyweights were going, and none were coming on.

Then it happened! 12,565 fans paid $73,190 to see it happen. Unfortunately the growing television clientele and radio listeners were denied the chance to share in the thrill as it formed itself.

A two-fisted mayhem bent, block busting Marciano, blasted the third ranking Layne to an inert mass.

The twenty-six-year-old Rocker racked up his 36th win and 31st knockout at the expense of his 23-year-old rival from Lewiston, Utah.

It was only the second loss in 38 fights for the roly-poly Layne and the first time he had been knocked out. The favorite, at ring time as high as 2-1, received a left hook to the body and a right to the head at the cheekbone, and with it a detour from his hopes for a title fight.

The early rounds saw two savages out to devour each other. In close, banging away, with Layne trying for the body with that right that had earned him victories over Jersey Joe Walcott, a kayo over Bob Satterfield, and a decision over Cesar Brion.

Marciano was trying to throw that long left hook which, according to pre fight predictions, was to be his chief weapon.

But the openings weren't there in Maricano's armor. Rex punched and tied up the Rock. The Brockton Belter bobbed, weaved, threw uppercuts, hooks, and sharp rights that earned for him every round of the fight.

Rex was baffled by the boring-in, fast-moving tactics of his opponent. Layne had been picked to win by virtue of his experience with better opponents. His gameness was expected to tell over ten rounds.

His right hand, not as powerful as Marciano's, still had sufficient authority to convince most of the scribes that he would take the starch out of Rocky in the early rounds.

Evidently nobody told Marciano that Rex was tougher than he. In the second round Marciano opened a gash over Layne's left eye that bled throughout the entire fight. He bulled the pudgy Layne with mounting fury. Touted for his left hook, Marciano had dynamite in his right as well.

AS early as the second round, a right flush on the mouth slowed Rex down and caused him to shake his head. In each succeeding round the Utah heavy was on the receiving end of those rights and it was a right, not a left, that was the clincher.

Marciano proved conclusively that he could take it. With the exception of Roland LaStarza from whom he had won a split decision, the Rock had met only second rate opposition.

For the first four rounds the fight was a clumsy, mauling affair, in close, with Layne unable to fathom the Rock's arm tangling style, and Marciano repeatedly jolting the Utah farm boy with harrowing uppercuts and spine wracking jolts to the head. Layne's only attack was a few rights to the body and an occasional try for a roundhouse shot at Marciano's jaw.

In the fifth the fighting moved to longer range as Layne stayed away from Marciano. Until he walked into another right chop to the whiskers, Rex was on his way to having a good round. That right hand buckled him at the knees and he almost went down.

In the sixth Layne still showed the effects of those rights. He received a right and left to the body and then the knockout blow, a blasting right to the jaw that took about 15 seconds to seep in. Then Layne swayed from the hips, pitched to his knees, then to his side, rolled over and curled up like a sleeping babe while Referee Mark Conn tolled off the ten.

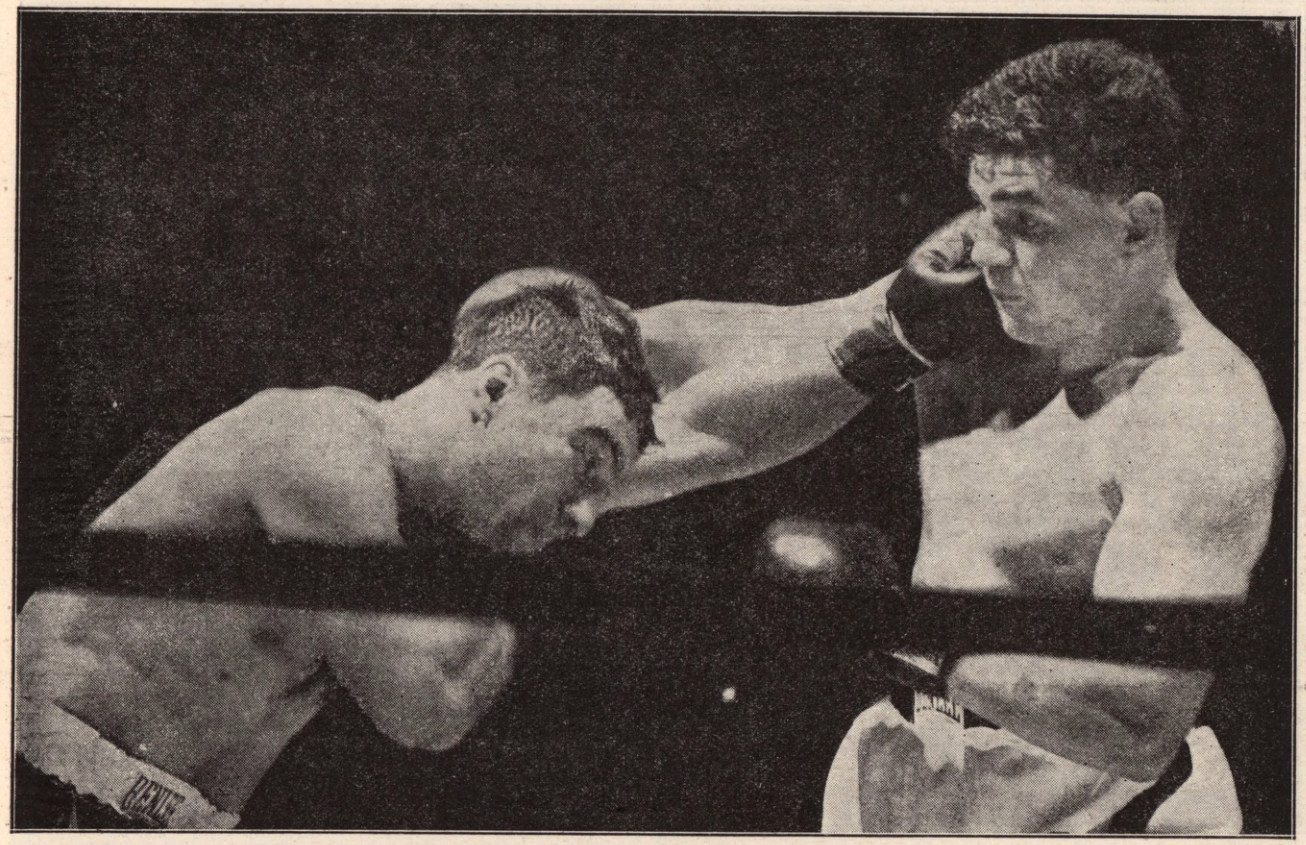
THOUGH anything but a good boxer, the ability to take it and the colorful manner in which Marciano throws his bombs with either hand, remind one of the Jack Dempsey school when the fans thronged to the arenas to witness the Manassa Mauler beat the brains out of his opponents with a right to the body and a left hook to the chin. Marciano uses a similar technique. He bores in and blasts to body and then puts 'em away with a solid jolt to the chin.

How would Marciano go against Charles or Walcott? Well, he would be up against accomplished boxers with speed of punch and foot. Layne was even slower than Lee Savold had been in his defeat by Joe Louis.

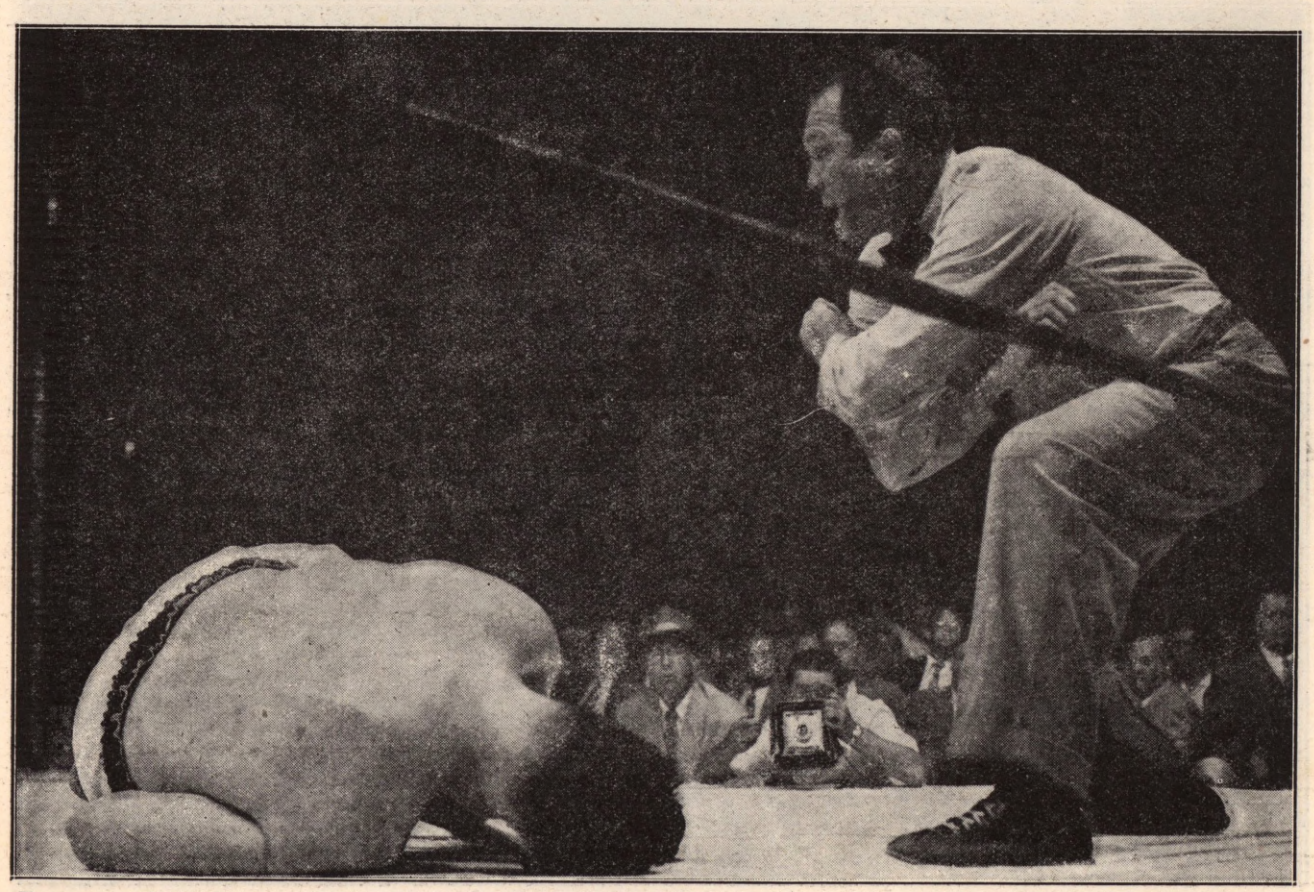
Charles probably would defeat Marciano with left hooks and tie up his right. Walcott with his ring sanguinity would stand a good chance.

But we must not forget that when a man with knockout drops in either hand goes into the ring, anything can happen.

Marciano Eyes Crown

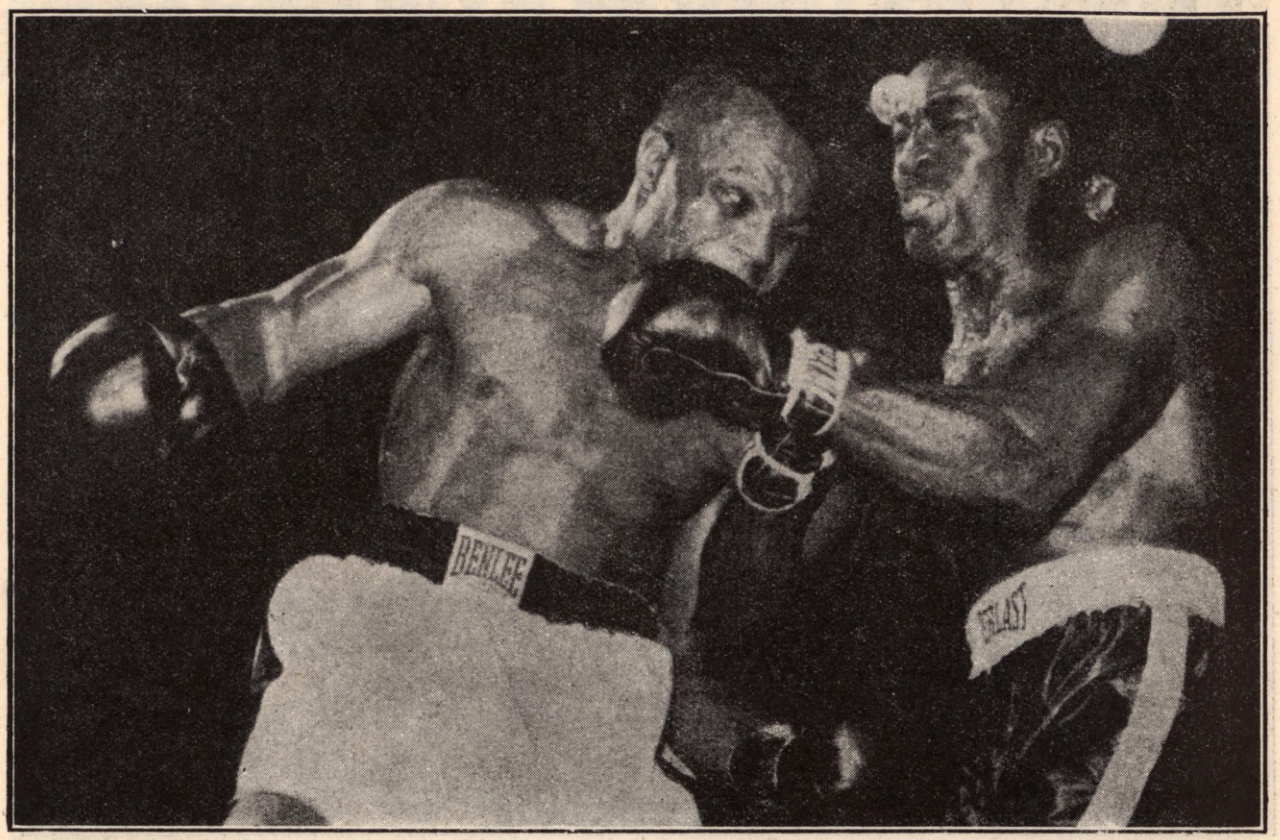


There is a look of wonderment on Rex's face as he stops a Marciano left hook early in the battle. Soon Rocky was to cut Layne's left eye wide open and produce a crimson smear.

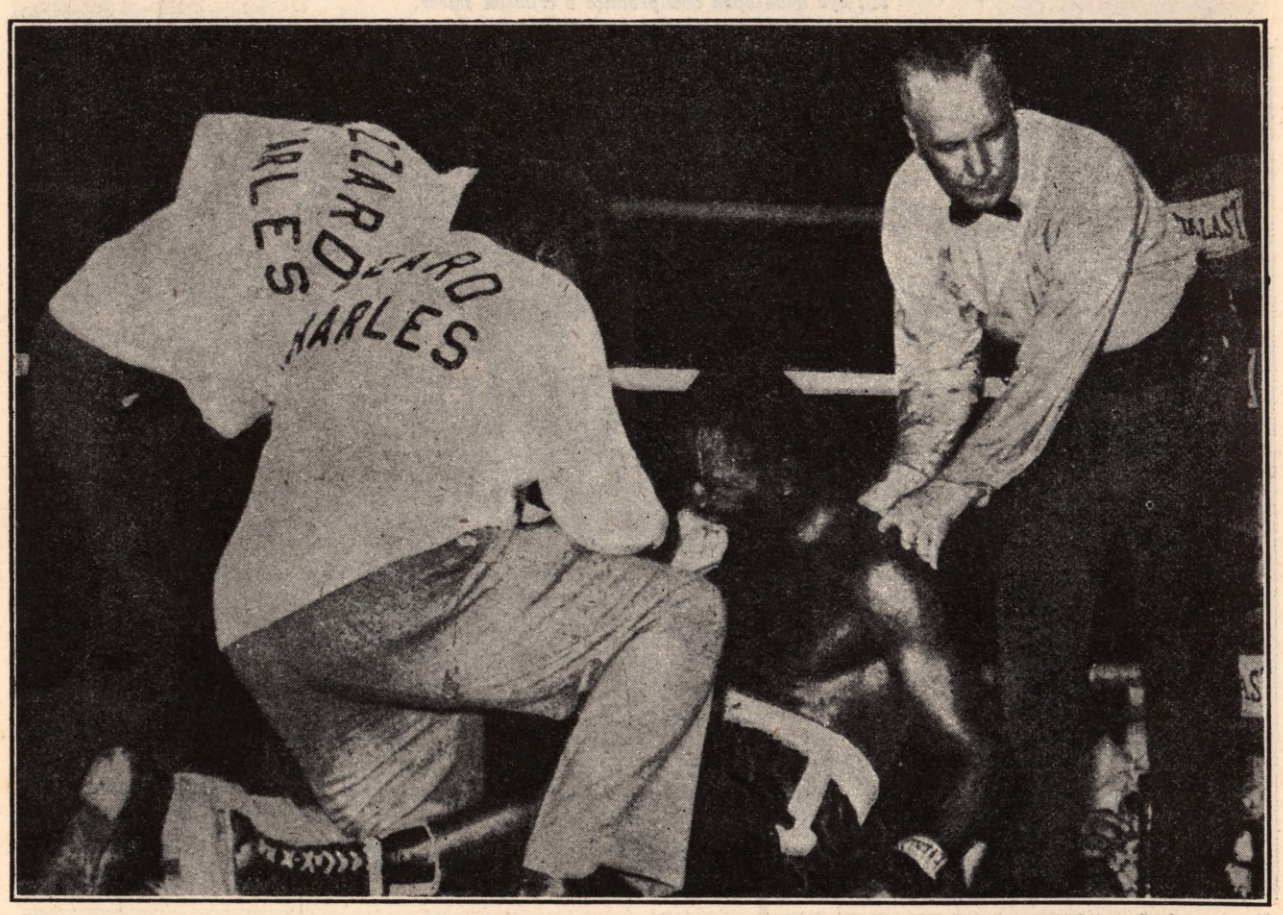


Here we see Layne being counted out after he had stopped Rocky's right to the jaw in the sixth round of their engagement in New York's Madison Square Garden.

AS JERSEY JOE BECAME KING

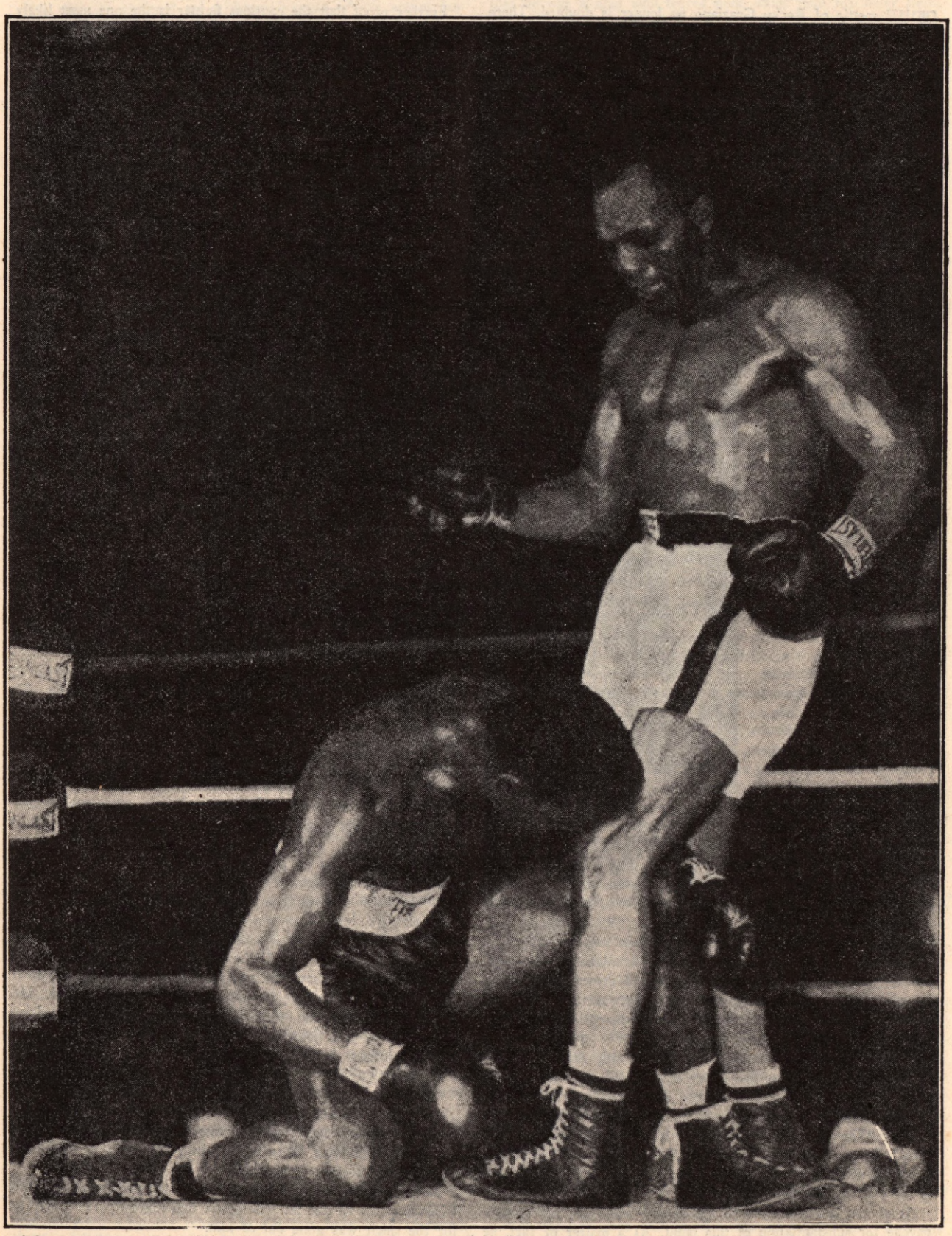


Here is a tell-tale in the fourth round. Walcott is shown slamming a hard left to Ezzard's midriff, and Charles does not like it.



The end of Charles' tenure of the heavyweight championship of the world. He has taken his second tumble after having stopped a left hook in the seventh round.

JERSEY JOE WALCOTT CHAMPION!



This photograph shows Charles floored by the new heavyweight king's devastating and fight ending left hook in 55 seconds of the seventh round, at Forbes Field, in Pittsburgh. On his fifth attempt, Joe has become the title winner.

NO SUBSTITUTE *for* HEART

By BARNEY NAGLER

THE mettle of Rocky Graziano no longer is doubted. There was a time, however, when word went around that the rock-throwing East Sider, not yet the middleweight champion, was short on courage. This was after Graziano's first, and futile, lunge at Tony Zale's title in 1946.

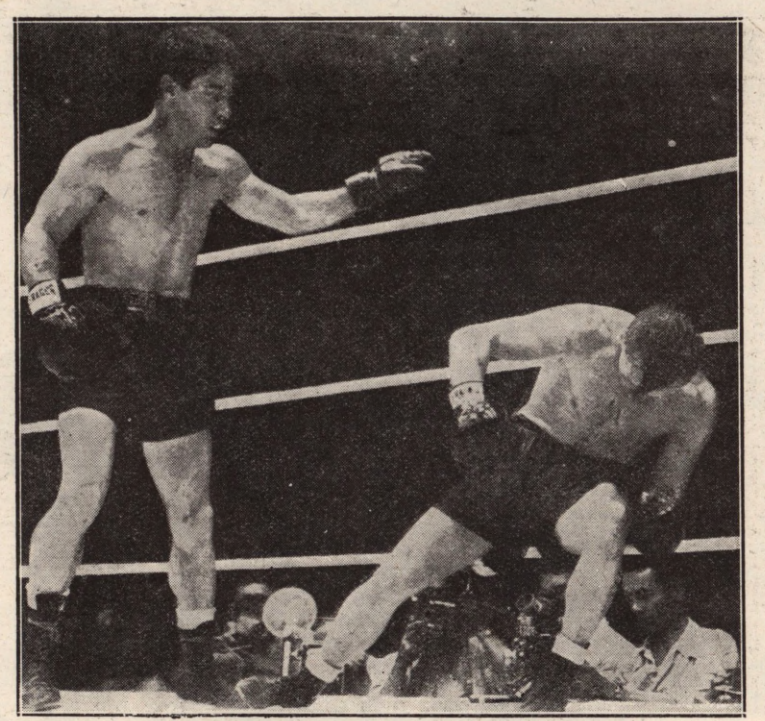
Graziano hurt Zale early in this clash at the Yankee Stadium, but the durable veteran from Gary, Ind., rebounded in the sixth round to floor the Rock with a body blow. It was the kind of punch only the victim can assay, being inside and hard, and breath-stealing.

Ruby Goldstein, the referee, counted Graziano out while the rebuffed challenger seemingly knew what was happening. Yet Rocky was unable to respond to the instinctive urge to come erect. Immediately, even before you can say Ray Robinson, the word was out: Graziano had quit.

"He's got a heart big as this," fight managers said, always with gestures. They underlined their contempt by indicating a circle the size of a dime where the heart should be. Most came to accept this as fact, based on the case visually adduced in the Stadium ring. So when Graziano was rematched with Zale in Chicago, July 16, 1947, he was suspect.

In the early rounds of this one Zale opened spigots in Graziano's face. The blood flowed and the sweltering customers in the sweat-heated Chicago Stadium anticipated an early end for Graziano. Some press section denizens even indicated they felt that Graziano was looking for a soft spot.

They were wrong. Graziano draped Zale over the ropes and beat him up badly. The referee stopped the struggle in the sixth. Graziano was the 160-pound champion. More importantly, he had proved how wrong it was to pin-point him as a competitor short on resolution. He had proved them wrong in the furnace of competition.



The fight that proved Graziano had heart. His second title bout with Tony Zale in Chicago. Zale, the champ, had administered a terrific beating to Rocky, both his eyes were practically closed, but the New Yorker refused to give in. Then in the sixth round Graziano pulled the fight out of the fire. A barrage of lefts and rights buckled the champ and he fell against the ropes helpless and Referee Johnny Behr halted the fight. The Rock was the middleweight champion of the world.

GRAZIANO was not alone in this regard. Since the first fighters came to scratch to do battle in some pristine forest there has been a diffusion of opinion regarding fighters' courage. Benny Leonard, as quoted by Ray Arcel, the arch trainer, put it best: "The most dangerous fighter is the fighter who's a little afraid. I'd much rather fight a guy who's not afraid of anything. You can usually tell what he's gonna do. The hard guy to lick is the guy who's a little cautious."

Arcel can dip quickly into his mental catalogue of fighters' psyche for substantiation of this point. As a matter of fact, he was in Zale's corner against Graziano. He saw Graziano's turnabout in Chicago. Obviously, Graziano was a guy just a little cautious.

Further proof that the cautious fighter is the one most likely to bristle with a boldness unsuspected by the opposition was offered by Walter Cartier in his recent turnabout with Gene (Silent) Hairston in Madison Square Garden. Cartier was regarded as a fighter imprisoned by caution. Yet, in this one, he came off the floor twice to put Hairston there in the lambent seconds of the tenth and final round. He had proved he was not lacking in competitive zeal.

A fighter's courage is never constant. It is not to be tapped as an enduring source, much as a water tap in New York town. It often runs dry.

One of Arcel's fighters, Lou Nova, was regarded as a thoroughly resolute fighter. He sopped up punishment in two fights with Max Baer and in each instance could have succumbed openly without regard for subsequent censure.

But he twice knocked out Baer. Another night, in Philadelphia, he was shamefully fouled and abused by Tony Galento in as lawless a ring struggle as the business has known. He didn't quit.

Yet, on the night he went into the ring against Joe Louis in the Yankee Stadium, Nova was something apart from the man who had boldly and tenaciously approached the job of subduing Baer and absorbing the butts and elbows of Galento.

Arcel told about this in a magazine article written by Bill Heinz, a piece in which the trainer said:

"The day of the fight we drove into New York for the weigh-in, and now you could see that something had happened to Nova. He didn't say anything, and I didn't say anything to him, but I could see he didn't have the spirit he had when he fought Baer and Galento. After the weigh-in and the examination, Dr. William Walker, who was the boxing commission physician then, said to me, 'Did you give this fellow a cup of coffee before you came here?'

"I said, 'No. Why?' He never answered.

"We went up to Ray Carlin's apartment in the Dauphin Hotel. Nova ate his dinner, and we tried to take a walk. He just didn't have the snap to walk, so we came back and he lay down. I remember him lying there on the bed, and he said to Carlin, 'This mental torture is terrible.'"

Nova went out there and was knocked out, and it is reasonable to assume that he was far less fighter that night than ever before, for the spirit was gone out of him.

After the Louis debacle there was little left of Nova as a fighter, a string of wins over pushovers and four decisive knockouts at the hands of Lee Savold and Tommy Mauriello ended his career.

THE European attitude toward courage is antipodal of the outlook here. It is regarded as a magnificent concession on the part of an obviously beaten boxer to surrender. It is a gesture out of good sense by safety first. Only recently, Cyrille Delannoit sat on his stool in obvious discouragement and surrendered to Ray Robinson in a bout at Turin.

The Belgian suffered no criticism because of his action nor have any strictures been placed in his official record. He is regarded in Europe as an athlete who, having met his superior, conceded in the heat of conquest that he was vanquished.

Yet another European of an earlier day, Enrico Venturi, the Italian, soon came to know the American definition of valor as it is spelled out in the ring. Venturi, in a bout with Pedro Montanez in New York back in 1937, was knocked down by an especially vicious smash to the head. He was palpably hurt, but took no count. He went the distance with Montanez, losing a decision at the end of 12 rounds.

In Venturi's dressing room there was considerable academic interest in his failure to take a count. He was a veteran of the ring, with many years of activity to his credit, and yet he had behaved as the veriest tyro. He had lost the opportunity to take advantage of a count. Ed Van Every, the fight writer, bent low over Venturi, who sat cross-legged on the inevitable leather-garbed rubbing table.

"How come," one scribe asked, "you didn't take a nine-count on the knockdown?"

Venturi, who groped for the right words in English, thought for a moment. Then he said, "My head say take nine, but it was here I couldn't stay down." He pointed to his heart. He had learned that valor is the better side of discretion in the American ring.

American fighters learn this early. Billy Conn was arrogantly bold from the moment he first pulled on work gloves as a Pittsburgh kid. He fought the opposition placed in front of him without questioning the advisability of Manager Johnny Ray's matchmaking. He was richly endowed by instinct with the guts of a champion.

After his second, and shameful, bout with Louis, wherein he ran, slithered, retreated and cowered into the eighth round, only to be clipped by the heavyweight champion, Conn had one regret. He rightly fretted lest his friends, and the public, regard his effort as something less than ennobling.

"I don't mind losing," he was quoted as saying, "but them guys'll say I quit."

THE mark of a champion is the badge of courage. Willie Ritchie, the former lightweight kingpin, earned the accolade after he had lost his title. In 1919, Ritchie came East on his honeymoon, but was persuaded to take on Benny Leonard in Newark, N. J. Ritchie obviously was in no shape. Leonard himself came to offer a maxim of the ring as a result of beating Ritchie.

"A fighter just married is never any good," Leonard said, "not because of the condition of his body, but because of the condition of his heart. He is romantically inclined just after marriage and not fit for breaking another guy's nose. He loves everybody."

Ritchie was paid $10,000 for going in against Leonard, who proceeded to disassemble the former champion. But Ritchie would not go down. The crowd called for his surrender in the name of mercy. The referee, doubtless intrigued by Ritchie's fortitude, permitted the bout to go long after it was a contest. Leonard couldn't floor the Californian. At the end, in the eighth round, Ritchie was still on his feet, a knockout victim whose head was unbowed.

Ritchie had proved himself a hallmark of championship by bracing his feet as Leonard assaulted him in the last round. He would not go down.

A more modern lightweight out of Newark, Allie Stolz, frequently was confronted with the task of providing a practical affidavit confirming his valor. He did this fully in a 15-round match with Sammy Angott, who was somewhat of a lightweight champion. Stolz went the distance with Angott and, in the books of many, should have been declared the winner. When it was over, he moaned, then sighed, "What the hell, I tried, didn't I?"

Truly, in the books of many, he had won the championship.

The case of Kingfish Levinsky is one never to be overlooked in essays of this kind. Of him it has been said, "He never missed a punch." It also was said, before his debacle with Joe Louis, that he was a man who feared none other than his sister Lena. He had come to taps with any number of rough citizens who had the notion to turn him viscera-side out.

On the night Levinsky was called upon to face Louis in Chicago's Comiskey Park, he came apart at the joints. The coronary valves worked harder and Levinsky's breath came in short takes. He was on the verve of nervous collapse. Mike Jacobs, who was enriching the culture of Chicago by offering Louis vs. Levinsky by way of enriching his own exchequer, sensed there was something wrong with the Kingfish and that it wasn't kosher.

He rushed back to Levinsky's dressing room and found that the Kingfish had turned into the veriest whitefish. He knew that action was the requirement and he rushed out to ringside, where a member of the Illinois Athletic Commission was presiding.

"Gotta get this fight in fast," Jacobs said. "It looks like rain."

The official turned his regulatory eyes skyward. He saw stars. "Ain't a cloud in the sky," he said.

"Hell, it can't be more than a minute before it starts pouring," Mike insisted.

The official realized that Jacobs, having farmed a hothouse row in New Jersey, was a better weather prophet. He gave approval. Levinsky was led to the ring. It was an event within the province of a death house reporter. Louis knocked out Levinsky in one round. A man of courage had lost this noblest of allies before the combat.

IN this regard there's the story of a former heavyweight champion who, in the twilight of his fist-fighting, was trying to quit in his corner one night. His trainer and seconds would not permit him the luxury of surrender. Each time the bell rang they pushed him out to be throttled by a younger adversary.

Finally, out of sheer perversity and inventiveness, he came upon a ruse. He permitted himself to be slugged on the jaw. Blood spurted from his mouth. He fought through the round, came back to his corner and wouldn't take a drink of water. Instead, he contained a glob of blood in his mouth.

The next round the former heavyweight champion was ready. He lay back on the ropes as his attacker pressed the assault and dropped his arms. At the same time he opened his mouth and let the blood roll down his chin. The referee interceded. The fight was stopped.

"What a brave guy he was," a ringsider was heard to say. "He took an awful beating, but he stood up and wouldn't go down. No wonder he was a champion."

Jake LaMotta, the Bronx Bull, knew a courage that was born many say, of pigheadedness. But it was also a courage that was backed with a deep pride. So very much like Rocky Graziano, it was not uncommon to see him come storming back after absorbing a brutal beating in the early rounds and wear down and outlast an opponent.

Against a one-armed fighter, they jeered, he had won the middleweight crown. But he proved himself in subsequent bouts and even in defeats. Defending his title against Laurent Dauthuille he was losing the bout until the closing seconds of a last round when he uncorked a furious barrage of punches to almost literally smother and defeat the challenger.

In losing his title to Ray Robinson he took a brutal beating. None could have thought less of him had he gone down and remained down in an earlier round.

But he remained upright, a target for a sharpshooting perfectionist. The referee finally halted the slaughter in the thirteenth and it is listed as a knockout.

But through sore and swollen lips after the bout, LaMotta said proudly, "No man has yet knocked me down!" Courage. There are all sorts of courage.

Avast, Belay, Now Comes Murphy to Blow 'Em Down

By TED CARROLL

SOMEBODY has called Bob Murphy a sailor who'll be on shore leave for the rest of his life. The swashbuckling ex-gob goes on his way in the manner of a seaman who has to return to his ship and has lots of things to do, and little time to do them in.

Murphy battles as though facing a time limit, setting a blistering pace calculated to get the whole business over in a hurry. He brought gasps and chuckles from his training camp visitors by doing his own announcing, keeping the ring in repair, tacking up posters, helping out in the kitchen, and filling in for the camp bartender.

He even looks like the movie version of a hard-boiled sailor, although amiable and pleasantly talkative. His turbulent ring style is in keeping with the restlessness of the heaving sea, which seems to have seeped into his makeup.

Murphy was no synthetic sailor but an honest-to-goodness-gob who was in before the start of World War Two, and stayed on for 6 years. He admits to 28. No chicken, as ringmen go, but this should be no handicap since several ex-sailors have come out of the navy at an advanced age and gone on to considerable success in the ring.

Most remarkable among these was the little mitt marvel from New Jersey, Johnny Buff. The little Polish boy put in years in the navy, and turned pro at the age of 30! This was in 1918 and 3 years later, age 33, he won the bantamweight championship of the world from New Orleans Pete Herman.

Buff was one of the most amazing ringmen ever known. Starting at an age when most boxers are finishing, he showed championship skill.

ANOTHER startling standout was Fat Willie Meehan. Fat Willie started as a flyweight, served a long hitch on Uncle Sam's seawagons, and ballooned into a roly poly heavyweight. For all his blubbery aspects he moved with unusual agility, knew all the tricks of the trade, and was hard to hurt. Willie did most of his fighting in the old four round days in California. No matter how tough they were, and they included formidables like Sam Langford, Harry Wills and Fred Fulton, fat Willie was ready for them when they hit San Francisco, his stamping ground.

None was able to knock Willie out. The tubby Tar's greatest fame came in his drawn out series with Jack Dempsey, then a hungry, savage, brawler whose mere appearance in the ring was terrifying. The mighty Mannassan was never able to do anything with shifty Willie. The last of their three meetings took place in San Francisco and resulted in a decision for Meehan, believe it or not.

This was at a time when Dempsey was fresh off a surge of spectacular knockouts in eastern rings, and had come west to put Willie in his place once and for all.

The Dempsey crowd has always insisted that Meehan's sailor pals who filled the arena rooted Willie in, that evening in 1918. This may have been, but in a couple of previous meetings Willie had held his own with Dempsey. It appears he had Jack's number.

Many years ago the original Tom Sharkey was the hero of Navy men everywhere, making rugged bids for the world heavyweight title. Old Tom, a square-rigged, indestructible individual who is still alive out west was a native of Ireland and the idol of the Irish over here.

IN a devastating campaign against Army and Navy rivals in the early '90s, Sharkey knocked out all opponents and then set sail for the championship.

This culminated in his famous match with Jim Jeffries at Coney Island, on November 3, 1899. The decision in this fight started a controversy that raged for years. They called Jeff the winner after 25 rounds of bruising mauling. Sharkey's navy followers and Irish adherents set off a demonstration when the verdict was announced and remained convinced until the end of their days that Sharkey had won the world's title that night.

Sharkey, a barrel-chested brawler, engaged the best men of the time with creditable results, but the famous Coney Island contest highlighted his career.

Sharkey's navy fame hung on so tenaciously that a generation later, a gray-eyed, good looking, young Lithuanian out of Binghamton, N. Y. named Cucoskay, after doing a bit of boxing in the navy under the name of Battling Ski, took the name of Jack Sharkey after entering the professional ring in Boston.

Sharkey, whose great natural talent was checkmated by erraticisms and eccentricities, still lived up to the name he adopted. He succeeded where the bonafide Sharkey had failed by winning the World's Heavyweight Title 33 years after the tumultuous Coney Island affair, in which old Tom got none the best of it.

Jack Sharkey, a superb boxer and sharp hitter, first became famous by rushing in where all others had feared to tread by taming the now toothless old Brown Panther, Harry Wills in Brooklyn in the fall of 1926.

His career was colorful and crowded with controversy from beginning to end. Way ahead on points he was called the loser by a kayo against Dempsey in 1927, when his claim of foul was disallowed. In 1930, fighting Max Schmeling for the world's title, again miles in front, he was called the loser when Schmeling's claim of foul was upheld.

THE title winning decision handed him against Schmeling two years later was criticized by many. His knockout at the hands of light-hitting Primo Carnera, whom he previously handled with ease, proved mystifying to the public. Bitten by the comeback bug long after his prime he was tossed in with Joe Louis in 1936 in the finale of a fantastic career.

Navy fighters have a flair for the unusual in one way or another. Such a one was Honeyboy Finnegan, a fine featherweight who was almost 6 feet tall. As if that wasn't enough he was a southpaw to boot. This combination proved almost impossible for his squatty rivals to offset and Finnegan, a Boston boy, lost very few fights. For one reason or another he never caught up with the title but was one of the best the Navy ever sent out.

A quarter century or so ago there was considerable hullabaloo over Sailor Eddie Huffman, a left-hooking blond, who came into New York after doing quite well on the coast.

Huffman was a Garden main eventer against Georges Carpentier and Jack Sharkey but never developed into a title threat.

There haven't been many better looking heavyweight prospects than Ernie Schaaf who first attracted attention representing the Navy in amateur tournaments around New York.

Schaff had all the earmarks of a potential champion. He hit well, moved well, and had a steel chin, and magnificent physique. A native of New Jersey, his first battle with Max Baer, which he won, was one of the hardest ever seen between big men, with both men dealing out and taking punches which would have pulverized the average heavyweight.

The second Baer fight, in Chicago, was the Jersey Blond's undoing. Again ahead he was pole-axed by a Baer right and dragged to his corner as the final bell sounded.

Fighters weren't as well protected by rigid examinations as they are to-day and Schaaf, unrecovered from the effects of this terrible blow, succumbed following a bout with Carnera in Madison Square Garden in 1934. *(Continued on page 38)*

U.S. NAVY
DEMPSEY HAD HIS TROUBLES WITH WILLIE MEEHAN...
...JOHNNY BUFF CAME OUT OF THE NAVY. AND WON THE BANTAM TITLE...
...LATEST "BIG SHOT" IN THE NAVY'S "BOXING BROADSIDE"!
Bob MURPHY
JACK SHARKEY
SAILOR FRIEDMAN
KEN OVERLIN
GUNBOAT SMITH
WILLIE MEEHAN
ERNIE SCHAAF
TOM SHARKEY
BABE RISKO
EDDIE HUFFMAN
JOHNNY BUFF
HONEYBOY FINNEGAN
TED GROSS

A Bull is Slaughtered

Irish Bob Murphy Does Systematic Job of Chopping Up Jake LaMotta and Stopping Him in Seven Rounds of Gruelling But One-Sided Brawl

By JERSEY JONES

Oh, the old Bronx Bull wasn't what he used to be,
Wasn't what he used to be;
Wasn't what he used to be.
Oh, the old Bronx Bull wasn't what he used to be,
He was more like a tired old cow.

BOB MURPHY (nee Edwin Lee O'Conarty) apparently is the sort of guy who looks to the future and prepares accordingly.

There had been rumors of a possible meat shortage coming up, so the ex-sailor out of San Diego, Calif., by way of Flagler, Colo., decided to get himself stocked with an ample load of beef, and selected the Bronx Bull for the slaughter.

Time was when even an intrepid red-headed Irishman like Bob Murphy would have hesitated about playing around with the Bronx Bull. But the advancing years, financial prosperity and too many tough trips to the battle pit had taken their inevitable toll, and the Bull that was pitted against Murphy in New York's Yankee Stadium more closely resembled a flabby, harmless old cow.

Jake LaMotta seemed more interested in counting the house and mentally figuring what his percentage of the receipts amounted to than he was in fighting Bob Murphy.

Jake's percentage amounted to a fairly tidy sum, at that. Despite the fact that there was no title involved, and the weather wasn't too encouraging, some 21,257 witnesses were present, with the gross receipts reaching $116,690. With taxes deducted, the payoff was on $92,118, plus an approximate $25,000 from the limited out-of-town theatre television deal. His 30 percent netted LaMotta about $35,000, while Murphy, fighting on a 22½ percent basis, picked up the largest paycheck of his career, something like $26,350.

But, getting back to LaMotta and what happened to the once-indestructible Bull when he met up with a meat-chopping Irishman:

AT THE light-heavy limit, 175 pounds, Jake came in at the weightiest he'd ever scaled for a fight. If he trained for the match, it must have been on vino and spaghetti.

Apparently, Jake didn't think much of Murphy. He strutted arrogantly into the ring with a new leopard-skin robe, and, while awaiting introductions, leaned nonchalantly on the ropes and gabbed with the ringsiders.

Once the action started, it was evident that Jake was in for a rude shock. Blowing himself up to a paunchy 175 pounds wasn't calculated to aid the Bull. At his peak, Jake never had been noted for blinding speed. With that excess load of avoirdupois to tote around, he was slower than a 100-car freight chugging upgrade.

About all that remained of the once powerful Bull was the capacity for sopping up punishment. And he sopped up enough from Murphy to suffice for an entire herd.

As LaMotta stumbled to his corner at the end of the seventh round, he was battered, bleeding and near exhaustion. Sitting disconsolately on his stool when Dr. Vincent A. Nardiello, the Commission physician, hopped into the ring to look him over, Jake was a sorry sight. His eyes were puffed, bruised and partly closed; the bridge of his nose was gashed; there was an ugly laceration alongside his right eye; his lips were torn.

"How do you feel?" asked the doc.

"Weak," mumbled Jake.

"We'd better call it off," said the medico as he turned to consult with Referee Ray Miller.

Miller promptly waved his arms in a sign that the bout was over.

WHILE it lasted, it was the sort of affair it figured to be. Neither Murphy nor LaMotta could qualify as a brilliant exemplar of boxing purity. Their meeting promised to produce an old-fashioned, back-alley brawl—what the denizens of Stillman's would call a "war"—and that's precisely what it was.

Murphy was strong at his normal weight, 175½. And he fought his typical fight, hustling three minutes of every round. There is nothing fancy about Bob's method of operations. The ex-gob knows little of, and cares less for, the subtle niceties of boxing finesse. His tactics are simple and direct. He just wades in and keeps punching until the other fellow wears out.

That's what whipped LaMotta. Bob was the guy Jake used to be. The Bull, who once thrived on rugged roughhouse stuff, no longer had the strength and the stamina to carry on. Jake could fight only in flashes, but the trouble was he couldn't rest between those flashes—Murphy wouldn't let him!

For only a few spells early in the fight was LaMotta even in the running. And during those few spells, when it looked as though Jake might be getting the upper hand, he lacked the reserve power to follow up his momentary advantages. When he'd pause for another breath, Murphy would promptly pile into him and Jake was back on the defensive.

Murphy fought a cool, systematic battle. Bob realized that his best bet was to stay in close and gradually wear LaMotta down by an incessant body pounding, rather than stay away and slug with Jake.

He calculated well, for LaMotta's only effective punches were scored at long range, when Jake had ample room in which to swing.

A couple of times LaMotta connected with left hooks that shook up Murphy, but his advantages were short-lived. Bob would ride out the storms, then bore in and take the play away from the Bronxite.

IT WAS a bruising affair and fairly close for four rounds. Murphy had the better of the first and the second, but LaMotta rallied with lusty hooks to earn an edge in the third, and the fourth was about even.

It was becoming evident, however, that Murphy's vicious work inside was beginning to make itself felt on LaMotta. Jake was tiring, and his spurts were getting fewer and briefer.

By the fifth round, LaMotta's features were displaying visible signs of the rough usage. His nose was swelling, both cheeks were puffed, and a crimson stream trickled down his face from a cut alongside the right eye.

Then, in the fifth, Jake's mouth suddenly gushed gore from a series of savage lefts and rights that ripped his lips.

The Bronxite absorbed a cruel beating in the sixth. Murphy, sensing that LaMotta was fading, mixed up his attack by digging away in close quarters, then shifting to long range and raking Jake's face and body with two-handed barrages.

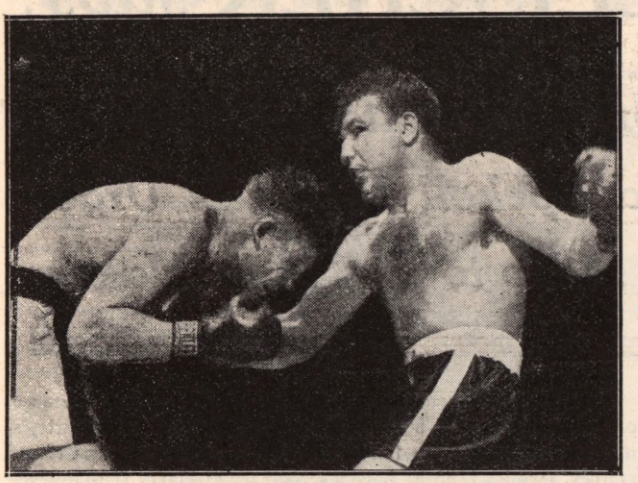
LaMotta was on the receiving end of another rugged going-over in the seventh. But tired and battered though he was, Jake still tried to fight. He mustered his fast-waning resources for one final flurry, and for probably five seconds blasted away at Murphy with both hands.

But the old strength and stamina no longer were there, and Jake's last desperate bid petered out.

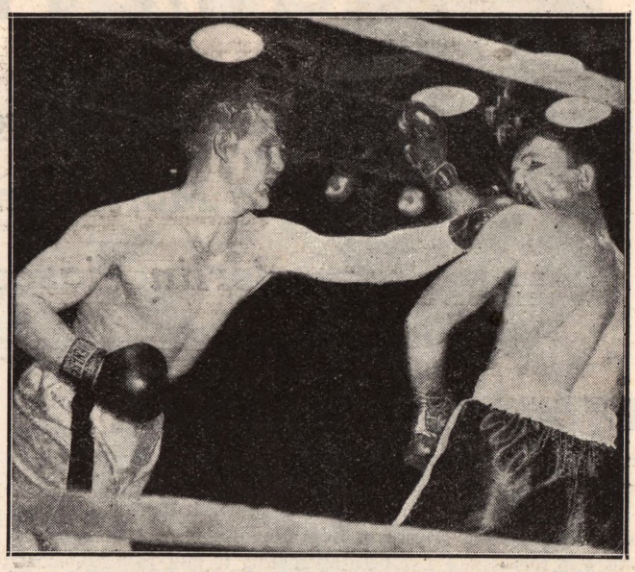
At the bell, Murphy was relentlessly ripping away at the nearly exhausted Bronxite, and as Jake tottered unsteadily back to his corner the only query remaining to be answered was how much longer he would be able to last.

That answer was supplied a few moments later when Dr. Nardiello climbed into the ring to examine the mangled remnants of a once dreaded Bull.

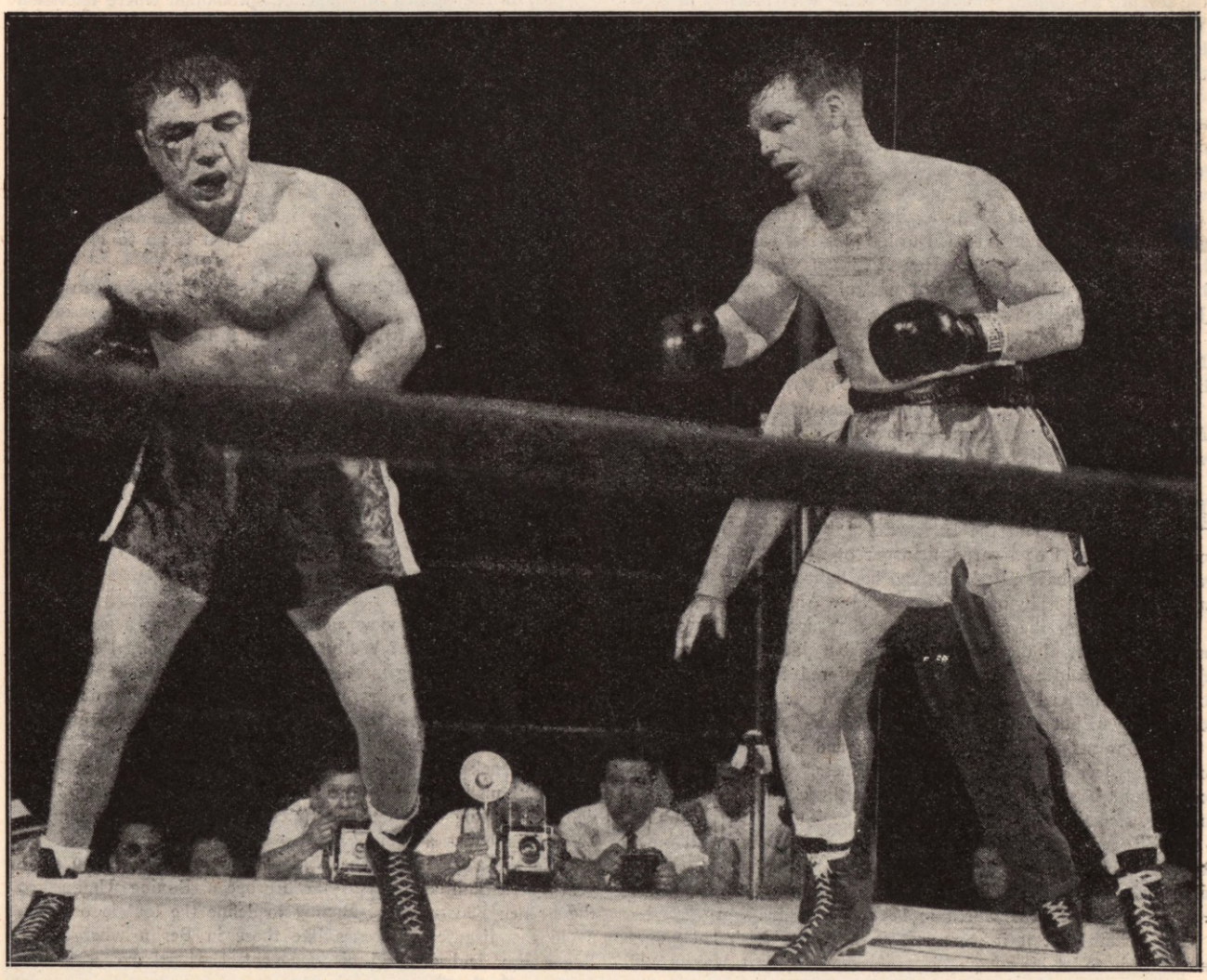
HOW BOB WRECKED JAKE



Jake LaMotta uncovered a few aggressive flashes in early rounds of brawl with Bob Murphy in New York's Yankee Stadium. The Bronx Bull is seen here banging away with both hands at ex-sailor during third stanza, Jake's best showing of fight. The veteran faded rapidly from then on, however, and was given brutal beating by his southpaw rival. The former middleweight champion blew himself up to the light-heavy limit, 175 pounds, but the extra weight was more of a handicap than a help. Jake was too slow and clumsy for the busy Murphy.



Though he fought mainly in close quarters, wearing LaMotta down with incessant pounding to face and body, Murphy occasionally mixed his attack by shifting to long range. In this camera shot he scores with long left to Jake's battered face in sixth round. LaMotta's twisted features offer ample evidence of power behind Irish Bob's blow.



The one-time indestructible Bronx Bull is reduced to a sorry sight as the seventh round ends. With his face a mass of cuts and bruises, LaMotta is near exhaustion as the bell comes to his rescue. Jake tottered unsteadily to his corner, and a few moments later, acting upon the advice of State Athletic Commission physician, Dr. Vincent A. Nardiello, Referee Ray Miller signalled that the one-sided affair was finished, with Murphy getting credit for a knockout victory.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Murphy Becomes the Outstanding Draw
La Motta and Cockell Match Is Urged
Berlin Fiasco Is Up to the Rule Makers

LONDON, ENGLAND:—I write this from London, where I arrived only a few days after I had seen Irish Bob Murphy kill the new championship aspirations of Jake La Motta with a terrific beating in seven exciting rounds.

I have just witnessed a terrific upset in which Randolph Turpin won the middleweight crown from Ray Robinson. (Story elsewhere in this issue.) I've been attempting to talk Jack Solomons into bringing Murphy over here and throwing him against Don Cockell. Or perhaps first let Cockell meet La Motta.

La Motta's first official appearance as a light-heavyweight met with disaster. The former holder of the world middleweight title, gashed and slashed to such extent that he had to retire between the seventh and eighth rounds of his battle with Murphy in New York's Yankee Stadium, lost his chance to challenge Joey Maxim. Red-headed, blue-eyed Murphy advanced another stage toward the goal of his ambition.

The Irish lad, who has endeared himself to fight fans by his aggressive, hard hitting, ceaseless action, met La Motta in the only way Bob knows how to fight, head-to-head, toe-to-toe, give-and-take. It was evident from the start that one or the other would have to go out.

If Solomons pits La Motta against Cockell, the contest would give Don an opportunity to add to his prestige. Despite the shellackings Jake received from Ray Robinson when Ray relieved him of the world middleweight crown, and from Irish Bob, Jake still would be a great draw against Cockell.

Since Cockell expresses the hope that Solomons will get him Maxim, Matthews or Murphy or all three, I must give him a little sound advice—take it easy, Don. No rush!

Cockell would stand a far better chance in a title bout with Maxim than he would against Bob or Harry, but his best bet would be a fight with La Motta.

FOLLOWING Murphy's victory, an announcement was made by Jim Norris of the International Boxing Club that in a conference with Doc Kearns, manager of Maxim, an agreement was reached to have Maxim defend his light-heavyweight crown against either Murphy or Bob Satterfield in August in New York.

No mention of the most deserving challenger, Matthews, was made, until one of the scribes asked about Jack Hurley's great fighter. Norris declared that he had offered Matthews several opponents in New York, Detroit and Chicago. Each had been turned down, but the door was not locked.

"If he wants to fight for the I.B.C., and is willing to accept our terms, we are ready to talk business," said Norris. One could read between the lines that Matthews had been pushed aside to make way for the man whom he beat.

This is unjust and unsportsmanlike in boxing, as in all other sports. I hope sportsmanship still rules. Matthews has earned a title shot. He is a scientific boxer and tremendously powerful hitter. He proved his worth in beating Murphy.

I'm certain that if it were left to Bob, the Irish lad would stand aside to let his conqueror try his hand against Maxim and then take his chance on meeting the winner.

Matthews, more than even our Number One rated light-heavyweight, Archie Moore, has earned the right to a championship match. He is entitled to it more than is Murphy.

The public will come out for a Murphy-Maxim fight because of their hero worship, but they'll do the same to see Jack Hurley's man tackle Maxim. The fair thing is to give Matthews first crack at Joey, then let Murphy have a second try at Harry if Matthews succeeds in winning the crown.

That's the squarest way of handling the light-heavyweight problem. If the N.B.A. and New York Commission want to help an honest, honorable fight manager, Jack Hurley, and an equally honorable fighter, get their just dues, they should use their good offices to obtain the title bout for Matthews.

THOUGH Hurley has declared that he will never again appear in the Garden or any I.B.C. promotion where television will keep down the gate, things have changed in recent weeks.

The banning of television in I.B.C. promotions until the October indoor season contracts get under way for another year, should be considered favorably by Hurley, even though a bout with Maxim would be staged after the new contracts begin.

If Matthews should beat Maxim, he would come in for the big dough in future fights and that would be ample recompense for settling his feud with Jim Norris. The I.B.C. needs Matthews as much as Harry and Hurley need the International Boxing Club and since boxing involves business, it is up to Hurley to quit fighting the I.B.C.

Norris is fooling no one when he says Matthews can come into the Garden at any time and that he also is being considered for a winter title match. That will never happen unless Hurley and Jim get together.

Many years have elapsed since such a field of excellent light-heavyweight talent has appeared in world boxing. Moore, for a number of years our Number One Contender; Matthews, Murphy, Cockell, Harold Johnson and Don Bucceroni—it's been a long time since such men have graced the top sector of the devision. Here's the chance of a lifetime for big time promotion and Norris and Hurley should make the most of it.

THE snag into which Ray Robinson's triumphant tour of continental Europe ran in Berlin, though a disgrace from a spectator's point of view and sportmanship, was a good thing for boxing. How come? Well it brought home a point I've argued at international boxing meetings and in talks before boxing commissions for many years, the need for uniformity of world boxing rules—the necessity of a uniform interpretation of rules that are open for argumentation.

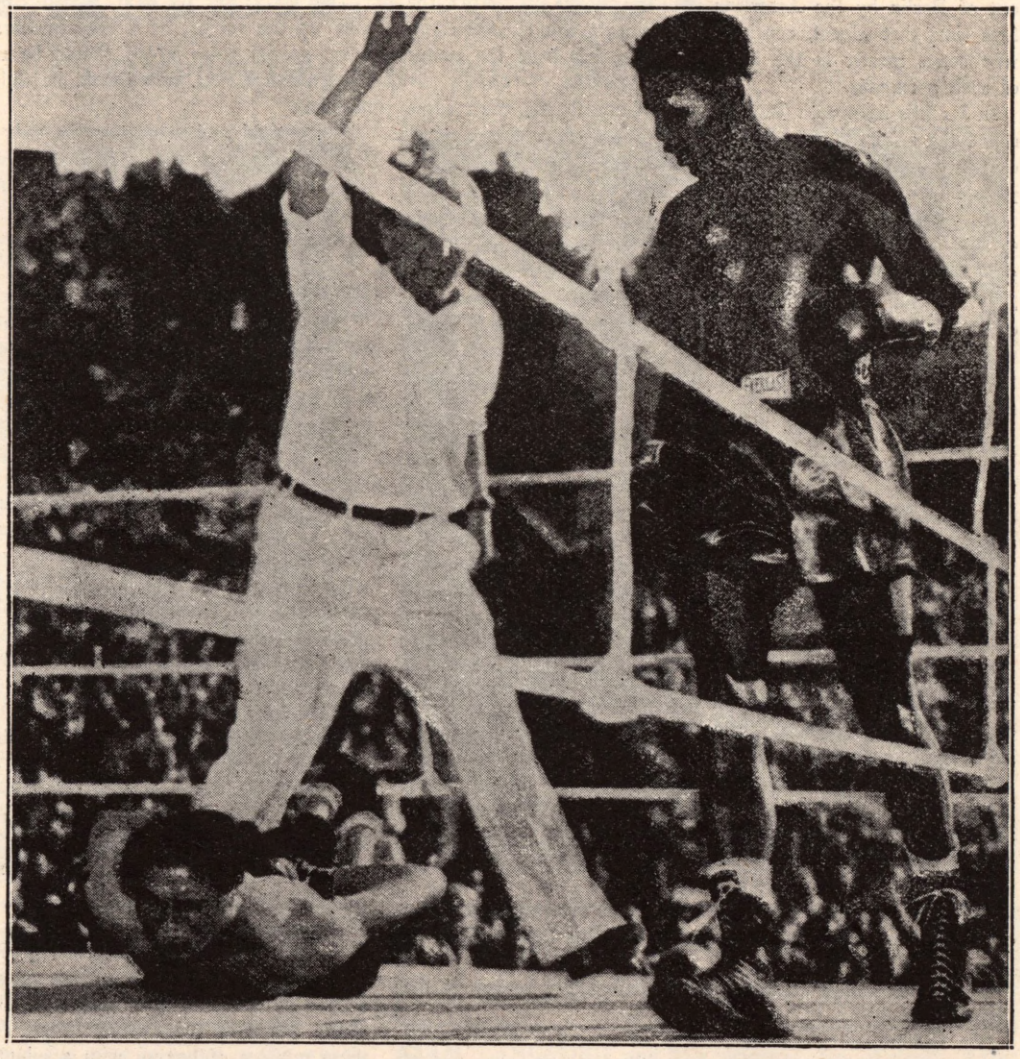
As far back as the knockout of Max Schmeling by Joe Louis in 1938, I made a plea before the New York Commission for a definite wording on what constitutes a kidney punch that might be designated as a foul.

I did the same before the National Boxing Association some years later and also asked the European Boxing Union and the French Federation of Boxing to define the foul in order to avoid the disgraceful scenes like those in Berlin where after Sugar Ray had dropped his opponent, Gerhard Hecht in the first round, the German claimed a foul due to a kidney punch.

Hecht, his face contorted, was allowed a minute's rest and then was awarded the fight on a foul in the next round. Finally the Commission ruled the bout "no decision."

MUCH ADO in BERLIN

At right—Ray Robinson's triumphant tour of Europe ran into a snag in Berlin, where world middleweight champion was accused of using illegal kidney punches in flooring German opponent, Gerhard Hecht. Bout was halted in second round, Referee Otto Nispel disqualifying Robinson, but verdict later was changed by boxing commission to "no decision." Hecht is seen here, face contorted in agony, gloves pressed against his kidneys, after Robinson dropped him in first round.



Below — Unsatisfactory ending of bout early in second round prompted near-riot by irate fans who turned loose barrage of beer bottles, seat cushions and pebbles on Robinson. The champion rushed down the steps and under the ring for protection, where he was rescued by West Berlin police and escorted through milling mob to the dressing room. A Hecht of a time was had by all

So irate were the Berlin fans that they hurled bottles at Robinson, who had to take cover under the ring and then was hustled out of Berlin by the American Military Police. It wasn't the first time that Hecht, considered Germany's ace middleweight, who boxes mostly in the higher division, has been the center of such a rumpus.

In Hecht's fight with Jean Serres of Luxembourg, the referee called the affair "no-contest" because of the disorderly conduct of the crowd. Bottles and chairs then, too, played prominent parts in the excitement.

On December 9, 1950, Berlin fight "fans" demonstrated their "sportsmanship" when they staged a riotous scene during the fight between Gene Jones of the United States and Wilson Kohlbrecher. So dangerous did matters become that the referee called off the fight and declared the bout, "no-contest." Hence it seems German fight enthusiasts are such hot partisans and so prejudiced, they don't want international boxing. Let's not give them any more of it for a while.

PERHAPS it was a mistake on the part of the European Boxing Union to admit Germany into the international boxing organization, something that had my wholehearted support at the time. My opinion of the majority of German fistic followers is that they are good sports and keen on pugilism. Unfortunately, however, the nation is so divided that the Communists who are permitted to travel from the Russian zone into Berlin to witness sports events follow the "master."

They are opposed to professional sports in the Russian sector under an edict from Moscow and are more so opposed to Americans. It has been definitely established that it was this gang of hoodlums who started the riot after Robinson had dropped Hecht. It is my belief that if the European Boxing Union, and all other international boxing bodies got together and defined a kidney punch foul, even the Communists would have no reason to engage in such demonstrations as Berlin recently witnessed.

When is a kidney punch a foul?

1—It is a foul only when the fighters are in a clinch and one of the contestants while holding with one hand, is hitting the kidney with the other.

2—It is a foul when a punch is deliberately tossed at the kidney.

If a fighter, seeing a blow coming his way, deliberately turns his side to avoid getting the punch in the midsection and is struck in the kidneys, that is a fair punch and not a foul.

If a fighter has his back turned and his opponent throws a punch for the kidney, it should be up to the discretion of the referee to decide whether that kidney punch was deliberate.

THE most celebrated kidney punch came in the Schmeling-Louis second fight on June 22, 1938. Louis hit Schmeling directly over the left hip in the first round as Max was holding on to the ropes with one hand and twisting his body to avoid Joe's punches. After the knockout Max went to the Polyclinic Hospital for two days and claimed that he had been fouled and that the kidney punches resulted in his knockout. But the claim was rejected by the commission and the public because he was to blame.

Max had the chance to protect himself but didn't. Louis was free—away from the ropes, throwing blows. It was up to Schmeling to avoid them by proper defensive tactics but instead he chose to twist to one side thus leaving himself open to kidney punches.

The Nazi government of Germany took up his case. A complaint was made by the German Ambassador to the State Department demanding action, but that also was ignored, as the State Department had no jurisdiction.

The right hand punch to the side is a specialty of a number of leading boxers in America, notably Kid Gavilan, claimant to the world welterweight title; Ray Robinson, Joe Louis, Ezzard Charles, Harry Matthews, Irish Bob Murphy, Jake LaMotta among others. They use it mainly as a means to bring down the guard of an opponent when he is covering his face and body too effectively and no other exposed portion of the body is available for a safe shot.

The E.B.U. at its next annual convention in Paris should take up the subject of kidney punches and other fouls to lay down special rules which should be universally observed. The pattern the E.B.U. sets should be followed by American commissions.

For example, often as was the case when Al Phillips fought Ray Famechon, a fighter seeing a punch coming towards him, leaps into the air and is struck in foul territory. Should he be disqualified? My answer is definitely no. The receiver of the blow is responsible, and not his opponent.

IN the fight between Roy Ankarah and Jimmy Murray, the latter, who already had been down a dozen times in three and a half rounds, dropped again when he saw a punch coming and Ankarah was disqualified for hitting his opponent while his man was down. Ankarah's punch was on its way and couldn't be stopped. Murray to avoid being hit, dropped to the canvas. Yet Ankarah was disqualified. A referee should avoid disqualifying the perpetrator of the "crime," in such a case.

A tricky opponent can fool the best of referees. I've often seen a fighter squirming on the canvas from what he claimed to be a low blow, one struck in the groin, yet unless my eyes were deceiving me—and I don't think they did—a solar plexus punch did the trick. But partisan followers of a fighter can bring the decision to their man by booing, hissing and stamping their boy into triumph from what should have been recorded as a knockout.

Since we are discussing rules for the betterment of pugilism, let's tackle the confusion that invariably follows the announcement of the round in which a bout had ended, when such a contest terminates during an intermission period. We had such a mess around the Yankee Stadium ringside following the defeat of Jake LaMotta by Irish Bob Murphy, that I feel this is a fine time to take up the case for international discussion.

Under the rules of boxing, a round consists of three minutes of fighting and one rest period of a minute. Many years ago when the Marquis of Queensberry Rules were put into use, the man whose name graces those rules when queried about such a case as quoted above, wrote to Charles F. Mathison, then sports editor of the *Detroit Free Press*, "a round consists of three minutes of boxing with a minute's rest. The rest period belongs to the round ended." Therefore he went on to state that if a bout ends during the rest period, the knockout reverts to the round just terminated.

And so it has been since then except in states where boxing commissions, eager to avoid a difficult task of answering queries, have altered matters. Such is the case in New Jersey, where under the conditions outlined above, the pugilist must remain seated in his corner until the bell sounds for the next round and then the man is counted out by the referee.

I think it time for all boxing commissions, both in the U.S. and abroad, for all ruling organizations in the sport, to get together and give the fans a uniform rule. Personally I agree with Colonel Eagan—the Jake LaMotta-Murphy fight ended in the seventh round and our record book will show that Murphy knocked out Jake in that round. The New York Commission, through Colonel Eagan, issued a statement overruling Referee Ray Miller's edict that the fight ended in the eighth. He declared that Murphy won in the seventh. The bell for the eighth had not been rung.

AN ODDITY

PHILADELPHIA JACK O'BRIEN'S chief forms of exercise were running and walking. He contended that they produced quickness, flexibility and suppleness to a greater degree than any other form of exercise. O'Brien considered tremendous body development unimportant to his style of fighting.

RING'S MOST APPEALING CAMERA SHOTS

COMPILED BY *THE RING* STAFF

THE LITTLE MAN'S FIGHT
By Nat Loubet

MAN'S fight for survival, his urge to climb in the world, and the ensuing battle of the small man to topple the big man can be seen in a glance at the above scene.

Stark realism—the naked thrill of an assassin—the Michigan Assassin—Stanley Ketchel, in all his ferocious glory wading into the heavyweight champion of the world, Jack Johnson, the man picked by many experts, including Nat Fleischer, as the greatest heavyweight of all time. That's what makes the Johnson-Ketchel photograph so intriguing.

Raw courage, as Stan threw himself in reckless abandon at the cobra-like thrusts of the heavyweight champ—lefts that flicked and hurt. But one of the greatest middleweights of all time bore right through this wall of gnat bites until he caught up with Johnson in that all important twelfth round.

A right to Jack's head, behind the mastoid bone, and the big man was down. It was unbelievable—this giant of a man felled by one blow from a man over thirty-five pounds lighter! Slowly Jack got to his feet and Ketchel tore at him, a flame of destruction. But sometimes a fire burns itself out, and the blaze drained out of Ketchel when an all out thrown by Johnson caught the "Assassin" as he moved in for the kill. It was all over—for fourteen minutes Stanley lay inert.

In "The Kings of the Ring," a two hour motion picture of famous fights, compiled by Nat Fleischer, the skill of Johnson manifests itself in the ballet-like footwork and the DiMaggio catches by Johnson of the hard pitches thrown by Ketchel. The twelve rounds of gambling by Stanley with all the stops pulled, is breathless.

Since the world began the small man has wanted to defeat the big man but it rarely happens. This photo is emblematic of that fight. A good big man is always better than a good little man and they came no better than Jack Johnson. A master in all departments, he rated among the greatest.

BORN 50 YEARS TOO SOON
By Ted Carroll

SAM LANGFORD and the original Joe Walcott. After almost half a century, these are still magic names in pugilism. The picture of this pair taken in 1931 shows these two all time greats squared off just 27 years after they met in a famous contest which was called a draw in Manchester, N. H., in 1904. It isn't often one gets a chance to see a photograph of two such famed gladiators posing in a ring.

What a battle this must have been! Walcott was a veteran of 14 years in the ring at the time, but still had some claim to the welterweight title since the Dixie Kid had outgrown the class after winning the title from him.

Langford was still on the way up but had already shown signs of greatness. What these mighty warriors got for the title bout is anybody's guess. It couldn't have been very much, for in those days, great fighters got little more than the exercise for some of the most hard fought battles ever held.

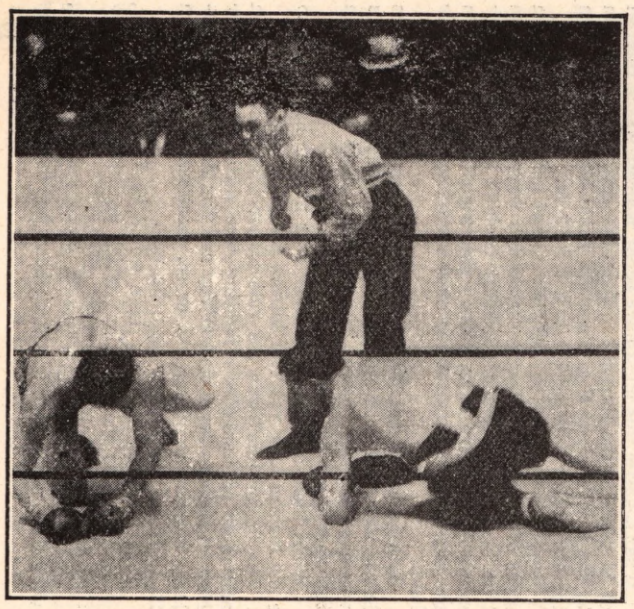
Both Langford and Walcott fought for more than 20 years in the ring, and both are still alive today though Walcott's whereabouts is unknown. The old boys don't look bad in this shot taken 20 years ago.

When their fighting days were over neither had much to show for the long years of bitters campaigning.

The "color line" was the rule rather than the exception and most of Langford's fighting was done against other Negro battlers—Jeannette, M'Vey and Jim Johnson, particularly Walcott, weighing 142, or so, consistently fought men 20 to 40 pounds heavier than he was.

Today, fighters such as these would be living in luxury, as compared to the conditions which prevailed when Langford and Walcott were in their primes.

One cannot look at this picture without regret that here were a couple of guys who were born just 50 years too soon.



WEIRD BAER-CARNERA BOUT
By Jersey Jones

A CAMERA shot recalling the weirdest championship match in the long history of heavyweight competition was the one snapped when both principals, Challenger Max Baer (left) and Champion Primo Carnera, were sprawling on the canvas in the second round of their dizzy merry-go-'round in Madison Square Garden's Long Island Bowl the night of June 14, 1934.

The bout produced a strange blend of exciting drama and farcical comedy, of clever boxing and amateurish mauling, of football rushes and wrestling shenanigans. Baer's terrific punching was spiced with silly clowning, and Carnera's monumental courage was wasted by pathetic ineptness. Carnera was knocked down eleven times and on several other occasions fell down from his own cumbersome awkwardness. Once, chasing after Baer, the Ambling Alp tripped over his own feet and flattened out on his face. Three times he and Baer became entangled in grotesque embraces and tumbled to the canvas together.

Referee Arthur Donovan finally called a halt at 2:16 of the eleventh, with Carnera still on his feet but stumbling around helplessly.

BILLION DOLLARS IN TALENT
By Johnny Valentine

HAVE you ever seen $1,000,000,000 photographed?

Well, that's just about what is represented in this picture.

Not a billion dollars in actual cash, but in box-office values spread across more than a quarter of a century of historic ring activity.

This photo was taken in New York's Yankee Stadium the night of August 30, 1937, just before Joe Louis made his first appearance as heavyweight champion of the world meeting the rugged Welsh challenger, Tommy Farr.

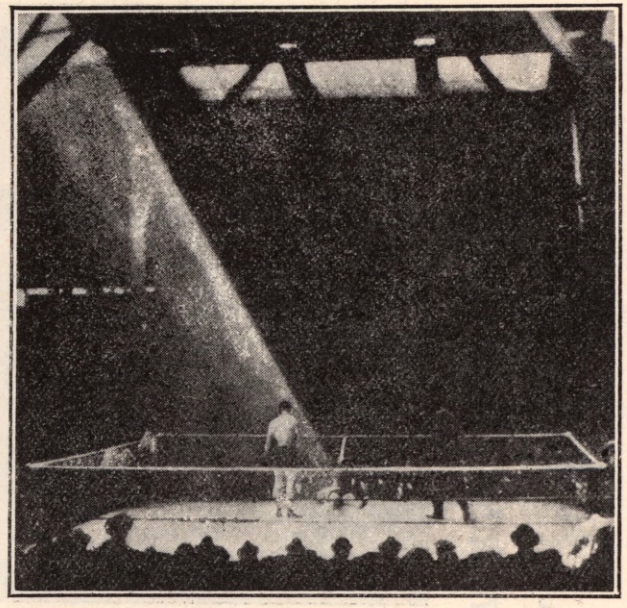
While awaiting the start of the main event, the 32,000 fans in the Stadium were treated to a spectacle they probably never will forget—the greatest array of past and present champions and contenders ever assembled at one time.

In the gathering, crowded into the 1056 square feet of the ring's area, were no less than seven former world heavyweight kings! The rest of the brilliant cast numbered ten other headliners ranging all the way from middleweights to bantamweights.

It was a majestic sight never before, nor since, equalled in boxing history!

Just look over the lineup, from left to right, and figure for yourself what the boxing industry could do today with that sort of talent around:

Arthur Donovan (who refereed the Louis-Farr bout), Jack Johnson, Jim Braddock, Sixto Escobar, Ceferino Garcia, Fred Apostoli, Benny Leonard, Lou Ambers, Barney Ross, Pedro Montanez, Jack Sharkey, Mickey Walker, Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Marcel Thil, Max Baer, Max Schmeling and Johnny Dundee.



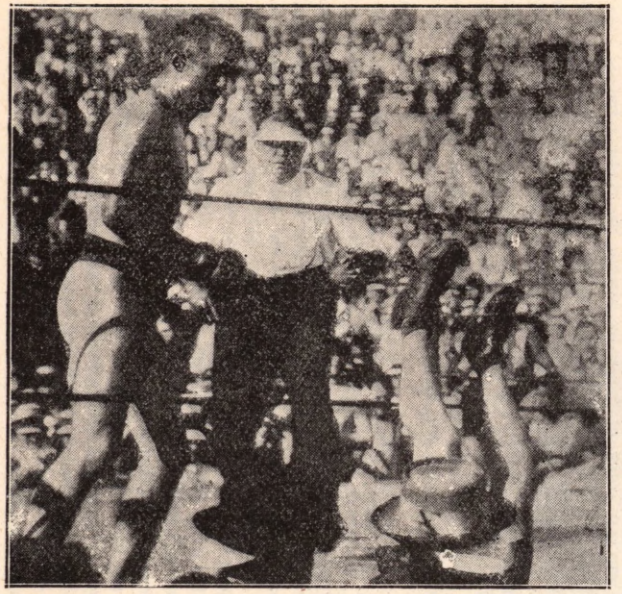
TEN SECONDS OF SUNLIGHT
By Nat Fleischer

AN intriguing photograph, one of the most remarkable ever taken of a fight, was that of Luther McCarty's tragic ending in a bout with Arthur Pelkey in Calgary, Canada, May 24, 1913.

McCarty and Pelkey were considered the world's two best "White Hopes." Tommy Burns, former champion, promoted the match. Ed Smith was referee.

McCarty, who for some time had suffered from a spinal ailment, received a light tap on the jaw, not sufficiently hard to hurt him. He got into a clinch and Pelkey pushed him as Referee Smith ordered a break. Luther stepped back nimbly. Suddenly his knees sagged. His body slid to the canvas to the amazement of the fans, the referee and Pelkey. McCarty turned over on his back and as referee Smith started to count, a beam of light came through a break in the ceiling, the first ray of sunshine the arena had seen during the afternoon and as the fatal ten had been tolled, it disappeared.

They carried McCarty out of the arena in an effort to revive him, but he was beyond help. Death had struck him during those "Ten Seconds of Sunlight."

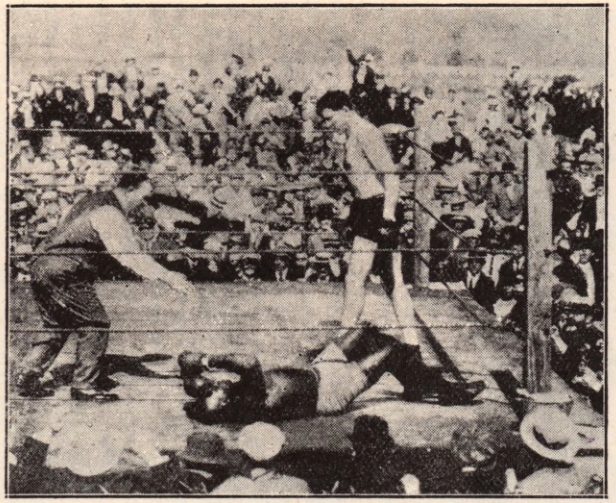


BLOW HEARD AROUND WORLD
By Johnny Salak

IT'S almost like being there looking at that photograph of Stanley Ketchel tumbling out of the ring in the first round of his murderous brawl with Billy Papke who stunned the boxing world by knocking out the Michigan Assassin in the twelfth round and won the middleweight title on Labor Day, 1908 at Los Angeles. This was no ordinary battle. It was two wild savages let loose with relentless fury. Papke, the Illinois Thunderbolt, a tireless, annihilating fool. And Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin, all that and more.

In their first bout Ketchel had won a ten round decision but it was mayhem, savagery at its rawest. As they moved to the center of the ring at the start of the opening round of this fight Ketchel, his right hand extended for the customary handshaking, was met by a vicious Thunderbolt, a driving hard left hook to his jaw. Ketchel staggered backward and Papke went in for the kill. Another driving left followed by a straight right, shot Ketchel straight between the eyes. The Assassin's eyes were closed and Papke pounded away. Ketchel staggered and reeled, only his splendid condition keeping him going.

When he rewon the title Ketchel didn't stop to shake hands.



TINTYPE WITH A TIPOFF
By Daniel M. Daniel

THIS photograph of Jack Johnson in the process of losing the heavyweight championship of the world to Jess Willard at Havana on April 5, 1915, in the twenty-sixth round, is my favorite because it tells a story behind the story. I do not know of another fight picture quite as revealing.

To me, this is the tintype with the tipoff. Note, please, that as Johnson lies in the hot Caribbean sun, laid low on canvas which was as torrid as a short order restaurant grill at 12:30 on a working day, Jack took extreme care to lift heated thighs off the floor.

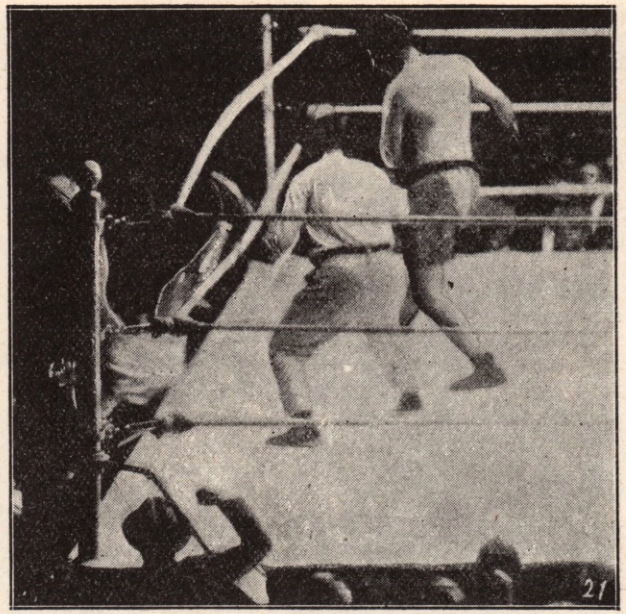
If Johnson really had been out, he conceivably would have been oblivious of the heat and the canvas, and the torrid thighs.

But many suspicions still are in circulation thirty-six years after that much-discussed fight.

The skeptics, who will tell you that Willard never saw the day on which he could have stopped even a faded ill conditioned Johnson, still call it a fake.

The semi-skeptics say that Johnson felt the best thing he could do was to get rid of the title, and the spotlight, and eventually slip back into the United States quietly.

It appears likely that Johnson was ill conditioned, tired, harried and harassed, and did not take the trouble to train on anything much more than fried chicken and corn bread. In any event, here is the last of Jack Johnson as the champion of the world.



WHEN TWO "KILLERS" CLASHED
By Barney Nagler

ASK the average fight fan of the present era what fight picture thrills him most, and invariably the answer will be "the picture that shows Dempsey hurled through the ropes by Luis Firpo." I'm among those who pick that photograph as one that stands out most prominently among the thousands I've seen and handled since joining THE RING many years ago. Why? Because it has always held a fascination for me. It is entirely out of the ordinary.

But few in the vast arena who had come to see the battle, gave Luis Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas, a chance to whip Dempsey and still less did they think that Firpo would drive the Manassa Mauler through the ropes and come within seconds of dethroning the king. Yet it happened and the picture shown on this page, with Dempsey flying out in space to hit the newspaper row at the ringside, speaks volumes for the power behind the wallop of Jack's opponent.

It was a contest of fighting hearts, courage and thrills. A picture which George Bellows could have made as famous as his "Stag at Sharkey's" is that of Jack Dempsey going through the ropes.

EUROPE MAKING HEADWAY

By THE RING EDITOR

His face streaming with blood, British Empire Heavyweight Champion Jack Gardner (right) is leaning on Cesar Brion in the tenth and final round of their fight in London's White City Stadium which the Argentinian won on points.

A FEW years ago, any good American fighter could have gone to England and the European continent and easily disposed of an opponent in a division beyond his own. So far superior were our pugilists to those from overseas that, with few exceptions, there was really no contest involved when an international bout took place. Today, things are far different, with England holding the middleweight title with Randolph Turpin in the saddle and the lads in all classes below the middleweight capable of holding their own against our lads.

When Cesar Brion shocked the British by taking the measure of Jack Gardner, the British Empire champion, another of John Bull's heavyweight hopes was pushed back almost to where he started. Great Britain has only a few excellent prospects, among them the cruiserweight champion, Don Cockell, who may yet develop into a good heavyweight and Ray Wilding, a lanky, two fisted lad now campaigning in America under the Bill Daly banner. Of the two, I pick Wilding at this writing to succeed Gardner as heavyweight king because he has a better punch than Cockell, can absorb more punishment when necessary and can handle himself as cleverly as can Don. He has absorbed much of the American style of milling plus some cleverness, and though he has faced ordinary talent to date, he has displayed sufficient class to cause American sports scribes—the most critical in the world—to speak highly of his future.

Since making his start in the United States, Ray has scored six consecutive knockouts. He stopped Nash Karahan in one round; Clyde Williams in three; Bill Browning in one; George Henley in two and Jimmy Russo on the Savold-Louis card in four. In each he battered his man into submission or cut him so badly the referee had to halt the bout. Wilding requires considerable more experience before he can be classed among the top men of his division, but he is being properly groomed and should be ready for his triumphant return to his native land by next fall.

IN years past, we have fallen into the habit of regarding England as pugilistically "dead." But Jack Solomons, a wise promoter, who works much along the lines of Mike Jacobs, has changed that. He's the type who gambles with his own money, takes the necessary chances to insure success of his ventures and gives the fans a fight card that usually is chock full of action. Champions and top rated boxers who in America would refuse to accept a bout on the under card, are listed on the Solomons' promotions and that's the reason for his huge success. Imagine Dave Sands, one of the world's outstanding middleweights the triple champion of Australia and holder of the British Empire middleweight crown, appearing in the semi-windup of a Madison Square Garden show! Yet he accepted such a bout from Solomons on the Robinson-Turpin mill!

Things have changed in Europe since Solomons, backed by Gilbert Benaim in France and on the Continent, has come to the fore as the pace setter for European boxing promotion. A glance over the list of world rated fighters in the various divisions shows a German, Hein ten Hoff, among the first ten heavyweights. In the cruiserweight or light-heavyweight division, we find Don Cockell of England the fourth top ranking man.

In the middleweight sector Randolph Turpin is the world champion and Dave Sands, Australian title holder, an excellent ringman, rating second best challenger next to Ray Robinson. Then come two Frenchmen, Laurent Dauthuille and Robert Villemain.

Not bad at all considering that in the years prior to World War II only one or two pugilists above the bantam class were ever ranked among the elite.

The welterweights have Charley Humez of France, the European titleholder, listed as fourth ranking world fighter in his division, with Eddie Thomas, the British Empire champion, and Mickey Tollis, of Australia, among the ranking ten.

Down the line we go and find in the featherweight section the names of three excellent scrappers. Ray Famechon of France, who is ranked third; Roy Ankarah of the Gold Coast, a British Empire featherweight, rated one of the best developed in recent years, and Ronnie Clayton of England. And when we come to the bantams and flyweights, the British, French and other European nations have the field practically to themselves.

ATTRIBUTE the rise of interest in glove fighting abroad to a number of factors, chief of which I would place the importation of Americans who have taught their overseas brethren much in the past decade. These importations by Solomons and Benaim have arousd a new interest in the sport on the other side and in turn, have helped the game on this side of the Atlantic as well.

The most interesting development of boxing across the Big Pond is in the middleweight and featherweight divisions. Ray Robinson's appearance in Europe and his fight with Randolph Turpin have given boxing a boost such as it hasn't had in many years overseas. The return battle between Randolph and Robinson in New York will be the biggest gate attraction in America for the year. Turpin has the goods and America will like his fighting.

(Continued on page 61)

HIGHLY TRAINED ROBINSON WOULD BEAT TURPIN IN N. Y., SAYS NAT FLEISCHER

(Continued from page 4)

I gave Ray four rounds—three by a hairline margin—and Turpin ten—most by wide margins—and called one even. On points, Randolph scored 14 to 5, according to the New York system.

TURPIN connected far more effectively than did Sugar. He jarred Ray three times with powerful left hooks, and once made him quiver, when a right to the mouth was followed by a beautifully delivered left that landed on the side of Ray's face in a downward movement.

Randolph will do—make no mistake about that—but I still have faith in Robinson, if he'll get down to serious training.

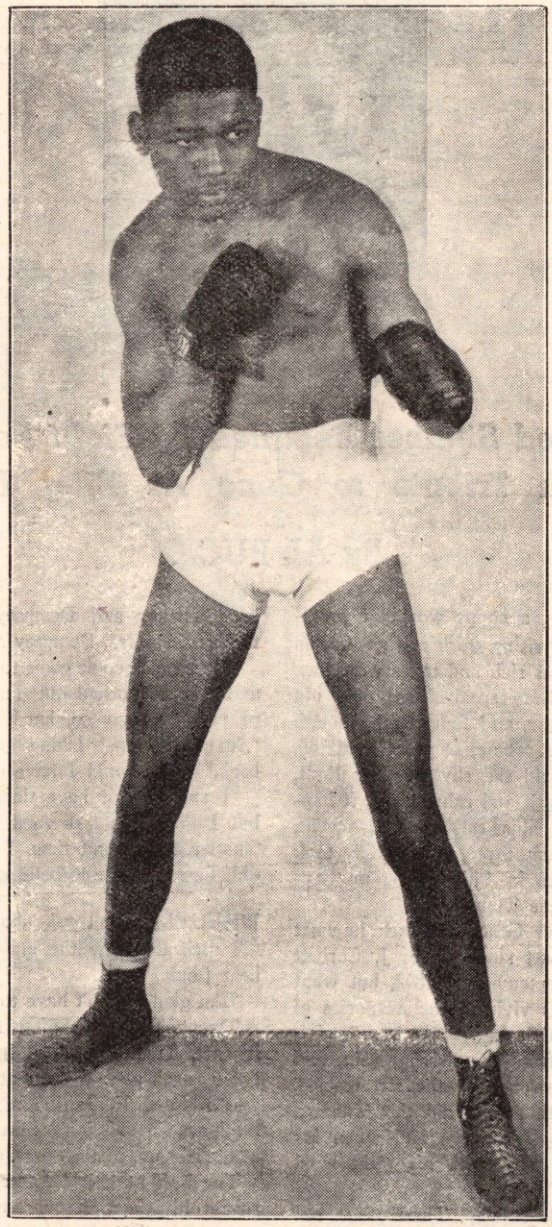
He let us down in the London battle, because he had fought too often, travelled too much, rested too little and did not give himself enough time to train properly for so tough a customer.

So much for the "excuses." As for the fight, it was ordinary—nothing sensational about it, apart from the tremendous, wild demonstrations as Turpin kept piling up points, and the joyous, almost hysterical scenes that followed his victory.

Robinson lost to a boy who came up the hard way and has never known the luxuries of life.

The kid, who was given little chance here in his baptism of fire against the man who has been acknowledged the best all-round pugilist in the world, proved his mettle.

He played the game fairly, fought like a champion to gain his laurels, and won hands down. Unlike Sugar Ray, who left the ring with a deep gash over the eye that needed eight stitches, Turpin was fresh as a daisy. He could have fought ten more rounds, whereas Ray was tired, looked worn, was bruised, and required attention from Dr. Vincent Nardiello.



This is the Ray Robinson who whipped Jake LaMotta, not the Sugarless Ray who was trounced by Randy Turpin.

As for their vaunted punching powers, not too much was on display. Neither was downed nor close to being put to the canvas, though twice Ray was staggered, and once Turpin's knees buckled from a left hook to the jaw.

TURPIN won by the power of his fists, his fighting courage, faith and physical condition. He didn't come up from behind to snatch victory from a certain defeat. There was no need for that. He had too great an advantage from the start and kept it throughout.

In the first six rounds he had rolled up a lead of four to one, and one round even. For a time, starting the seventh, it appeared that Sugar Ray would go all out to overcome his opponent's margin. But after suffering his cut, due to an accidental head butt, Ray faltered and with the exception of a few rounds, was never in the money.

Speaking of money, a load came down on Turpin three hours before the fight. Betting commissions were trying hard to place the bets on Turpin but no one knew why, other than that word had reached the public that Robinson was not in as good condition as had been reported. Many bets were snatched up at the ringside on Turpin's winning or going the distance. Ray acted throughout the contest as if he had gone over the hill.

Pre-fight forecasts did not bother Turpin in the least. He fought as if he, not Robinson, were the champion. All through the contest there were frequent interruptions by Referee Henderson, who kept warning both to break away and stand up and fight.

In the main, Robinson was on the defensive. Frequently he stepped out of range to avoid Turpin's powerful left. In the fourteenth round, Ray circled around the ring after a left to the mouth and a right to the eye, had staggered him. The Briton always carried the fight to him.

BEFORE the fight, the boxing writers here stressed the allegation that Turpin was not scientific. However, even in boxing skill Robinson was outdone. It was a good enjoyable fight with a $30.00 top. Speculators got as high as $120.00 a seat.

When Turpin and Robinson meet in New York they doubtless will draw $300,000.00 with a turnout of perhaps 50,000 fans. It is possible that it will be America's fight of the year. Turpin will lack no support on that occasion. He will bring with him many rooters and many boxing writers from England and the continent.

Looking back at the fight and the score sheet, it is difficult for me to realize how thoroughly Robinson was beaten. Only in three rounds was he true to form.

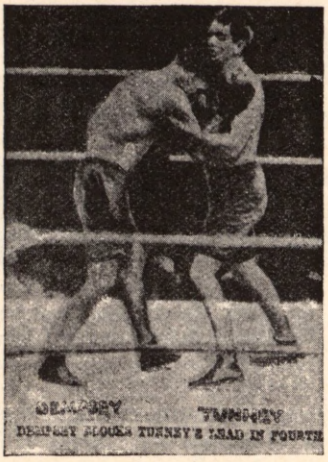
In the sixth, when he was behind four rounds to one, Robinson appeared to be ready to set Turpin up for a knockout. Ray shot a left to the jaw and followed with a hard right.

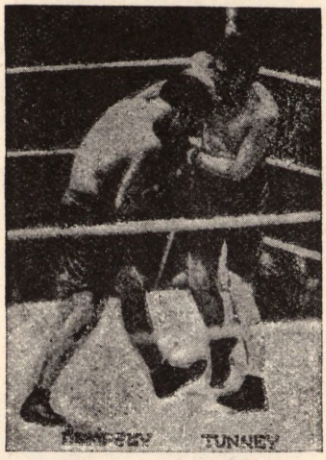
Turpin's knees buckled. However, he recovered quickly and much to Robinson's amazement Randy began to throw punches. Ray's big chance was gone.

Turpin was warned for the only suspicion of a kidney punch, but the blow was a legal one. The warning was uncalled for.

Dave Sands, who came here to fight Turpin for the British Empire Crown, has waived his contract to allow Turpin to fight Robinson in New York. Sands gave an excellent performance in beating the American Mel Brown in a ten-round semifinal to the Turpin-Robinson fight. Brown deserves a lot of credit for having lasted the limit.

25 YEARS AGO





Rain-Soaked Stunner Recalled by Fight Fans—Jack Pays High Tribute to Gene As Ring Technician

By AL BUCK

IT was a mad, exciting world then, a happy world of prohibition, jazz music and a constantly rising stock market. Calvin Coolidge was President, everybody was rich and taxes were low. Flappers danced till dawn in Broadway speakeasies; only old soldiers, veterans of 1918, spoke of war, and Babe Ruth, though in a slump, was hitting 47 home runs. The next year he hit 60. In this brave, bright, wonderful world the sky was the limit.

Suddenly, without warning, on a dark and rainy night, it happened. Jack Dempsey was beaten. This earth-shaking event, forerunner of the stock market crash three years later, took place in the Sesquicentennial Stadium in Philadelphia on September 23, 1926. The winner was Gene Tunney.

Twenty-five years have passed since Gene beat Jack in what up to then was the biggest fistic upset since James J. Corbett knocked out John L. Sullivan on September 7, 1892, but what happened on that rainy night remains vivid in the memories of those who saw Dempsey stumble to defeat.

The vast throng sat unprotected from the driving rain, and watched Tunney outbox Dempsey throughout the ten rounds. Only once in the fight, in the fourth round, did the Manassa Mauler threaten. His left hook shook Tunney, and when his knees buckled Gene caught the top rope with his right hand to steady himself.

Instead of following up, Jack backed away. Three years out of the ring had slowed his reflexes. He was a mark for Gene's jarring lefts and heavy-handed right crosses. Dempsey was an 11 to 5 favorite going in but the result was inevitable.

THE crowd took the decision in stunned silence. Perhaps they were too wet and uncomfortable to care. Their problem was getting back to downtown Philadelphia. Many, thoroughly wet, walked back in the steady downpour. It was as if the heavens were weeping for a great champion.

It should be noted that after 25 years the crowd that saw the first Dempsey-Tunney bout is still the largest to attend a prize fight. The record gathering numbered 120,757. Imagine that number in an arena in the television age in which we now live. Of course it couldn't happen now.

Dempsey and Tunney. No matter where their trails have led in the past quarter century their names have remained linked together. The battle in the rain, fought before the largest crowd, in Philadelphia. The battle of the long count, the fight that drew the biggest gate, $2,658,660, in Chicago a year later.

Tunney got up, even though he was down 14 seconds, and went on to gain the decision. This incident alone has helped to keep Tunney and Dempsey bracketed in the public mind for the last 25 years. Dempsey realizes this, and thinks he was lucky.

"Even now people come to me and assure me I'm still champion, and that I knocked out Tunney in the seventh round. It's nice of people to say so, but I'm not and I didn't," said Dempsey. "Suppose Tunney hadn't gotten up, and I had gotten the title back. What would I have done with it?

"I suppose I'd have defended the title until I lost it again, but I think the last good fight I had in me I fought against Tunney the second time. I was lucky it turned out the way it did. People refuse to believe Gene licked me when he did."

PEOPLE don't ask about the long count as much as they used to. Now the question asked Dempsey is, "Could you beat Louis?"

"I'm glad I didn't have to fight him," is Dempsey's answer.

Twenty-five years after their first fight, a month or so ago in fact, Tunney dropped into Dempsey's New York restaurant for a snack after a fight at Madison Square Garden. With him was Colonel Eddie Eagan, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission; Bernard Gimbel, the merchant, who is also chairman of the board at the Garden, and other friends.

The dark, athletic Dempsey greeted the handsome, alert Tunney as an old friend. A quarter of a century had been kind to both great champions.

"We were around too soon, Jack," said Tunney. "In the years ahead there will be millions made in boxing through television. You and I may not live to see it, but I think we will. Wait and see."

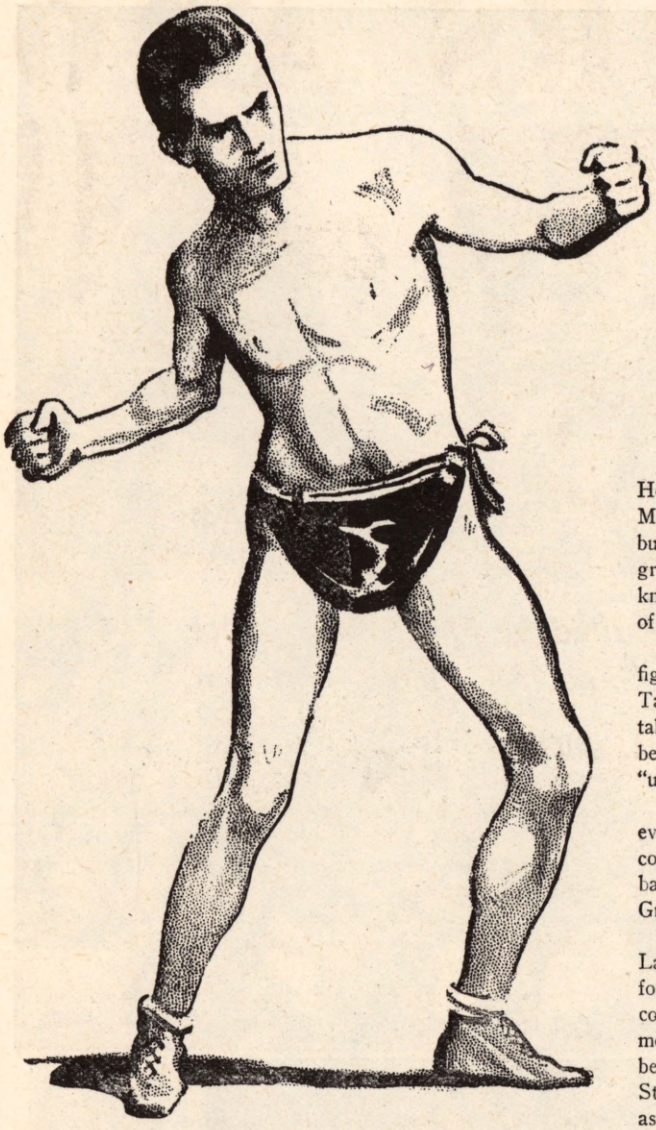
Dempsey nodded in agreement. The fight at the Garden between Rex Layne and Bob Satterfield had been one of the year's best, but it had not drawn a good house. Gimbel thought boxing would be better off without television.

"How much did you fellows draw in Philadelphia and Chicago?" asked Gimbel. "How much do you want?"

"A couple of more like the two we had would be all right," said Dempsey with a chuckle.

"We're lucky fellows, Jack," said Gene. "We know how to enjoy ourselves. We can relax and have fun."

The television picture has changed, so rapidly does life move these days, in the few brief weeks since Dempsey, Tunney and Gimbel discussed the new medium. Now there is the closed circuit and what is called theatre-television. The fighters and the promoters are beginning to collect on TV. Tunney's prediction is even now coming true. *(Continued on page 40)*



Joe Grim, who was on the receiving end sufficiently often to be a champion catcher.

The Catcher No Hero

Joe Grims of Boxing Get Phony Admiration

By W. C. HEINZ

AMONG the more unfortunate traditions associated with the ring is one prescribing that the ability to accept punishment is, in itself, an admirable quality. If a man exhibits an enormous capacity for assimilating blows to the head and body the presumption is that this marks him as a determined and courageous individual.

This persistent stressing of the absorbative properties of the human being is a natural one. Mythology, on the one hand, and the earliest accounts of fist fighting, on the other, both romanticize men who, if they were operating today, would be known in the trade as "catchers."

Centuries ago bards started singing the praises of individuals who, in some engagement or other, withstood blows that would have felled those of lesser stature. This was indescribably bad reporting, if nothing else. It overlooked completely the commendable ability that must have gone into the delivery of the hooks and crosses admittedly so potent.

Boxing reporters are not alone to blame. Identify if you can the pitcher who, by his cleverness and the complete mastery of his art, struck out the mighty Casey. There is no record of his identity, for Ernest L. Thayer preferred to immortalize instead the brawny beast at bat.

OLD-TIMERS, for example, call up far too often and with too much awe the case of Joe Grim. Grim has been dead a dozen years, fought his last fight 38 years ago, but they still talk of the "Iron Man" as if he were one of the great fighters of all time.

From 1902 through 1913 Grim fought more than 300 fights. He fought, among others, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Peter Maher, Joe Walcott, Bob Fitzsimmons, Joe Gans, Jack Blackburn, Tommy Burns and Sam McVey. Although some of the greatest of all ringmen tried to keep him on the floor he was knocked out only three times, and so he remains a symbol of ring durability.

The truth about Grim, however, is that he won only five fights, couldn't even win the heavyweight championship of Tasmania, for which he challenged in 1908, and would often take fifteen or twenty knockdowns in a fight. Today he would be ruled an "unsuitable opponent" and would be placed on the "unavailable list" by any conscientious boxing commission.

They will throw Grim up to you, however, as an admirable, even heroic figure. They will use him to illustrate what they consider the decline of modern man. They will gloat that the battle for existence has become so refined that the likes of Grim will never be seen again. Unfortunately they are incorrect.

On June 27, in Yankee Stadium, Bob Murphy and Jake LaMotta fought, ostensibly for the right to meet Joey Maxim for the light-heavyweight championship of the world. It was a contest that had wide appeal, for it brought together two young men who, although devoid of skill, have probably absorbed, between them, more punches than the oldest heavy bag at Stillman's Gym, and who comprise the best rebuttal to the assumption that modern man can no longer take it.

THE fight, which ended with LaMotta unable to get up off his stool to answer the bell for the eighth round, marked the end, or should have, of LaMotta's career as a major fight figure. It is now conceivable that thirty-eight years from now men will speak of him as others now speak of Grim, and with as good reason.

In ninety-seven fights Jacob has yet to be knocked off his feet. On three occasions, against Murphy, against Ray Robinson in Chicago last February 14, when he lost his middleweight title, and against Billy Fox in Madison Square Garden on November 14, 1947, he was saved this fate by the intercession of compassionate officials, but in years to come it will be remembered only that no one ever put him on the deck for keeps.

It is probably true that some portion of Jacob's unpopularity—and he has been one of the most unpopular figures the sport has ever known—has derived from this durability. When Jacob was the best middleweight in the world his plan of battle was a simple one. He would turn from his corner, thrust out his bulbous head for a target and invite his opponent to hit it.

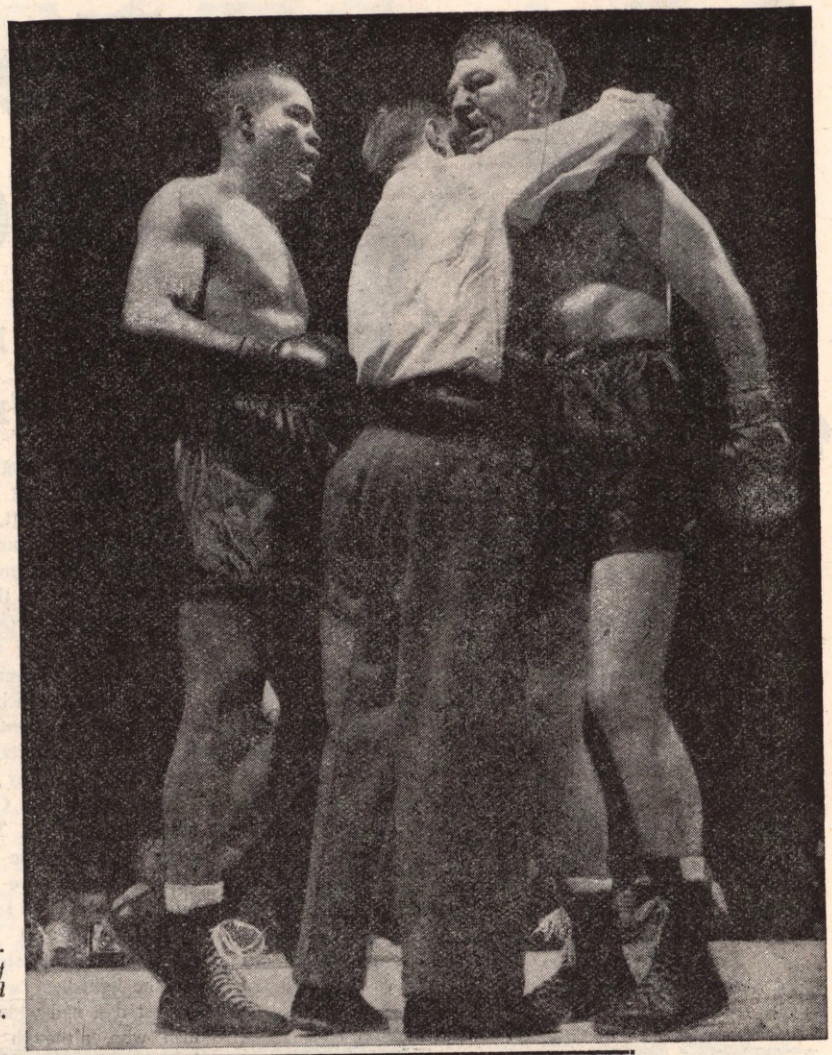
The urge was more than any man could resist. His record is strewn with the names of good and brave gladiators who fell for the trap, men who moved easily around the lumbering Jake, who speared him and hooked him and crossed him, who piled up the points. When they were weary of arm and exhausted of body from their hopeless exertions, Jacob would go to work.

This was not a style calculated to elicit admiration for Jake. The plot was too obvious. It was the ogre against the innocent, and Jake almost always won. That was a mistake that Grim did not make.

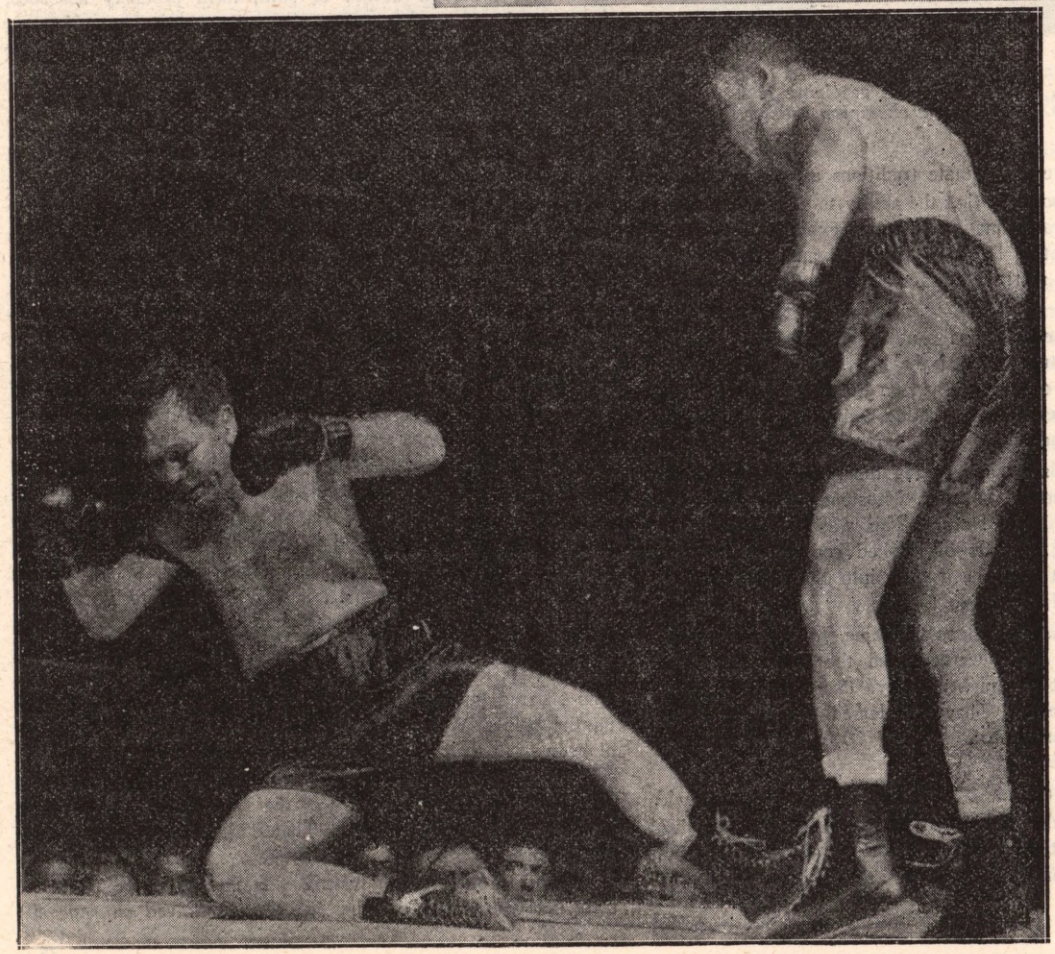
Murphy, a guileless individual, sets no traps. He walks in, throwing both hands, deeming it *(Continued on page 40)*

LEE'S HOPES *are* SHATTERED

"I HAVE to pick Louis over Charles if they meet again," said Savold, as he sat in his dressing room after he had been stopped by the Brown Bomber. "You know, this was the first time I met Joe. If he was so much better five years ago—well, he must have been even better than the experts rated him." The marks all over Lee's face bespoke a thorough beating. Apparently he had run into Louis too soon.

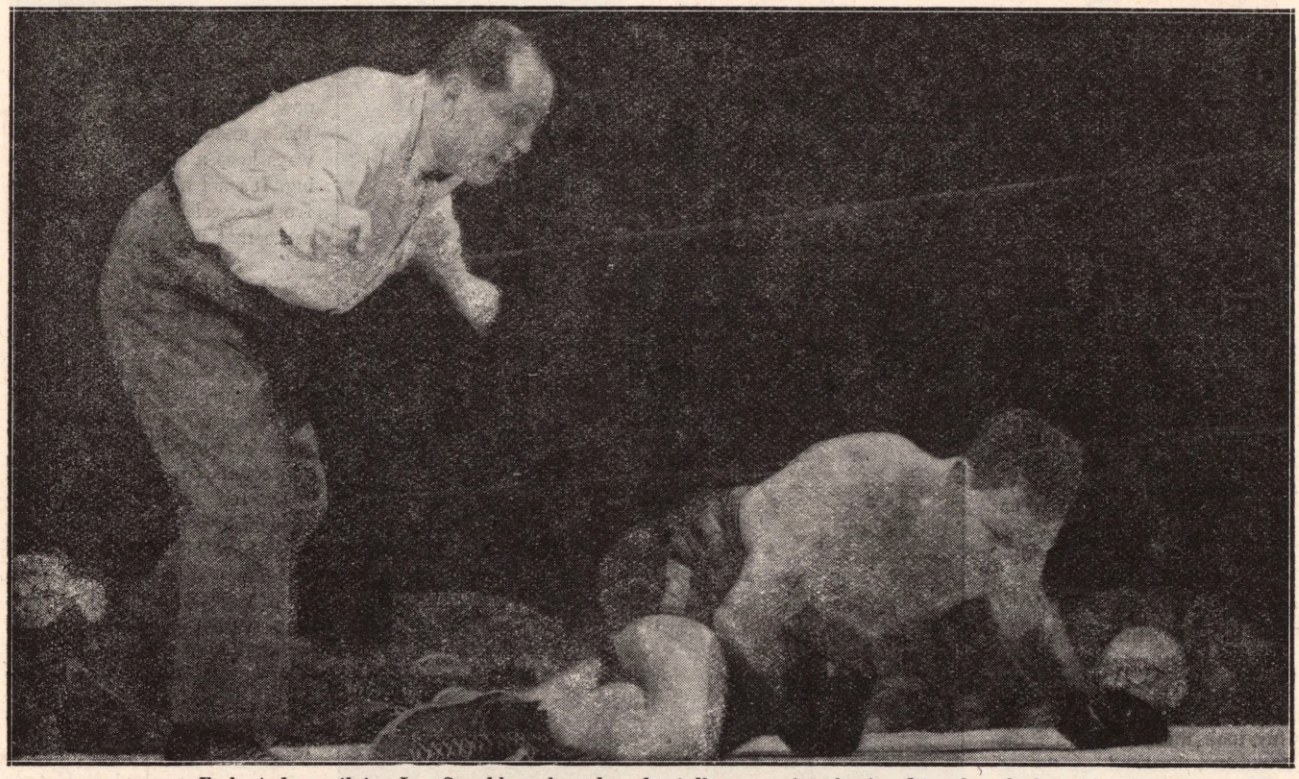


Right—Referee Goldstein is holding the battered Savold up, after he had come out of the ether in the sixth round. Savold appeared to have blacked out until the count of nine.

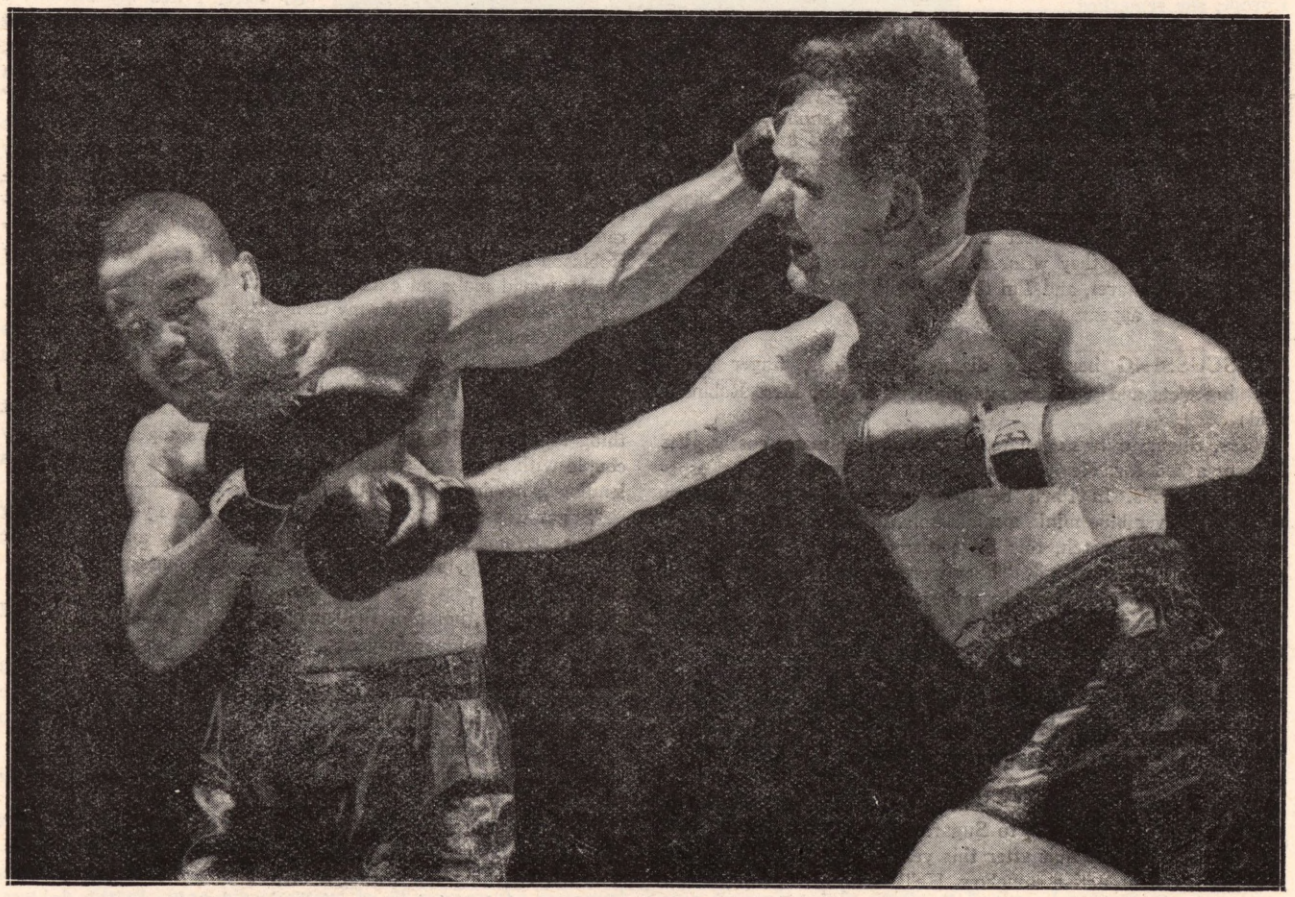


Left — Just before the end. Louis has crashed his fight-ending left hook, and Savold is grabbing at the rope in desperation. Soon he lets go and slides down to the canvas, beaten.

It Was Bold Louis of Old



End of the trail for Lee Savold, as he takes the full count after having been knocked out in the sixth round by Joe's left hook. Referee Goldstein is counting Lee out.



Savold's one bright flurry, as he delivered a hard right in the fifth round. At this point Lee appeared to have got started. But, he hadn't.

Meet Mrs. Robinson

By THE RING EDITOR *(Special Correspondence of* THE RING MAGAZINE*)*

LONDON, ENGLAND: As Ray Robinson prepared for his fight with Randy Turpin, he was quite an attraction around the historic Star and Garter in Windsor.

However, Mrs. Robinson got her share of public attention.

Wherever she went crowds followed her. Women admired her costly clothes and her smile brought pleasant response from the populace.

The wife of the then world champion, a bright girl with shining dark eyes, teetered about in high-heeled shoes, velour hat and a gorgeous orange-colored dress — the combination giving her a distinctiveness that halted traffic until she got away.

It was a repetition of what I had seen on the European continent during Robinson's recent tour, except that this time Mrs. Ray took the place of her distinguished husband as the attraction.

When quizzed on her flashy outfit and the fuchsia-pink Cadillac in which Ray drives around Europe, she remarked:

"It isn't that Sugar is naturally flashy, but people expect a show from him. He's to boxing what Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Milton Berle and Danny Kaye are in their profession. He gives the public a special show. It's good publicity. They talk about him.

"They'll always remember him if not for his great boxing qualities, for what they witnessed on his visits to their country. I was in the cabaret, and I'm the one who taught him the value of such public appearance."

Mrs. Ray Robinson, who with her charming manner, beautiful clothes and stunning diamonds rated almost as much attention as her famous husband, visits the ancient Windsor Palace in the company of members of the Life Guards.

DISCUSSING her huge diamond ear-rings, finger rings, bracelets and platinum and diamond watch, Mrs. Robinson said:

"Yes, Sugar gives me anything I want and many costly gifts I never asked for. He just loves giving me beautiful gifts, especially diamonds. In Paris he bought me six top coutouriers, dresses, a silver blue mink, a mink stole, this handsome diamond-studded cocktail watch, this huge diamond ring," and she displayed all with keen delight. "They were my anniversary presents.

"When our boy was born, he turned over to me a lingerie shop. Well, what Sugar has done in building up a profitable business for himself I'm going to do with that shop, as a start.

"It will be the beginning of an enterprise that should make Ray, my son and me independent for life. That has always been uppermost in Sugar's mind and I fully concur. He's as much a wizard in business as he is in boxing, a profession of which he's mighty proud."

Asked what she thought about Ray's immediate future she replied, "That's entirely up to Sugar. I never interfere with him. He says he'd like to quit after this year, or early in 1952. If he does, he'll remain active somehow. He'll always, I'm sure, devote his spare time to sports activities—boxing and golf and baseball. He loves 'em all.

"He has enough to retire on now, but you know how it is. Pride and public attention always keep a person from retiring. It's not all easy as I know from experience, but Ray will settle that matter when he has to."

"HOW do you like travelling about with a staff of eleven men?" I asked. "You know, the papers say Sugar's retinue is a travelling circus."

"I don't mind it," Mrs. Robinson countered. "I'm accustomed to it. It's no different than in our business ventures. We always have big gatherings about us. They're jolly fellows who keep Ray in good humor, and they are his companions on the golf links."

"Did you ever object to so large an entourage?" I asked.

"Well, once I did say to Ray, 'Sugar why do we have to travel with so many people?' He replied, 'Edna, what's the best thing about having money? Let others enjoy it with us?' I said no more. I had my answer. I feel that if Sugar wants it that way and gets a kick out of life, I must do all I can to make him feel as happy as he's made me."

Ray, listening to Edna, broke in: "I don't carry anybody around who is a clown. I'm surprised at the British press referring to my employees and comrades as a troupe of clowns and tellin' their readers that Ray Robinson Rodeo, and Robinson's Circus with their crazy publicity stunts, would make an excellent Damon Runyon story.

"There are no clowns in my camp. Every person in my employ has a special job to do and does it well. Each is paid well. What's wrong with giving employment to the type of men I feel can help me and keep me in physical condition?"

Mrs. Robinson added: "You can tell the world that the nicest thing about our life is that Sugar and I are together—a happy couple with a gorgeous, intelligent child, and that we are always lending a helping hand to the needy.

"Sugar was once a very poor boy and I assure you that getting wealth has not changed him any. We're happy and have made thousands of others happy, and that's what counts most."

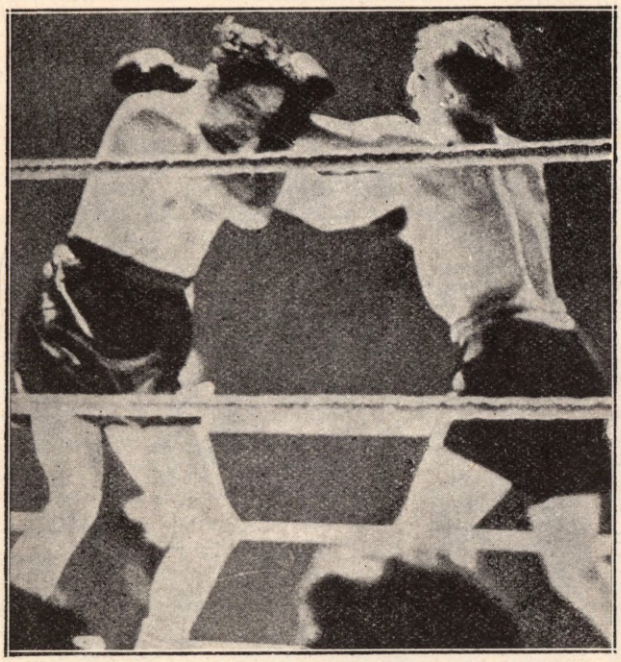
WINDSOR, home of British royalty, has not been so excited over a foreigner in years, I've been informed.

The proprietor of the Star and Garter, Phil Brossard, where Ray trained, told me that he could have made a killing had there been room to accommodate the thousands of visitors who came to Windsor on special excursions to see Sugar Ray.

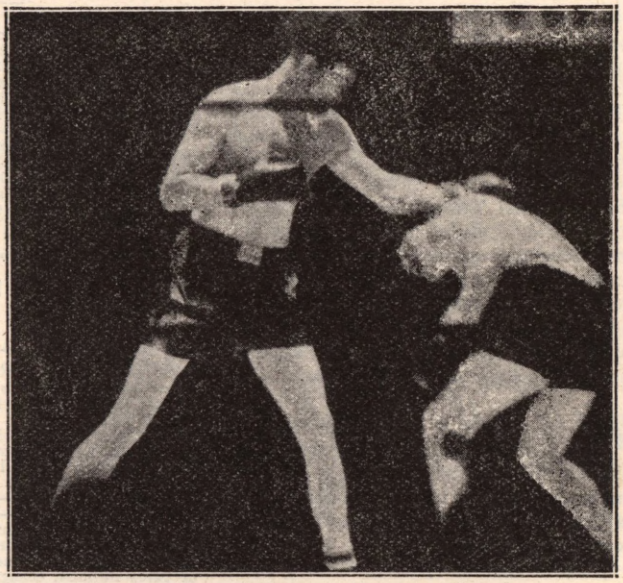
Judging by the mob scenes surrounding the famous hotel daily, I can vouch for the accuracy of Brossard's statement.

It is not the first time that the Star and Garter, with its ancient stables still intact, has been used as a training center by boxers. The old coaching inn within a stone's throw of King George's Castle, reminder of the days of the bare-knuckle British fighters, dates back to 1472, and is referred to *(Continued on page 30)*

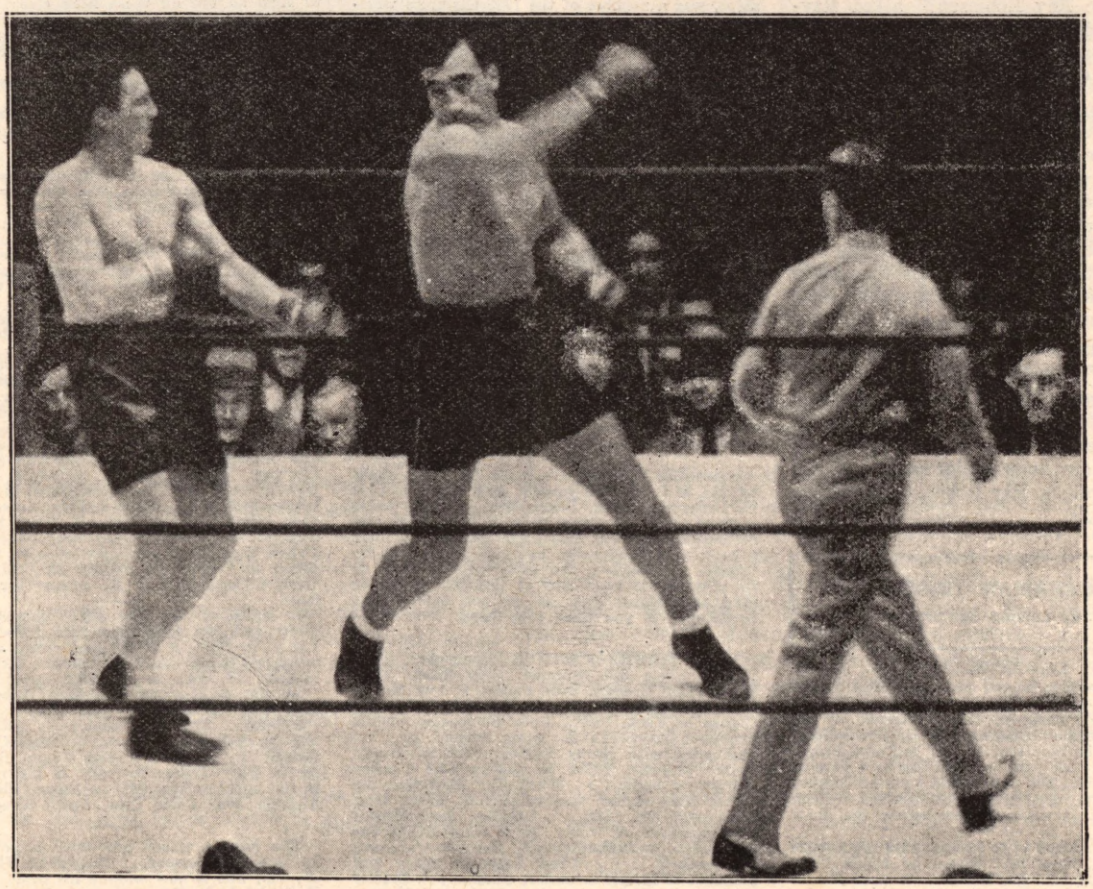
Famous Fights Recalled



Madcap Maxie Baer (left) on the comeback trail at Harringay Arena, London, covers up while the sturdy Welshman, Tommy Farr, launches a two-fisted attack. Baer who had lost his world heavyweight title to Jim Braddock and had been halted by the young Joe Louis, dropped the twelve round decision on this occasion, April 15, 1937, but a year later won over fifteen rounds from Farr in New York City.



Jim Braddock (left) misses with a left as heavily favored Art Lasky goes into a crouch in their fifteen round set-to on March 22, 1935. The Cinderella Man, nine months before a retired fighter, won the decision and also a shot at the crown. He went on to spring an even greater upset by winning the world heavyweight title from Maxie Baer.



Outweighing his opponent by 64 pounds the mammoth Primo Carnera swings wildly at Tommy Loughran in defense of his heavyweight title at Miami, Fla., on March 1, 1934. Badly mauled by the rough-house tactics of the giant, Loughran managed to stay the fifteen round distance though losing the decision. Tommy's comment after the fight was, "Hurt me? No six punches he landed hurt as much as the big ox's stepping on my feet!"

MEET MRS. ROBINSON

(Continued from page 28)

in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" and "King Henry VIII."

Georges Carpentier, Tommy Farr, who fought Joe Louis in the Brown Bomber's first title defense; Len Harvey, British title holder in several classes; Primo Carnera, Frank Moran, Walter Neusel, and Jack Doyle, among others, trained at the inn.

But none ever was taken to the bosom of the natives as was Sugar Ray. The whole of the Robinson entourage—Ray, Mrs. Robinson, Ray's sister, George Gainford, the manager; "Pee Wee" Beale, "Bang Bang" Womber, a sparmate; Don Ellis, another; Cliff Anderson, former British Empire bantam champion now a lightweight; Harold "Killer" Johnson, Sugar's best friend, former star of the Harlem Globe Trotters Basketball team; June Clark, trumpet player and secretary; Joe Roche, golf partner, Roger Simms, the singing barber and tap dancer all came in for special attention.

I've been on many tours with fighters, but the Ray Robinson tour of Europe is one I shall most vividly remember.

WHAT the British couldn't understand was why American boxers receive such attention as was given Sugar Ray and the best pugilist in the British Empire today, Randolph Turpin, was virtually ignored by the press.

"Why don't we ballyhoo our boxing stars as we have Ray Robinson?" asked Raymond Glendenning of the *Graphic*. "A triumphant blare on the horn of a huge pink and mauve Cadillac heralded the arrival of the "Black Prince", fanfares preface his every appearance.

"Whether you like ballyhoo or not, the setting, the goodwill, are there. The gallery is ready-made and what abounding confidence it must give to the person receiving it. By contrast our sports stars creep into the international arena. Unless they bring off a gigantic surprise victory, they enter and leave unhonored, unwept and unsung.

"This state of affairs has been going on too long. Personally, I hate ballyhoo. But if apart from pulling the crowd in through the turnstiles, it breeds confidence, then lets get out the paint pit and brush and splash a few home-made names on the sports hoardings. Ray Robinson has shown us the way."

CANADIAN TOPICS

By Lawson Bampton

LAURENT DAUTHUILLE, crack French middleweight, scored an impressive, clean-cut ten-round decision over Tony Janiro, baby-faced Youngstown, Ohio, veteran, in the main bout of the Canadian Athletic Promotions' offering at the Montreal Royals' ballpark before a crowd of 11,000 fans contributing to a gate of close to $32,500. The gate would have hit $40,000 or more if the weather had not been threatening all day until about an hour before the show started.

Dauthuille looked to be faster and hitting more sharply and many here figure he would be a dangerous opponent for either Turpin or Robinson. He was too fast, strong and heavy for Janiro, who scaled 151¼ to the French flash's 157¼. Our score card showed it 7-2-1 for Dauthuille, who once had Janiro in real distress and on the floor briefly in the second round. From then on Tony was more cautious, led and fought in short spurts and was forced to clutch frequently when Dauthuille opened up with his fiery barrages. At times Tony got his left hand working but never for long as the Dauthuille right would blaze through and rock him. Tony admitted later that Dauthuille was the fastest middle he'd ever met and that he was streakingly fast with his punches.

The best fight of the night was the eight-rounder lined up by Raoul Godbout, back in the matchmaking spot, between Jean Richard, 135½, of Montreal, and Bryant Kelly, 139, of St. Catharines, Ontario. This went on last and was a corker, with the draw verdict being popular. We figured Richard had a shade the best of it, having command of most of the fight, but the judges and crowd were influenced by Kelly's big sixth round when he had Richard on the floor. They are likely to be rematched for a main bout at the Stade Exchange. A rarity—Richard was in really good shape.

Rocky Brisebois, 145, Montreal, made it short and sweet in the other eight-rounder when he flattened Jackie Wright, 139½, Nashville, Tennessee, in 1:36 of the first round. Brisebois tore out of his corner like a cyclone at the bell and whanged away with both hands to head and body. Wright went down twice and it was over on Trip No. 3.

Stray Shots . . . Armand Savoie, hardhitting lightweight prospect, taking a bit of a rest after a long campaign . . . though losing his last two bouts, to Arthur King and Solly Cantor in Toronto, he still figures to make progress and moola . . . cheerio.

IOWA, SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By Bill Hawkins

BOXING and wrestling in this section is at a standstill at this writing, mostly because of wet weather which has prevented promoters from taking a chance with out-of-door shows. The inability of promoters to bring in suitable talent has been another factor. Indications are that the fall and winter season will be filled with activity.

Mount Vernon, Ia.—Billy Koll, who has had several offers to enter the professional wrestling field has been named head wrestling coach and instructor at Cornell college. Koll, a holder of three national collegiate wrestling championships, was a member of the 1948 Olympics wrestling team. He was undefeated in wrestling competition while attending Iowa State Teachers college, and in 1947 he received the outstanding wrestlers award at the N.C.A.A. meet. He is a native of Fort Dodge, Ia.

Nelson Levering, Macy, Nebr., welterweight who halted the long winning streaks of the fighting Outhouse brothers from South Sioux City, Nebr., has moved to Sioux City. Levering plans to make Sioux City his headquarters and will be the top attraction on several Sioux City boxing cards this fall and winter.

THE MAIL BAG: J. Gotch, Detroit, Mich.—Caddock is dead. Suggest you write to Tony Stecher, Minneapolis, Minn. . . . To K. L. D. at Denver, Colo.—No record of this fighter. Write THE RING book shop for record books. . . . To M. L. at St. Paul, Minn.—Suggest you contact Billy Colbert, RING correspondent for Minnesota. . . . To G. H. at Seattle, Wash.—Mail will reach Tommy O'Loughlin, Sioux City boxing and wrestling promoter, at the Sioux City Auditorium, Sioux City, Iowa. . . . To J. K. at Chicago, Ill.—Frank Gotch was born April 27, 1878, and died Dec. 16, 1917. I have no complete list of women wrestlers.

Remember to get your news into our hands by the fifth of each month. Mail same to 2206 N. Lafayette Street, Sioux City, Iowa. In order to save space send your news to THE RING correspondent in your respective states. This will save a repeat of news as readers are not interested in reading the same reports two or three times. Gt your copy of THE RING early as they are selling fast, so do not blame your newsdealer if you miss your copy.

OLD TIMERS CORNER—Remember these famous Bills: Bill Brennan, Billy Shade, Billy Wells, Billy Meehan, Billy Papke. It was Nov 2, 1923, that "Rusty" Evans defeated "Terrible" Crooks at York, Nebr., Andy Schmader, Omaha heavyweight. . . . A party staged by Dan McKetrick with Harry Pollock, Jimmie Darcey, Benny Murphy, Mike E. Collins and Charley Harvey on hand. . . . When Earl McArthur defeated Babe Asher, twenty rounds, Sioux City, Iowa, Oct. 27, 1921. . . . When Jack Hurley was manager of Andy Bollin and Submarine Smith. . . . Jack Renault, the big Canadian heavyweight. . . . When Johnny Creeley was manager of Morrie Schlaifer, Omaha. . . . Creeley had a pet telephone number, 5030. . . . Murray McLean of St. Paul was manager of Stewart McLean, Buddy MacDonald, Donnie Dean and Tommy Hannon. . . . Billy Hale of Lincoln, Nebr., was manager of George Lamson, Nebraska Indian heavyweight.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Ted Moore is the new Sports Director for the Sioux City KHRI radio station. . . . Ted has five years of sports-casting experience and is a great boxing and wrestling fan. . . . Sec Taylor of the Des Moines *Register* sports staff was on hand for the Joe Louis-Lee Savold bout. . . . To B. G. at Ashland, Wis.—Card received. Will send you a list. . . . See you next month.

DETROIT AND VICINITY FISTIC HEADLINES

By M. Dominguez

THE RING MAGAZINE covered the fight between heavyweights Clarence Henry and Omelio Agremonte at the Olympia in Detroit and so I will only add the other bouts of the night which went like this:

In four rounds Ray Watkins won a decision over Ray St. Amour. Jack Ennis won over Norman Smith in four rounds. Dave Collins and C. Graff fought a draw in four rounds. Joe Giambra won the decision over Al Adams in six rounds. And Joe Garza won a T.K.O. over Jesse Bradshaw.

This was the last show at Olympia until the fall programs come on.

The Flint Sports Club presented its second Boxing show at the beautiful L.M.A Auditorium in Flint, Mich.. Close to 2,000 fans turned out to see a well balanced five-bout card which was headlined by Jay Watkins, Flint's outstanding lightweight, against Proctor Heinhold, the Oklahoma Cowboy. Watkins won a unanimous decision over Heinhold. Watkins rocked the very tough Cowboy several times and came within a shade of K.O'ing the seldom knocked down Heinhold.

In the co-feature, Tommy Darrough, Flint, won a close split decision over Al Gromick, Lincoln Pk. Darrough and Gromick slugged it out toe-to-toe for the whole ten rounds which of course pleased the fans very much.

In the other bouts of the night Auburn Copeland, Flint, extended his winning streak to 19 straight, winning over the more experienced Joey Longo, Baltimore, in 6 rounds. In another 6-round bout Floyd Fielder, Flint, won a decision over Nature Boy Brown, Detroit, and in the curtain raiser Bill Grimm, Owosso, Mich., won the nod over Al Brown, Jersey City.

This and that—Along with Lansing and Grand Rapids, Flint is starting to hold its own in boxing and some of the big clubs would do well to keep an eye on these little clubs in the future. These cities are well blessed with home town talent and that is an attraction in itself.

This unworthy soul has just received a letter from our Fighting Boy who has just been given some sergeant stripes. Of course I refer to Sgt. Jack J. Waina. Jack could do with more news from home if anyone is interested. We hope to see him home soon, but in the meantime let's write.

The Wolverine A. C. at Grand Rapids staged one of the best shows that the city has seen in many moons and the turnout of fans was terrific. It seems that everyone in the city turned out to see Chuck Davey, the only fighter known who holds two Master degrees, win a unanimous decision over courageous Tommy Darrough, Flint. When it ended the crowd stood and cheered.

One of the finest boxers ever to fight in Grand Rapids, Davey was the master all the way.

Gene Sobolewski, Grand Rapids, won a unanimous decision over Ray Watkins in a four-round bout. Willie Thurman, veteran Grand Rapids middleweight, lost a close decision to plodding Willie Wright, Detroit. Clever Chuck Wade launched his pro career with an impressive decision over Bill Bradley, New Castle, Pa. Norman Webb, Detroit, scored a two-round K.O. over Sammy Frigon, Windsor. Heavyweight George McDonald, Grand Rapids, scored a T.K.O. over Johnny Nichols, Detroit, when the referee stopped the fight in the first round. George Powell dropped Tony Gallo twice in the second round and then the referee stopped the fight when Gallo sagged to the canvas for the third time.

In spite of the fact that it was a warm night and the fight was held indoors at the I.M.A. in Flint, a fairly good crowd saw Lightweight Champ Jimmy Carter K.O. Ronnie Harper, W. Va., in the fifth round.

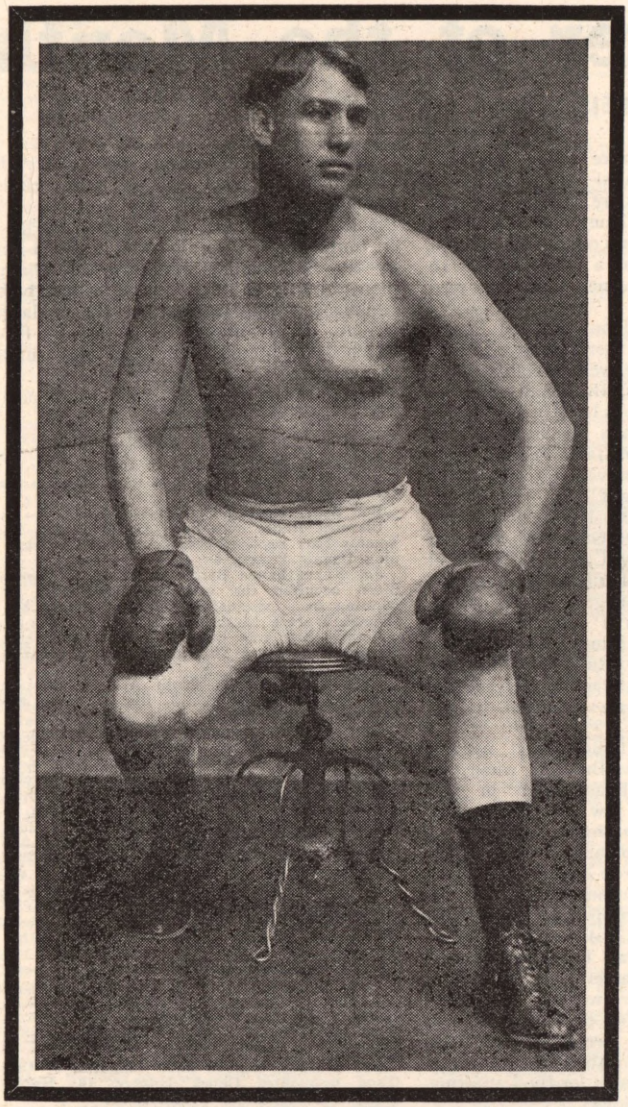
In the eight-round semi-final Auburn Copeland won the decision over Herky Kaminsky, Pittsburgh. This was Copeland's 20th straight victory. Red Elby, Toledo, defeated Cecil Graff, Detroit, in six rounds. Don Jones, Detroit, defeated Billy Grimm, Owosso, in six rounds and in the opening bout Manny Ealon, Flint, won a decision over Chico Clay, Battle Creek.

The boy to watch and who is going places is Jesse Underwood, formerly of Huntington, W. Va., who is now making his home in Detroit. Underwood fought and beat Reggy Martinia in Charleston, W. Va., and therefore is now recognized as the lightweight champion of W. Va.

Please send your comments, etc., to M. Dominquez, 6015 McClellan, Detroit 13, Michigan. Phone Walnut 1-2353.

CARL MORRIS PASSES

By BILLY WILLIAMS



The original "White Hope," Carl Morris was a blend of Irish and Indian. He never reached the championship heights, but became a prominent factor in heavyweight doings. His meetings with Dempsey played an important role in Manassa Jack's spectacular rise to titular heights.

CARL MORRIS, who died recently in Pasadena, Calif., at the age of 67, never became a champion, nor even a near-champion, but ring history credits him with one strange distinction. He was the Original White Hope—the trail-blazing pioneer in as bizarre an era as boxing probably ever has known.

It all began with Jack Johnson's triumph over Jim Jeffries in Reno, Nev., on July 4, 1910.

The repercussions from Jeff's downfall were something to behold. A frenzied scramble started to find a fighter capable of whipping Johnson and redeeming the "honor and prestige" of the white race. Promoters and managers scoured the highways and byways of the world for a Nordic to beat the ex-stevedore from Galveston. Any big guy who looked as though he could fight at all was a natural prospect. The hectic hunt reached to farms and factories, to cattle ranges and coal mines, to river docks and lumber camps. White Hope tournaments popped up all over the landscape. And some strange specimens of humanity began to hove into view.

Carl Morris was the first of the lot to show any promise. Born in Kentucky, but transplanted in Oklahoma, Carl was firing on a railroad when persuaded to try his luck in the ring. A blend of Irish and Cherokee Indian, he was a powerful hombre, standing six feet, four inches in height and weighing a solid 235 pounds.

Crude and cumbersome, Carl won his first few fights in Oklahoma through sheer strength. He began to attract serious attention when he stopped the one-time claimant of the heavyweight title, Marvin Hart, and he really hit the headlines when he flattened tough old Mike Schreck.

New York naturally was eager for a peek at the new "sensation," so early in 1911 the Sapulpa Giant headed eastward with his entourage. His big-time debut was in Madison Square Garden, but it proved to be anything but an auspicious one. Carl's opponent was the veteran Jim Flynn, who, like Morris, had once been a fireman on a railroad.

FLYNN, out of Pueblo, Colo., was little more than a light-heavy, but he had fought the likes of Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Billy Papke and Tommy Burns, and knew his way around the ring. He was too experienced for the clumsy Oklahoman, and the meeting developed into one of the bloodiest shambles ever seen in the old Garden. Flynn handed Morris a terrific lacing, and the big fellow's face was ripped and torn almost beyond recognition. Not only Morris and Flynn, but the referee, the ring canvas and the working press section were splattered with the claret gushing out of the giant's mangled features. About all Morris displayed were gameness and the ability to sop up punishment. Despite the fearful battering he absorbed, Carl was still on his feet and trying to fight back when the final bell rang in the tenth round.

It seemed that Morris' ring career had ended practically before it started. But he was a persistent cuss, was Carl, and he refused to become discouraged by that lacing. His manager hired Joe Jeannette, smart old Negro heavyweight, to take Morris in hand and teach him some of the finer points of boxing. Morris proved an apt pupil. He remained in the east, and proceeded to put together a winning streak, knocking out Denver Jack Geyer in New York, Bill Bass in Philadelphia and Al Williams in Cleveland, and returning to New York to outpoint two fair campaigners, Tom Kennedy and Jim Stewart.

It was on a trip back home that Morris ran into his next setback. After beating Morgan Williams in Oklahoma City, Carl went to Springfield, Mo., to meet up with another young hopeful whom the Old Professor, Billy McCarney, had discovered. McCarney's protege was Luther McCarty, and Morris was knocked out in the sixth round.

From then on, Carl was just another heavyweight. He no longer was regarded seriously as a "White Hope," but he became a tough trial horse for other ambitious big fellows, and he won a lot more fights than he lost.

MORRIS squared accounts with Flynn for that pasting in New York by beating Fireman Jim twice, first on a foul in Joplin, Mo., then by a decision in Kansas City. In his ramblings around the country, he knocked out Fred McKay a couple of times, did likewise to Al Benedict, and flattened such other entries as Al Reich, Marty Cutler, Joe Bonds, George (Boer) Rodel, Arthur Pelkey, Andre Anderson and Tex McCarthy. He won and lost in a couple of meetings with Gunboat Smith, did the same with Al Kubiak, beat Battling Levinsky and Al Norton, and stepped along in no-decision bouts with Tom McMahon, Jim Coffey, Frank Moran and Billy Miske. He lost twice on disputed fouls to Fred Fulton.

Morris played an important role in Jack Dempsey's spectacular surge to prominence. Dempsey, after an ordinary career of bumming around the country, picking up an occasional fight without arousing undue interest, suddenly began to click in San Francisco when Jack Kearns took hold of him. Only four-round bouts were allowed in California *(Continued on page 37)*

Walcott Is Fighter of the Month

By NAT FLEISCHER

RATINGS of the boxers of the world for the past month embody quite a few upheavals. Standing out among these were Walcott's achievement in winning the world heavyweight title by a seventh round knockout of Ezzard Charles, a nine to two favorite; Randy Turpin's fifteen round decision triumph over Ray Robinson for the middleweight crown, and Rocky Marciano's sixth round knockout success against Rex Layne.

Charles moved down from champion to number one point spot. Marciano jumped to number three among the heavyweight contenders and Layne fell to 6th place under Roland La Starza, now rated 5th. Joe Louis, ex-heavyweight boss continues as a serious contender by virtue of his smashing 10th round decision over Cesar Brion.

Bob Baker consolidated his position as the number seven contender by his seven round kayo over Omelio Agramonte of Cuba.

There was a good deal of action among the light heavies with Bob Murphy's bangup knockout over Jake LaMotta getting top billing. Murphy also kayoed Joe Rondine and Bob Novis in 3rd place. La Motta is 9th.

Although Archie Moore was held to a ten-round draw by Karel Sys, he retained his rating as top contender since Sys weighed in as a heavyweight for the contest. To strengthen his right to the top spot Moore in his latest outing stiffened Victor Carabajal in three heats.

Harry Matthews maintained his number two notch by reason of his winning streak over heavyweights. Jimmy Slade dropped out of the select circle as a result of his surprise knockout at the hands of Julie Keene.

Harold Johnson by his recent victories over Chuck Hunter, Elkins Brothers and Chubby Wright moved into the 7th slot.

Middleweight action was highlighted by Turpin becoming the middleweight champion, leaving Robinson as the leading contender for that crown. He is followed by Dave Sands and, in the number three position, Laurent Dauthuille, who became more firmly entrenched by his ten-round win over Tony Janiro. Janiro dropped out of the first 10 to make room for Ron Delaney, who defeated the previously 8th ranking Terry Moore. Moore left the rated middles and Delaney moved into 8th position. Rocky Casellani once again entered the ratings in ninth as a result of his 10 round win over Eugene Hairston, who dropped to 10th.

Gil Turner knocked out Charley Fusari in eleven sessions and thereby moved up to fifth place among the welterweights while Fusari fell a notch to sixth. Johnny Saxton, released from the army is back in the ratings as our number ninth man. His latest victory was over the Canadian Gaby Ferlan.

Tommy Cambell moved up to fourth place in the lightweight class, due to his win and draw with Del Flanagan and his win over Del's brother Glen. Del also lost by a K.O. to Jimmy Carter in six. Del suffered a bad cut. Luther Rawlings dropped to fifth and Del Flanagan fell to ninth. Paddy DeMarco won a surprise decision over Arthur King and jumped up the ladder from ninth to seventh. Rudy Cruz dropped out of the rated lightweights to welcome back in tenth spot an oft-rated lighty, Enrique Bolanos.

Charley Riley, St Louis stylist, evened matters with Percy Bassett when he knocked out the Philadelphian in two cantos, breaking his jaw and more than making up for his four round kayo at the hands of Bassett in an earlier match. Riley also iced Dave Gallardo in seven rounds. Riley moved up the roost from fifth to fourth and Bassett dropped from a highly rated two post to fifth position. Ray Famechon and Roy Ankarah took their places right behind the number one contender, Willie Pep, as number two and three contenders. Fabela Chavez of California was held to a draw over twelve rounds with Lauro Salas but on to 10th by winning a return contest with Salas for the California State crown in 12 sessions.

The bantamweights saw a material change with Jean Sneyers, too heavy for the flyweights, moved into the bantams. Bobby Boland fell out of the ratings by virtue of his recent losses, making room for Sneyers.

In the flyweight ratings, Juan Diaz II, Panamanian, moved into the select circle in ninth place due to his ten round win over Black Pico, of Cuba, who retained his hold on tenth place. Pico also was knocked out by the Panamanian bantamweight champion Baby Green in six but he has not been penalized in the ratings due to the large weight disadvantage he suffered. Pico weighed 115 pounds with shoes and trunks as again 122 for his rival.

Here are the major results of the month:

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Jouis Louis beat Cesar Brion in 10.

Rex Layne decisioned Henry Hall, 10, then was kayoed by Rocky Marciano, 6.

Bob Baker stopped Omelio Agramonte, 7.

Clarence Henry outpointed Jimmy Bivins, 10.

Tommy Farr regained the Welsh crown by stopping Dennis Powell, 6

Joe Kahut halted Bernie Reynolds, 2. George Stern acquired the vacant Scottish title by winning on a disqualification over Hugh McDonald, 7. Jack Nelson stopped Kevin Allen, 5.

Connie Rux was held to a draw by Heinz Neuhaus, 10 Heinz Titze punched Werner Wiegand into submission, 3.

After retaining his South African title by stopping George Bissett, 3, Piet Strydom announced his retirement.

Gino Buonvino outpointed Georgie Kaplan, 8. Vern Mitchell kayoed Al Spaulding, 3. Willis (Red) Applegate decisioned Johnny Haynes, 8.

Karel Sys drew with light-heavyweight Archie Moore, 10 and knocked out Gerry McDermott, 3.

Charles Lester decisioned Keene Simmons, 6.

Jimmy De Lenge kayoed Eddie Brown, 2.

Tony Esperti drew with Eddie Brown, 4, and lost to Hugo Alvarez, 4. Bill Thompson stopped Fred Martini, 3. Shirley Jones outpointed Art Henri, 4. Frank Bell won from Jeff Kloeck, 8.

Al Hoosman stopped Joe Weidin, 5. Herbert Kleinwachter halted Albert Yvel, 4.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS

Archie Moore was held to a draw by heavyweight Karel Sys, 10, and then kayoed heavyweight Alberto Lolvell, 1, and Victor Carabajal in 3.

Harry Matthews stopped Freddie Beshore, 7, and Bill Petersen, 4

Bob Murphy stopped Jake LaMotta, 7. Carl Olson outpointed Chuck Hunter, 10. Harold Johnson halted Elkins Brothers, 10.

Dan Bucceroni decisioned Earl Sabotin, 10. Randall Starkey stopped George Roberts, 5, but was kayoed by Hal Sampson, 1. Rocky Jones kayoed Ted Calaman, 5.

Danny Nardico knocked out Reuben Jones, 3. Willi Hoepner became the German champion by knocking out Heinz Sachs, 3. Hoepner previously kayoed Hermann Vermeulen, 4.

Chubby Wright decisioned Ted Lowry, 10. Julie Keene chilled Jimmy Slade, 6. Roosevelt Laboard kayoed Eddie Vail, 2.

Hans Strelecki drew with Don Ellis, 8. Ellis also drew with Dieter Hucks, 8. Bill Wood decisioned Brian McTigue, 8.

Brian Anders edged out Joe Plant, 8. Renato Tontini drew with Fernando Janilli, 10. Herbert Kleinwaechter stopped Albert Yvel, 4.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Randy Turpin dethroned Ray Robinson in a stunning upset to become world champion, 15.

Robinson previously knocked out Cyrille Delannoit, 3, and his match with Gerhard Hecht was declared "no decision," 2.

Laurent Dauthuille walloped Tony Janiro, 10.

Australian and British Empire champion Dave Sands whipped Mel Brown, 10. Brown previously stopped Bos Murphy 2.

Rocky Graziano kayoed Freddie Lott, 5, and Cecil Hudson, 3 Rocky Castellani upset Gene Hairston 10 Ronnie Delaney decisioned Terry Moore 10.

Lee Sala ced Earl Taylor, 1. Alfie Sands stopped Jim Doherty, 9

Gino Campagna retained the Italian title by edging out Ivano Fontana, 12. Fontana previously won from Alessandro D'Ottavio, 10. Billy Kilgore outpointed Jose Basora, 10.

Harold Green won from Jose Diaz, 10. Eli Elandon whipped Albert Heyen, 10

Jean Stock regained the French title by stopping Kid Marcel, 11. Sammy Walker tripped Charley Earley, 10.

Charley Anglee kayoed Hiller, 2.

Bert Sanders reversed a previous decision by beating Ron Pudney, 8. Bob Cleaver outpointed Eddie Webb, 6. Pete Arabella defeated Mac Stanford, 6. Stanford also lost to Frank Keating, 4 Keating beat Dom Zimbardo, 4.

George Dilkes halted Michael Stack, 4. Cas Sugalski stopped Joe Jordon, 5. Gordon Hazell halted Jackie Wilson, 3. James Suber won from Frankie Lentine, 6.

RING RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Ending August 6, 1951

Heavyweights (Over 175 pounds)	Light-Heavyweights (Not exceeding 175 pounds)	Middleweights (Not exceeding 160 pounds)	Welterweights (Not exceeding 147 pounds)
World's Champion Joe Walcott	World's Champion Joey Maxim	World's Champion Randolph Turpin	World's Champion (Title Vacant)
1—Ezzard Charles	Archie Moore	Ray Robinson	Kid Gavilan (Amer. Champ.)
2—Joe Louis	Harry Matthews	Dave Sands	Charles Humez (Euro. Champ.)
3—Rocky Marciano	Bob Murphy	Laurent Dauthuille	Billy Graham
4—Clarence Henry	Bob Satterfield	Robert Villemain	Johnny Bratton
5—Roland LaStarza	Don Cockell	Ray Barnes	Gil Turner
6—Rex Layne	Dan Bucceroni	Walter Cartier	Charley Fusari
7—Bob Baker	Harold Johnson	Rocky Graziano	Eddie Thomas
8—Cesar Brion	Wesbury Bascom	Ronnie Delaney	Mickey Tollis
9—Lee Savold	Carl Olson	Rocky Castellani	Johnny Saxton
10—Hein Ten Hoff	Jake LaMotta	Gene Hairston	Fitzie Pruden

Lightweights (Not exceeding 135 pounds)	Featherweights (Not exceeding 126 pounds)	Bantamweights (Not exceeding 118 pounds)	Flyweights (Not exceeding 112 pounds)
World's Champion James Carter	World's Champion Sandy Saddler	World's Champion Vic Toweel	World's Champion Dado Marino
1—Ike Williams	Willie Pep	Luis Romero	Terry Allen
2—Freddie Dawson	Ray Famechon	Peter Keenan	Vic Herman
3—Art Aragon	Roy Ankarah	Jimmy Carruthers	Teddy Gardner
4—Tommy Campbell	Charley Riley	Jean Sneyers	Jimmy Laffin
5—Luther Rawlings	Percy Bassett	Maurice Sandeyron	Louis Skena
6—Joe Brown	Ronnie Clayton	Tommy Proffitt	Honore Pratesi
7—Paddy DeMarco	Tirso del Rosario	Elley Bennett	Nazzareno Gianelli
8—Calvin Smith	Glen Flanagan	Emile Chemama	Norman Tennant
9—Del Flanagan	Jackie Blair	Gianni Zuddas	Juan Diaz II
10—Enrique Bolanos	Fabela Chavez	Hadi Tijani	Black Pico

Harold Collier halted Chuck Goldsby, 2. Junius Woods laced Lester Jackson, 4. Tom Johnston whipped Kit Pompey, 8. Wally Beckett stopped Ron Cooper, 5.

Mario Diaz decisioned Aldo Minelli, 12. Georgie Small kayoed Tony Masciarelli, 1.

WELTERWEIGHTS

Unbeaten Gil Turner scored his 22nd straight victory and 20th by kayo in stopping Charley Fusari, 11.

Australian champion Mickey Tollis retained his title by stopping Ken Bailey, 13.

Bernard Docusen kayoed Eddie Giosa, 2. Johnny Saxton stopped Lloyd Tate, 3.

Bobby Lee beat Gene Burton, 10. Johnny Cesario outpointed Carmen Basilio, 10. Bobby Dykes halted Mario Marino, 4.

Vic Cardell defeated Johnny Lombardo, 8, then lost to Walter Haines, 8. Chuck Davey decisioned Tommy Darrough, 10. Charlie Williams outpointed George Johnson, 8.

Marcel Brisbois iced Jackie Wright, 1. Georgie Flores won over Johnny Cerky, 8, and Sammy Guiliani, 8. Chico Vejar kayoed Jack Wright, 2, and Hermie Freeman, 7.

Livio Minello won from Henri Hecquart, 10. Terry Cullen kayoed Billy Exley, 7. Harry Hayes halted Johnny Rehia, 2.

Jackie DeBelin drew with Bert Barber, 12. Jimmy King decisioned Hans Szuzina, 8. Danny Womber halted Luigi Male, 6. Harry Poulton stopped Howard Leslie, 6.

Gilbert Lavoine whipped Gilbert Ussin, 10. Philip Kim beat Emil Barao, 10. Al Robbins won over Richie Coleman, 4. Phil Modica defeated Eddie Rawlings, 4.

Tommy McGowan knocked out Frank Morizio, 1. Harold Johnson decisioned Johnny McGurk, 4. Ermerson Butcher won over Pinky Cowan, 5.

Jetson Arnold edged Honey Elliott, 8. Nick Moran stopped Alex Amador, 9. Vinnie D'Andrea whipped Phil Rizzo, 6.

Franco Ciccarelli won on a disqualification from Ennio Antonelli, 3. Charley Williams outsmarted George Johnson, 8. Jimmy Brogden edged out Roy Johnson, 6. Nat Thomas stopped Eddie Phillips, 6.

Ernie Vickers was awarded the decision over lightweight Ivor (Kid) Germain, 8. Terry Kelly and Joe Corcoran drew, 6. Bunty Adamson whipped Billy Dickson, 8.

Terry Ratcliffe lost to Dutch champion Giel de Roode, 8.

Mias Jackson outpointed Frankie Jackson, 6. Piet van Staden edged out a decision over Tommy Hinson, 8. Algar Smith polished off Johnny Downes in the first.

Luigi Valentini decisioned Aldo Vinci, 8. Giuseppe Fusaro drew with Valentino Gianluppi, 8. Rino Voltolini won from Ferruccio Rustichelli, 8. Carlo Boccolini outpointed Silvano Locatelli, 6.

Sylvester Payne and Jimmy Bond drew, 6. Sammy Guiliani stopped Gene LeBlanc, 4.

Kid Gavilan decisioned Fitzie Pruden, 10. Andre Famechon kayoed Joe Grant, 4. Pierre Langlois won from Gilbert Lavoine, 10.

Wally Thom beat Cliff Curvis on a disqualification, 9. Simon Greb halted Wally Thompson, 1.

LIGHTWEIGHTS

World champion Jimmy Carter kayoed Chick Boucher, 4; Ronnie Harper, 5, and Enrique Bolanos, 7 (all non-title).

Tommy Campbell decisioned Del Flanagan, 10, and Glen Flanagan, 10. Joe Brown defeated Virgil Akins, 10. Enrique Bolanos licked Eddie Chavez, 12.

Solly Cantor defeated Armand Savoie, 10. Paddy DeMarco whipped Arthur King, 10. Orlando Zulueta decisioned Bobby Fenty, 8. Fenty outpointed Phil Morizio, 8.

Johnny Flannigan became the new Scottish champion by outpointing Harry Hughes, 12.

Maxie Docusen licked Lenny Alvarez, 10. Eddie Compo outpointed Pat Marcune, 8.

Henry Davis beat Joe Lopes, 10. Carl Coates defeated Brown Lee, 8. Ivor (Kid) Germain lost the decision to welterweight Ernie Vickers, 8.

Freddy Russo outpointed Tony Miragliotta, 8. Basil Marie defeated Jerry Russo, 6. Jean Labalette decisioned Alfreo LaGrutta, 10.

Jimmy Wilde defeated Manny Torres, 6. Jimmy Findlay edged out Neil Phillips, 10. Harry Lewis outpointed Frankie Jackson, 8.

Tommy DeAngelis and Joe Worth drew, 4. Roger Delabassee outpointed Jan Nicolaas, 10. Jimmy Wilde iced Phil Nolan, 1.

Billy (Spicer) Kelly kayoed Jim O'Brian, 8. Gene Tackach disposed of Lem Harvey, 1. Bennie Riviera defeated Rudy Bruno, 4.

Antonio Ruiz whipped Ray Lewis, 8. Danny Delaney kayoed Johnny Delmore, 3. Duilio Loy outpointed Morlay Kamara, 10. Al Maglieri stopped Ed Schodrad, 4. Elis Ask drew with Walter Demke, 8.

Rudy Cruz outpointed Freddie Herman, 10. Frank Flannery defeated Alfie Clay, 12. Ralph Giordano won from Jackie Weber, 8. Pat Mallane stopped Jimmy Withers, 1.

FEATHERWEIGHTS

World champion Sandy Saddler halted Oscar Flores, 1, Mario Salinas, 5, and Angel Olivieri, 5 (all non-title).

Ray Famechon retained the European title by stopping Alvaro Cerasini, 13.

Diego Sosa outpointed Harold Dade, 10. Charley Riley stopped Percy Bassett 2. Lauro Salas and Fabala Chavez drew, 12. Noel Humphreys and Kid Centella drew, 10.

Australian champion Elley Bennett lost to Ray Coleman, 12 (non-title).

Gavino Furesi decisioned Marco Permieri, 6. Ernesto Formenti won from Hans Schomig, 10.

French champion Francis Bonnardel retained his title by holding Roger Bruneau to a draw, 12.

Joe Wamsley defeated Richie Crump, 6. Scottish champion George Stewart won from Georges Mousse, 8.

Lulu Perez beat Ernesto Figuero, 4. Rafael LaBoy defeated Tony Amabile, 4, and then was defeated by Sam Lowery, 4. Tippy Simmons decisioned Joey Paniagua, 4, and Paniagua came back to beat Zeke Adams, 4.

Tony Amabiele and Walter Zimmick drew, 4. Cortez Jackson drew with Little Beau, 4. Henry Beltrante kayoed Billy Little, 4.

Teodore Gonzalo outpointed bantamweight Sam Conforti, 8. Sammy McCarthy halted Peter Morrison, 3. Jackie Turpin drew with Jackie Summerville, 8.

Mario Lutti decisioned Kid Arcelli, 8. Gordon Meredith stopped Johnny Wheeler, 2. Dai Davies kayoed Steve Walsh, 10. Stan Skinkiss halted Johnny Haywood, 6.

Aldo Pravisani stopped Enzo Piccinini, 6. Ivor Simpson stopped Bernard Fairbanks, 6. Freddie King outpointed Denny Dawson, 8.

Gaetano de Lucia halted Antonio Ladisi, 2. Ray Grassi stopped Bernard Dodin, 6.

Gene Smith stopped Jimmy Cooper, 6. Jackie Turpin outpointed Gus Foran, 10.

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Returning to action after seven months' layoff, world champion Vic Toweel, fighting as a featherweight, knocked out Fanie van Graan, 2.

European champion Luis Romero retained his title by defeating Italian champion Alvaro Nuvoloni, 15, and repeating against Sam Conforti, 10. Conforti also lost to featherweight Teodore Gonzalo, 8.

British champion Peter Keenan successfully defended his title by stopping Bobby Boland, 12.

Gianni Zuddas whipped Georges Mousse, 10. Mousse also lost to featherweight George Stewart, 8.

Jackie Fairclough stopped Mickey McKay, 5. Bobby Sinn polished off Mickey Roberts, 6. Tiny Corbett halted Jan van Zyl, 4.

Andre Valignant drew with Jean Senhadj, 6. Eddie Kay outpointed Jimmy Roche, 6. Red Martinez stopped Jimmy Espiritu, 2.

FLYWEIGHTS

World champion Dado Marino stopped Hiroshi Horiguchi, 8 (non-title).

Vic Herman kayoed Henry Carpenter, 7. Johnny Black outpointed Sid Charles, 8. Ron Johnson halted Welsh champion Jackie Sutton, 7.

Taffy Hancock stopped Kev Hampton, 8. Joe Cairney scored a kayo over Joe Murphy, 6. Dennis Sale won from Sid Hiom, 10.

Nazzereno Gianelli retained the Italian title by edging out Ennio Aroldi, 12.

Prospects of the Month

Heavyweight—Lou Strydom, South Africa.
Light-heavyweight—Joe Plant, England
Middleweight—Frank Keating, Meriden, Conn.
Welterweight—Jesse Gethers, Philadelphia, Pa.
Lightweight—Fred Messina, Paterson, N. J.
Featherweight—Johnny Nicholas, Milwaukee, Wis.
Bantamweight—Keeny Teran, Los Angeles, Calif.
Flyweight—Johnny Black, England.

FROM BUENOS AIRES

By Alfredo Porzio

BEFORE an extraordinary crowd at Luna Park, the world's champion featherweight, Sandy Saddler, made his presentation against the Argentine lightweight champion Alfredo Prada. All records of attendance were broken and the income amounted to slightly over $30,000.

Saddler weighed 132 pounds and Prada 133½. From the very beginning Saddler demonstrated a clear superiority over his rival and put Prada away in the beginning of the fourth round. Evidently Saddler was well aware of Prada's way of fighting and took care to avoid being butted by Prada, by holding Prada's head with his left arm and hammering away with his right hand to Prada's flanks. In the fourth round Prada, completely beaten and exhausted, threw a final right blow which Saddler side-stepped and Prada went to the ropes, on his knees, where he remained while the referee counted him out.

Unfortunately Prada was not sufficiently good enough to force Saddler to a good fight. A new presentation by Saddler is anxiously awaited by the fans here although the general opinion is that Argentina cannot present a satisfactory rival excepting Gatica.

Rio Cuarto (Cordoba)—Dante Nolasco, 151, knocked out Ricardo Bravo, 149, in the third round.

Catamarca—Enrique Jover, 164, knocked out Francisco Negrone in the third round. This is the fifth consecutive knockout by Jover.

Cordoba—Rafael Amaya, 131, knocked out Demetrio Flores, 136, in the seventh round. This is Amaya's 14th straight victory.

Rosario (Santa Fe)—The excellent amateur fighter, Oscar Acefe, 146, made his presentation as a professional and beat Roberto Ramos, 148, on points in ten rounds.

Luna Park — The promising middleweight Eafael Merentino put up a very poor performance against Mario Diaz and was beaten on points after 12 rounds. Merentino weighed 162 and Diaz 156. During the early rounds of the fight Merentino looked like a sure winner, flooring Diaz in the third round but after that Merentino, evidently not in perfect form, could do little or nothing. Diaz put up a very gallant fight, out-smarting Merentino after the third round and winning by a wide margin. In fact, during the final rounds of the match it looked as if Merentino would be knocked out or at least floored; evidently Diaz was quite exhausted and, as everyone knows, truly has no knock-out punch. As far as Merentino is concerned, while this fight is a set-back it might best be put as a contradictory performance or a bad night. He is young, strong, clean, intelligent and game and in the opinion of the writer should wipe out this bad night.

In the semi-final match, Adelberto Ochoa beat Guillermo Pizarro on points, eight rounds. Ochoa is coming along nicely and it should not be long before he is staged for final fights. The income was about $25,000.

Luna Park—Buenos Aires looms up as one of the best boxing centers in the world. During the past week three important fights were staged and the total income was close to $75,000.

Archie Moore, 177, fought Abel Cestak, 210, and gave him a severe beating, so much so that in the tenth round Cestak's seconds threw in the towel. Moore's left hand was constantly in Cestak's face, marking him so that Cestak was hardly recognizable. The hammering at Cestak's fase was so severe that Cestak lost courage and was afraid to throw his powerful right, for fear of further left jabs by Moore.

In the semi-final Ricardo Villanueva, 146, beat A. Otero, 146, on points.

Mar Del Plata—Armando Rizzo, 138, knocked out E. Coria in the sixth round.

Luna Park—The Spanish fighter M. Moreno, 150, lost to the local boy C. Niz, 146. Moreno had not fought for quite some time and perhaps in a new match may show up better. In the other stellar affair Baby Tigre, 148, drew with Rodolfo Lazo 148.

Luna Park—Sandy Saddler made his second presentation here against Oscar Flores. In fantastic form Saddler put Flores away in the first round by a short left to the liver.

In the semi-final, Miguel Cerdan, 136, beat Ruben Davile, 138, on points.

Bahia Blanca—Before a record house in this city in the Interior, Dante Peyrera fought Dante Nolasco. Both boys put up a very gallant fight and while Peyrera had a slight edge on points, the officials were impressed by the game and gallant fight by Nolasco and decided the match a draw which pleased everybody. Both weighed in at about 150.

Rosario—Antonio Monney, 170, beat Alfonso Carinci, 175, on points.

Mendoza—Juan Oviedo, 162, knocked out Bruno Garcia, 164 in the eighth round.

Comodoro Rivadavia—In a ten-round match Adolfo Igriega beat Roberto Garcia on points. Both weighed 150.

Formosa—Florencio Stiglich, 165, was declared winner against Roque Borda, 170, by disqualification.

Luna Park—Martin Perez, 135, knocked out E. De Luca, 139, in the second round. Perez has won a series of fights by the K.O. route and is worth watching.

In the other final Horacio Salvarezza, 138, drew with E. Pellegrini, 138. In the early part of the fight Pellegrini was way ahead on points but Bull Dog Salvarezza kept plugging away at Pellegrini's stomach and in the final rounds Pellegrini wanted to be anywhere else but in the ring with Salvarezza. In reality Salvarezza had won the fight.

Mar Del Plata—The local crack Antonio Cuevas, 159, knocked out the hard hitting middleweight Lalo Landoni, in the first round.

Letters From Our Readers

JUST a few lines from the battlefield in far-off Korea. First, I will introduce myself. In your July issue of 1945 you had an article by J. D. Plunkett called "Boxing Fever Runs High at Croft." I was a technical sergeant at that time and assisted Capt. James Peters in coaching the Eighth Regimental boxing team. It sure was a swell team, too. Since then I have spent over three years in Japan as a first sergeant and administrative non-com., which left me no time to work with fighters.

No doubt you have heard of the 27th Infantry Regiment, "The Fighting Wolfhounds." Colonel "Mike" Michaelis is our commanding officer. The regiment arrived in Korea on the tenth of July and things really got hot. I was appointed regimental sergeant major in August and have been acting as such ever since.

We don't get much time to do much reading, but what little time we do have we would like to spend reading THE RING Magazine. Already a lot of the boys have asked for THE RING after I finish reading it.

BILL NESTOR,
25th Infantry Division, Korea.

IN-RE Jack Root's article on all-time greats, I would like to have my say. He places Jim Jeffries at the top of the heavyweight tree. Well, Jeff had his hands full in kayoing Jim Corbett in 1900. Gentleman Jim, a veteran of 34, against Jeffries' 25, was well on the way to victory when he was stopped in the 23rd round. Corbett was too clever and quick for Jim and if his legs had not given way, he would have won.

Jeff had a hard time with Bob Fitzsimmons in their return go in 1902 until Bob's hands went. I think that both Gentleman Jim and Ruby Robert would have whipped Jeffries in their prime.

Johnson could punch, all right, as he proved on that great middleweight, Stanley Ketchel. I like Jack Dempsey best, with Johnson and Joe Louis following.

In the light-heavyweight class, Fitzsimmons was perhaps the best, but one must not forget Georges Carpentier, Tommy Loughran, John Henry Lewis and Jack Delaney. Ketchel was the greatest 11 stone, 6 pounds, man. His fights with Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Billy Papke, Joe Thomas and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien proved that.

Harry Greb was certainly one of the greatest, but I don't think he should be rated over the likes of McCoy, Papke, Frank Klaus, Tommy Ryan and Fitzsimmons. Ruby Robert was the second best in his division behind Ketchel, with Ryan, McCoy, Papke and Klaus following. Both Walker and Flowers were great. Tommy Ryan could be called the greatest welter with Joe Walcott close behind him, but Sugar Ray Robinson must be near the top of the 10 stone, 7 pounds, class. Mysterious Billy Smith was great, but what about Kid Lewis, Jack Britton, McLarnin and Hank Armstrong?

Benny Leonard was perhaps the best lightweight of all time, with Joe Gans a close second. Kid Lavigne, Battling Nelson and Ad Wolgast, a trio of great fighters, with Frank Erne, would have given Benny plenty to think about. Freddy Welsh was among the top men of his class.

In the featherweight class, I think McGovern, George Dixon and Willie Pep were the greatest. Abe Attell was great certainly, but Johnny Kilbane and Johnny Dundee were not far behind him. Young Corbett and Kid Kaplan must not be forgotten.

The placing of Jimmy Barry as top bantam is open to dispute. What about Terry McGovern and George Dixon as bantams, and Pedlar Palmer? Digger Stanley, Kid Williams and Pete Herman were great boxers.

In the flyweight division nearly everyone picks Jimmy Wilde as top man, but what about the brilliant Scots lad, Benny Lynch? Benny could box and punch and there are many who believe he would have outpunched the Mighty Atom. Benny's punch was there when he flattened Jackie Jurich in the 12th round and his knockouts of Peter Kane and Jackie Brown, and his brilliant win over Small Montana, proved that Benny was one of boxing's all-time greats.

THOMAS C. LUNT,
Liverpool, England.

AS a reader of your great RING Magazine, I was interested in Jack Root's all-time selections of boxers and I think his choices are good ones, but he left out some good men, too. I am sending in a list of boxers who, I think, would compare very favorably with the men of Mr. Root's choice and hope you will have time to publish them in THE RING some time:

Heavyweights—John L. Sullivan, Peter Jackson, Tom Sharkey, Gus Ruhlin, Gene Tunney and Max Baer.

Light-heavyweights—Joe Choynski, Sam Langford, Georges Carpentier, Tommy Loughran, Paul Berlenbach and Mike McTigue.

Middleweights—Jack Dempsey, Billy Papke, Jack Twin Sullivan, Hugo Kelly, Marcel Cerdan and Ray Robinson.

Welterweights—Jack Britton, Packy McFarland, Ted Kid Lewis, Jimmy McLarnin, Barney Ross and Fritzie Zivic.

Lightweights — Kid Lavigne, Battling Nelson, Mike Gibbons, Freddy Welsh, Jack Blackburn and Henry Armstrong.

Featherweights—Young Griffo, Young Corbett, Johnny Kilbane, Johnny Dundee, Kid Chocolate and Willie Pep.

It would be interesting to hear of some other readers' opinions, too.

J. PATRICK CLEARY,
Granby, Quebec, Canada.

UNDER "The Louis Fadeout," in the January RING, Al Buck says: "Certainly Joe (Louis) and Jack (Dempsey) rank head and shoulders above the other heavyweight champions." Yes, they do rank well above those of the recent past and the present (Jack Sharkey, Schmeling, Tunney, Carnera, Braddock, Baer and Charles) but somewhat behind Fitzsimmons, Jack Johnson, Jeffries and perhaps Corbett. We have not had since 1915 such a grand galaxy of champs and near champions as dotted the pugilistic firmament around 1900—Fitz, Jeffries, Tom Sharkey, Peter Jackson, Corbett, Mitchell, Choynski, Maher, Kid McCoy and a little later, Sam Langford.

All later heavies, except Dempsey, Louis and Firpo were, in my opinion, no better than second or third raters. They seem to come and go in groups or galaxies as do statesmen and warriors.

W. H. WHITTEKIN,
Dallas, Texas

I HAVE just finished reading your article, "Hail King Charles," in a recent issue of THE RING Magazine. It was not only expertly written, but described in colorful information. You not only described Charles' decisive victory, but paid great tribute to a battered and bewildered Joe Louis. I have read many articles which have ridiculed Joe, and some of them were worse than the fifteen round beating he took at Yankee Stadium. I believe your story on the fight was a token of thanks to Joe for the many great fights he gave us which some of the so-called boxing experts have forgotten about. You gave victory to both where only one could win.

A truly fine sports article, by a truly fine sports writer.

GEORGE PETERSON,
Bridgeport, Conn.

THE RING QUESTION BOX

Joe Bendetto, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Was there ever a heavyweight named Jim Barry? How good was he and in what era did he fight? The same about Tony Ross. Was Young Tony Marullo a good fighter? In what division was he?

A.—Barry and Ross were good heavyweights who fought the best in their division. Marullo was a light-heavyweight. His normal weight was around 172 pounds. He held his own with the best.

J. Meehan, New York 16, N. Y.

Q.—Were Torpedo Jones and Tiger Flowers middleweight champions? Did Stanley Ketchel fight any heavyweights other than Jack Johnson?

A.—Tiger Flowers was a world middleweight champion. No record available on Torpedo Jones. Ketchel also fought heavyweights Porky Flynn and Jim Smith.

Thomas Smythe, Glasgow, Scotland

Q.—In your excellent series that has been running in *People* you refer to Ketchel as a welterweight champion. Is that correct?

A.—No, it is an error. He was world middleweight champion and should have been so listed in the article.

Martin Walton, Wales

Q.—Would you name Jem Driscoll as the greatest featherweight of the past forty years? Was he a wealthy man?

A.—Jem was one of the world's greatest. Many critics have chosen him tops. He was not a wealthy man but he had money in reserve for a rainy day. When he died, there was 5000 pounds to his credit of which he willed 1000 to his wife, 1000 to his aged mother and 3000 to relatives.

J. R. DePhillipo, San Francisco, Calif.

Q.—Was the Dempsey-Tunney fight the biggest gate in ring history? In the first five fights of Robinson-LaMotta could you please tell me the final outcome of each fight?

A.—The second Tunney-Dempsey fight drew the biggest gate, $2,658,660. All five Robinson-LaMotta fights went to decisions. Robinson won the first, 10 rounds, LaMotta the second, 10 rounds, and Robinson took the third (10 rounds), fourth (10 rounds), and fifth (12 rounds). These questions are all answered in the 1951 Ring Record Book.

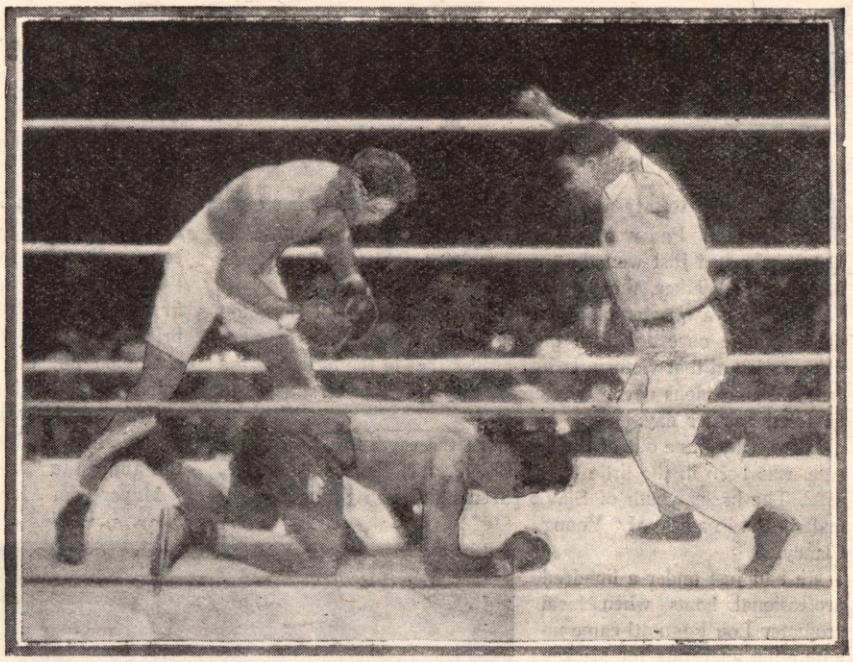
Douglas F. Ables, Camp Pickett, Va.

Q.—How old was Marcel Cerdan when he died?

A.—He was born on July 22, 1916, and died October 27, 1949. Get a Ring Record Book.

"I HURT DEMPSEY," ROARED FIRPO

By ED VAN EVERY



The Wild Bull of the Pampas, Luis Firpo, taking the count in his thrilling battle with Jack Dempsey.

IT is not always what happens in the ring on fight night, no matter how thrilling the occasion, that stands out in the memory of a veteran ringside reporter. As, for example, take the "ring drama of the century"—meaning, of course, the Jack Dempsey-Luis Angel Firpo fray.

In the less than two full rounds this thriller lasted, the champion, after being pounded through the ropes, had the challenger on the floor so many times the ringside reporters were in disagreement as to the number the defeated man had been down until they had checked and double checked. When, finally, the Argentine Giant had been felled for the full count, it was only after he had absorbed terrific punishment.

So concerned was I about the loser's condition I made my way first to the dressing room of the defeated man instead of that of Dempsey. It was not without some difficulty that other scribes and I forced our way through the highly-excited crowd. By the time we had made the dressing room under the Polo Grounds grandstand where Firpo had been taken, a gathering several deep was around the rubbing table on which Luis Angel had been deposited. They were jabbering in Spanish and gesticulating excitedly. Could it be the defeated man was in a very bad way after the brief but terrific encounter? I asked myself. But my fears were soon allayed, to the surprise of the scribes.

When we did get closer to the rubbing table it was to note Firpo was not stretched out in a state of exhaustion. Instead he was sitting and jabbering away at a rapid rate, using energetic gestures with every word. Decidedly, he was more excited than exhausted as he babbled on.

"What is Firpo saying?" we inquired of a South American reporter.

"Firpo is saying," said our interpreter, "I hurt Dempsey and, if he say no, he is no gentleman."

WHENEVER a fatality follows a ring contest, the sport is under severe attack though many apparently more gentle pastimes are frequently accountable for more such unfortunate happenings. And, as a rule, it is not those to whom the misfortune strikes closest, who are the least tolerant.

A little over a quarter of a century ago when, following his contest with Bud Taylor in the old Madison Square Garden, Frankie Jerome failed to regain consciousness, the writer was visited by the winner in the Sports Department of *The Evening World*. Bud was a badly shaken lad as he explained the reason for his call.

"I'd like to go to Jerome's home and pay my respects," Bud said timidly, "but I'm afraid Frankie's mother would chase me out of the house. I'd like to go there very much."

We told Taylor we would talk to Frankie's mother. He waited outside the house of bereavement while Bud's request was delivered to Jerome's mother. This was Mrs. Jerome's reply.

"You tell that poor boy to come up here," she said.

When Taylor was brought in and stood there too full for words, Frankie's mother took Bud's hand and remarked: "Don't take it so, lad. It was God's will. Come and see my boy."

She led Taylor in tears to the front room where he could say his good bye to Frankie.

WHEN Lou Ambers regained the lightweight crown from Henry Armstrong, it was a night to remember, especially for those who admired the Herkimer Hurricane. But an incident that took place a few days later in the home town of the winner, stands out even stronger than Lou's Madison Square Garden victory, in my memory.

It was in the village park that his home town did honors to the champion. Not only was the park jammed solid with those who had come to pay tribute to the home-town boy, but the streets on every side leading to the park were packed. Many fine tributes were paid to Herkimer's champion. The head of the Catholic Church and the teacher of the school which Lou had attended, both had nice things to say about the champion.

And then they called on a graying, work-worn woman who had mist in her eyes and a smile on her face—the champion's mother. Making a speech before a big crowd and in the language of her adopted land did not come easy. With an effort she finally spoke and all she said was:

"I no can make speech—but I thank you much being so nice to me by being so nice to my boy."

The few words she uttered and the manner in which she spoke, made this the speech of the night, for it was all from the heart.

THE contest at Ebbets Field in which Jack Sharkey eliminated Harry Wills, was almost as big a fistic upset as that scored by Gene Tunney over Dempsey a little over two weeks earlier. An incident that happened at the weighing in stands out more vividly in my memory than what took place in the ring.

At that time the State Athletic Commission offices were in the Flat Iron Building and it was there that the weighing took place. Sharkey reached the commission office well before the time set and took a position where he could keep his eye on his opponent from the moment of his arrival. The first thing Wills saw when he came into the commission quarters, was his opponent staring at him. Wherever Harry moved and all through his changing to his ring trunks for the weighing in ceremonies, Sharkey's eyes followed Harry. He never left Wills until Harry had dressed and gone on his way. If this attention on his opponent's part troubled Harry, he *(Continued on page 38)*

Old Champions Never Fade Away

By KEN (DUKE) STIGNER

IT WAS just twenty-five years ago that the coal mining town of Scranton, Pa., was going wild over their native son, Pete Latzo, who had just won the world welterweight title by defeating Mickey Walker, the Toy Bulldog.

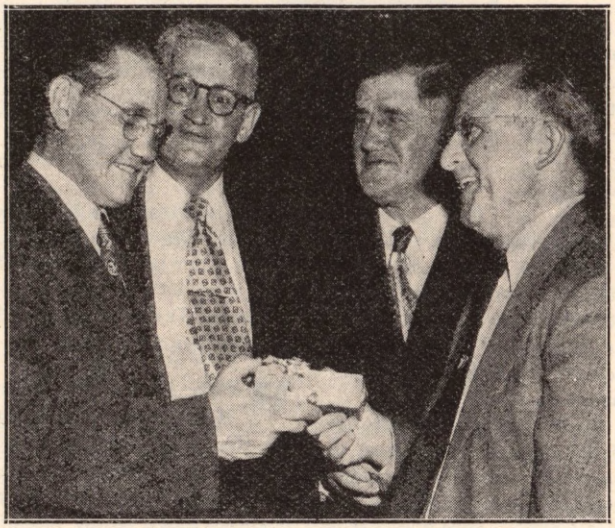
Now, with a quarter of a century having passed, all Scranton paid homage once again to the erstwhile breaker boy in commemoration of that victory. It just proves that in the hearts of the fans old champions never fade away, they just live on and on to be feted another day.

Latzo, who came out of the bowels of the earth to win a world title, was born in the little town of Coloraine, Pa., on August 1, 1902. The husky youth of Slavic parents started fighting in 1919 under the name of Young Clancy.

He had just under a hundred professional bouts when local promoter Lou Pagnotti came up with a big guarantee for Mickey Walker, the champion, to defend his welterweight title against Latzo, the home-town pride.

It was a tempting offer for the cagey manager, Jack Kearns, and he grabbed at it. His boy Walker had fought Latzo three years previously and found the youngster easy pickings, "winning" a twelve-round no-decision bout at Newark. What Kearns failed to realize was that Latzo had come a long way in that time as a fighter.

At the end of the ten-round bout, which saw Latzo start slowly and then warm up, crouching far over, making himself a difficult target, conserving his strength and then in the closing rounds swarm all over the tiring Walker, there was a new champion.



STILL CHAMPION—Former welterweight king, Pete Latzo, accepts gift from Chic Feldman, Scranton sports editor. Looking on are Pete's brothers, Mike and Steve. (Photo by Stanley Olds.)

The savage ten-rounder ended on a note of hysteria as the official verdict was given at the Colonel Vintres Armory. Judges Mike Bernstein and Jack Kofoed both voted for Latzo and Referee Frank Floyd, whose vote did not count, because the judges concurred, called it a draw.

The Armory went wild—and as word spread into the overflowing streets, Scranton went on a mad celebration. The fire apparatus turned out, factory whistles blew, mine sirens shrieked and far into the night torches flared and men, women and children marched through the main streets to the roaring chant of "Latzo, Latzo, Latzo!"

The boy from the anthracite belt had beaten a great fighter and had won the title. In the hearts of his many friends in Scranton and throughout the country Pete is still a champion, though perhaps in his mind he had thought he was a forgotten man. On May 20, 1951, the silver anniversary of the fight, he was the guest of honor at a dinner, surrounded by everyone of note in boxing at the time he became the welterweight king. Scranton, "the Friendly City," opened their arms to Latzo that night as they had done twenty-five years before, wishing him many more years of happiness and bringing much of the same to him.

He was presented with a gold wrist watch that was inscribed "Pete Latzo—still champion, 25 years later," by his many friends and was so filled with emotion that words failed him.

Pete thanked all the boys and gasped a hoarse, "thank you," adding, "I'm no speaker. I'm just one of the boys who swings his fists."

Dr. Tony Perry, himself quite a fighter in his heyday and who put himself through college with earnings from the padded fists, presented the gift to the old champion who now weighs close to 200 pounds and lives in Margate, N. J. He is employed on a construction job in Cape May.

It was a night for old memories and they came forth, slowly at first and then streaming in a grand parade that wiped away, briefly, the years that had aged the faces of the guests, and the champion himself, and for a time slipped back to 1926 as the spirit of youth hovered near.

Grand praise came in the words of Harry T. Farrell, boxing commissioner at the time of Latzo's great victory, when he called the affair the "swellest thing in my life."

Mayor Jim Hanlon, who is a great sports fan and has the reputation of never getting in on a "chinese" ticket, came forth with the words that Pete acted as a good will emissary for Scranton while fighting throughout the country.

Joe Walsh, former Wilkes-Barre sports editor, and now a CIO executive, recalled many of Pete's fights and said "he always gave the fans a run for their money." He told of the days before decisions were allowed when the opinion of the morning paper which covered the fight was generally accepted for paying off bets. One night Latzo was in with Frankie Schoell and, Walsh said, "Pete was the aggressor whereas Schoell was content all night to merely flip his left out, without doing any damage, except to harass Latzo who kept boring in and punching.

"Since I honestly thought Pete had won the fight," he continued, "I said so on leaving the ringside. The guys who had bet on Schoell trailed me to the office, pleading with me to change my decision, giving me a hundred reasons for doing so, or at least to make a draw of it. And the phone kept ringing all night with each caller saying I was making a terrible mistake. I refused to be convinced or swayed and called the fight as I saw it —with Latzo the winner."

Former Congressman and now Federal Judge, John J. Murphy, in giving the principal address in a speech that sparkled with humor and many interesting stories, spoke up for boxing, a sport which has become a punching bag for critics unaware of true facts.

Host of the old-timers gathering was Lou Pagnotti, of Old Forge, who was the promoter of the Latzo-Walker fight.

Others who were there were Pennsylvania Boxing Commissioners George Jones and John Holahan; Chick Feldman, sports editor of the *Scrantonian-Tribune;* Latzo's three fighting brothers, Steve, Mike and Joe; Mike Bernstein of the Wilkes-Barre *Independence;* and Tom Edwards, Ed Gerrity, Jr., and Charley Rose, all newspaper writers. Radio was represented by Dave Griffiths, Barry Sherman and Jack Quinan.

Jim Frawley, former promoter and matchmaker, wrote a poem for the occasion dedicated to Pete. It is called "Back to Memory Lane." Jim recited it in his best pre-vaudeville manner and many an eye was moist before he had finished.

Johnny Colan, Latzo's first manager, recalled how he took Pete out of town for a fight and left the arena on an errand only to be refused admittance by the fellow at the door when he returned to the fight club. He couldn't convince the stern gatekeeper that he was the manager of one of *(Continued on page 38)*

CARL MORRIS PASSES

(Continued from page 31)

at the time, and Morris was the first prominent heavyweight brought in to meet Jack. That was in 1917.

It was the decision he pounded out over Morris that actually started Dempsey on his riproaring drive to the world championship. When Manassa Jack headed East early the following year, Morris was matched with him in Buffalo. This time, Dempsey handed the big fellow a terrific drubbing, Carl finally losing on a foul in the sixth round.

Later that year, Dempsey and Morris hooked up for the third time. The site was New Orleans, and Jack terminated the series with a sensational one-round knockout. It was the first time Morris had been flattened since his meeting with Luther McCarty, six years before.

Morris announced his retirement from the ring after that New Orleans affair, but three years later he staged a brief comeback. He knocked out Dave Goddard, Farmer Lodge, Martin Burke, Jack Moran, Sully Montgomery and Tut Jackson, beat Jim Flynn again, and won on a foul over Battling Levinsky, but he lost twice to Bob Roper and finally called it a career late in 1922 when Fred Fulton knocked him out for the second time that year.

PENNSYLVANIA AND EASTERN OHIO

By Albert M. (Al) Wolgast

BIG BOB BAKER, Pittsburgh heavyweight, extended his win streak to twenty straight at the Heidelberg Raceway, Pittsburgh, by winning a seven-round T.K.O. over an aggressive Omelio Agramonte, Cuba. Up until the bout was stopped, Baker, fat at 224 pounds, had his tender hands full as the Cuban, outweighed 34 pounds, buzzed in and about him with flurries that bothered the Pittsburgher no end. Most of the ringsiders agreed that Agramonte was ahead at the stopping point, however Referee Ernie Sesto scored it six to one in favor of Baker and Judges Bill Robinson and Bob Brown gave Bob five and four rounds respectively.

The brawl was one of the bloodiest seen locally as Referee Sesto, Agramonte and Baker were drenched with gore. Baker received a cut early in the fight, but the injured orb was kept under control by his handlers. Agramonte was splashed with a mean right hand chop which laid open the flesh below the right eye. The blood poured out of the wound and Referee Sesto halted the match with the Cuban protesting the move. There is talk of a rematch and this should draw considerably more than the five thousand who paid $8,181 to sit in on this one.

In the semi-final, hard-socking Don Alderson, Cannonsburg, scored a two-round T.K.O. over Buddy Walls, Sharpsburg. A smashing left hook by Alderson puffed Walls' eye and was so troublesome that the referee called a halt to the bout. Fred Manns was decked for a count by Calvin O'Neal but snapped out of it to score a six-round decision. Both are from Pittsburgh and fight as welterweights. In a 145 pound clash Doc Watkins defeated Willie Minnefield in a sixer and Sharkey Lewis, Pittsburgh, New York and National Golden Gloves champion, made his pro debut a successful one when he beat Billy Wagner in a flyweight match.

Western Pennsylvania Boxing Commissioner John Holahan has resigned from his position as general manager of the Pittsburgh Steelers pro football team. Holahan will devote full time to his new job as boxing head in the area.

Youngstown, Ohio, lost two amateur boxing champions as result of the Korea battle. Charles Bratton, 1950 112 pound Youngstown, Ohio, Golden Gloves champion, was reported killed in action while Bob Gilford, a crowd-pleasing fighter and 1950 Youngstown Golden Glove 147 pound champion was reported missing, with fate unknown. Both scrappers are well known in the Pittsburgh-Youngstown-Cleveland-Farrell area.

New Castle, Pa., the home of former middleweight champion George Chip, came in for some top-notch wrestling at the Flaherty Field. Two thousand fans paid well over $3,000 to witness a spectacular match which saw Ruffy Silverstein and Jackie Nichols wrestle to a thrilling sixty-minute draw. In other matches Bobby Ford of Youngstown, Ohio, defeated Jules LaRance, Montreal. And a ladies team match saw Sheba Zenna and Cora Combs team up to defeat Mae Weston and Lois Johnson with falls in ten and 16 minutes, respectively. Wayne Griffin, Chicago TV announcer, was a guest at the show.

Over in Masury, Ohio, near Youngstown, 1,500 wildly screaming fans almost caused a riot when Chief Lone Eagle and Martino Angelo went at it hammer and tongs for over a half-hour. Referee Carl Miller had his hands full as he tried to control the raging wrestlers. Eagle gained the first fall and Angelo was later disqualified for using illegal tactics. Both men went out of the ring with brow cuts. The Eagle had a nasty eye gash, while Angelo suffered three niches on the forehead. Referee Miller was covered with blood and it wasn't ketchup, dear readers. We were there right at ringside. In a contest between midgets, Mighty Fritz beat Irish Jackey in two out of three falls. Al Williams pinned Dan Finazza in the opener.

Wrestling did all right in Pittsburgh. Before a terrific crowd of over 10,000 Don Eagle and Argentino Rocco went to a sixty-minute draw which drew great interest from the fans on hand to help the Pittsburgh Firemen's Pension Fund. Frankie Marlin and Frank Talaber also went to a draw, a thirty-minute one. In a good brawl Jackie Nichols pinned Gene Stanley with a cobra hold in 16:39.

SHORT CUFFS: Youngstown is proud of her Tony Janiro, who came back recently to defeat the highly regarded Charlie Fusari. . . . Warren, Ohio, boxing fans saw their hero Lalu Sabotin go down in defeat at the hands of veteran Dan Bucceroni of Philly. The show was staged in Akron, Ohio, before a good crowd. . . . Freddie Vitelli of Youngstown is setting boxing circles on their collective ears at Camp Rucker, Ala. In camp matches Vitelli has scored four knockouts. . . . Art Rooney of Pittsburgh will resume his position as boxing promoter with the Rooney-McGinley Boxing Club. . . Orlando DePietro of Girard, Ohio, is back home and working on the roadgang for the summer. Orlando campaigned in New York rings with great success. . . . Carmin Chicklo of Youngstown has sold his contract on Frankie Lentine for a neat $1,250. Lentine is a good-looking welterweight with a great amateur record. . . . Frankie Muche of Niles, Ohio, is going great guns in California rings. Muche fought as an amateur in the Youngstown, Warren and Farrell area. . . . Joe Megdell, President of the Yankee Stores, drops a line to tell us about his Jay Watkins who now has a record of 39 bouts, winning 35, with 24 by knockouts. He went ten good rounds with Lester Felton and defeated Procter Heinhold. Watkins weighs approximately 135 pounds. . . . Aside to Merle Richards, Detroit, Mich. Hope to see you and your boys in August. . . To Joe Hudson, Philly. Your info on the way. Good luck with your Lonnie Clark. . . . To our readers. Have several dozen copies of National, New York, Chicago, Cleveland, etc., etc. golden gloves champions. Names, weights, titles are recorded. Yours for the asking. Just drop a card to Al Wolgast, 303 George St., Farrell, Pa. . . . Newest member of the Shenango Valley Veteran Boxers Association is Harold Smith of the famous Harold's Club of Reno, Nev. . . . Fred Conti of Masury, Ohio former amateur star, like so many others, doesn't believe in taking chances on being sold out of THE RING; he subscribes and is sure of his copy. Why don't you do the same. Keep punching, fellows.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By Hugh Shannon

THE summer of 1951 will be written in the records in Buffalo as one of the lean ones for professional boxing. Here we are at mid-July and not a single show has been staged. . . . There's some chance that Joe Louis may show here in August during the Negro Elks convention. . . Joey DeJohn has shown no inclination to tackle Henry Brimm again. . . . A re-match between the middleweights would certainly attract a bumper gate.

Junior Singer will have his big gymnasium in good shape for the opening of the fall boxing season. Singer's place is located at 338 Washington Street, Buffalo.

The wrestling game here was never better. Recently the Great Togo and Gorgeous George drew 11,000 fans, which is amazing for an indoor show in mid-Summer. Promoter Ed George intends to stage shows every Friday night throughout the hot months. He did a land office business last year despite a very warm run in July and August.

DENVER AND VICINITY

By W. G. (Bill) Thomas, Jr.

A SPARK of life is apparently still left in pro boxing here. K. S. (Kollie) Barnett has renewed his promoter's license and says he plans to hold an outdoor show soon featuring Corky Gonzales against some nationally known featherweight. Barnett also says that he hopes to stage a heavyweight bout between Rex Layne and a worthy opponent also in an outdoor show. He further states that he will run a series of shows indoors this winter.

Corky Gonzales, Denver's leading boxer, won a ten-round decision last month over Eddie Lacey in Duluth, Minn., and a six-round decision over Bucky Gardner in Minneapolis. He hopes to fight in his home town and if Mr. Barnett promotes a series of shows as he says he is going to, Corky will undoubtedly head several of them.

The writer has received several letters regarding the faults of various boxing commissions. The concensus of opinion seems to boil down to this—In too many cases politicians are appointed to their commission jobs with little or no knowledge or experience of or with boxing or boxing promotion.

Now as never before boxing needs small club shows and the present license of $400 and $500 required of a promoter plus 5% State Tax (in addition to the 20% Federal Amusement Tax), plus the various other items for high priced time keepers, referees, etc., appointed by the commission, has made it almost prohibitive in some cases and prohibitive in others for a promoter to operate on a profitable basis. The writer has seen good pro club shows where the promoter, Champ Thomas, promoted the show, made the matches, refereed all but the main event and in the main event, fought a hard, gruelling battle that kept the crowd on its feet for the duration of the bout. The writer doesn't suggest that promoters fight the main event but offers the above in order to amplify the point that fixed overhead and expense control are the big items in any business, boxing promotion or otherwise, and it is asinine in fact financial suicide for a promoter to try to operate small club shows with the top heavy expenses which are now forced upon him.

The writer's address is 4313 Sheridan Blvd., Denver, Colo.

LITTLE RHODY'S FISTIC HIGHLIGHTS

By Eddie Beck

PROMOTER MANNY ALMEIDA aided the large delegation of Rhode Island fight fans who attended the Rocky Marciano-Rex Layne slugfest at New York. Almeida arranged a special train excursion for the trip to New York. Marciano's next New England showing will be at Braves' Field Boston. Marciano signed to meet Dulio Spagnolo prior to the Layne match.

Jackie Lovatt, newly crowned New England middleweight champion, will be ready to defend his title in September. Joe Rindone, Paul Pender, Norman Hayes and Bob Stecher will furnish the opposition. Georgie Araujo, New England lightweight champion, is rated as the best local prospect in twenty years. Georgie is a converted southpaw, he packs a solid kick in either hand. Richard Crump, Jean Richard and Hermie Freeman were Georgie's most recent K.O. victims. Araujo is anxious for a match with lightweight champion Jimmy Carter. Boxing will be resumed in Providence in September.

A new gate record was established at the Rhode Island Auditorium for wrestling, when 6,400 jampacked the Arena to witness a match between Antonio Rocca and Gene Stanlee.

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AVAST, BELAY, NOW COMES MURPHY TO BLOW 'EM DOWN

(Continued from page 12)

IF Murphy catches up with the light heavyweight title he'll be the first navy kingpin since Ken Overlin held the middleweight crown. Happy-go-lucky Ken had a style which divided boxing fans into two conflicting camps. Some saw Ken as a masterful boxer, of superior skill. An opinion by the way to which Overlin's record adds much weight.

One of the few fighters to defeat present heavyweight king Ezzard Charles, the Decatur, Ill., boy won decisions over some of the best middleweights of recent years, Fred Apostoli among them.

Still, there were many who considered Ken a poor man's Maxie Rosenbloom, who slapped and clowned his way to his consistent success. Regardless of who was right, they paid off on results and Overlin wound up the middleweight champion of the world, by beating Ceferino Garcia in 1940.

One of the most colorful cognomens ever sported by a fighter belonged to the Navy's Gunboat Smith. As time went by this old heavyweight who did his stuff during the white hope era was often referred to as the "Gunner."

The "Gunboat" tag didn't quite do Smith's right hand justice. It packed the wallop of a superdreadnaught. It seems that every old time heavy the Gunner tangled with still feels the right Gunboat laid upon him at some time or other during the bout. No. 1 in this category is none other than Jack Dempsey himself.

Dempsey still shakes his head when he recalls the blockbuster with which the Gunner belted him. Jack had just taken up with Doc Kearns and was starting his drive to the top. Jack won the 4-round decision but reveals he remembered nothing after being tagged by Gunboat in the second round, until he was back in the dressing room.

Sailor Friedman was another good one who came off a battleship. The tough Chicagoan was a handful for the likes of Benny Leonard and Lew Tendler. Both found the going rough in Philadelphia fights with Friedman. Some gave the edge to the Chicagoan in his meeting with Leonard. The Sailor grew into a welterweight, did a lot of damage in that class also, but never got a chance at a championship.

SAILOR MAXTED, Sailo. Grande, Sailor Darden, and Sailor Petroskey let the world know they had worn the bluejackets of Uncle Sam's Navy as they waged ring warfare with varying success. None of these were of title status but they were tough battlers.

Babe Risko, who hailed from Syracuse, N. Y., like most sailor fighters did his boxing under a sobriquet. He took over the monicker of the old Cleveland Rubber Man and did quite well by it Not too highly regarded in the division, but a pretty fair fighter, the upstate New Yorker edged out a decision over clever Teddy Yarosz of Pittsburgh and found himself middleweight titleholder.

He didn't hold the title very long but a year later made a big hit in New York by cuffing around Harry Balsamo. Balsamo, forgotten now, was being called a second Ketchel by enthusiastic big towners following a string of spectacular knockouts.

Yes, some mighty good men have come out of the U.S. Navy. Murphy, while he may not be the best, is certainly the most colorful and interesting to pop up in many years.

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"I HURT DEMPSEY," ROARED FIRPO

(Continued from page 35)

never let on, though he could not have been unaware of the way he was being watched by the former sailor boy.

"Did you see the way I gave Harry the eye?" Sharkey said to the newspaper boys after Wills had taken his departure. "That," Jack explained, "was psychology."

Sharkey's good left hand and legs and the loser's years and tired underpinning, may have had considerable to do with the outcome, though psychology may have helped some.

WE were at Jack Dempsey's training camp at Atlantic City ten days or so before Gene Tunney was crowned as the new champion. The Manassa Mauler was training there. Tommy Loughran, then a year away from winning the light-heavyweight crown, came to the seashore camp to spar with Jack.

Dempsey, it was felt, needed speeding up, and Loughran, an admirer of the champ, came over from Philadelphia to spar three rounds with him.

Tommy's left hand made Jack look bad from the start. Dempsey, merciless when attacking even in a sparring session, tore into Tommy relentlessly against the latter's effective left. In the final round of the sparring session, Tommy was trapped in a neutral corner and Dempsey cut loose. Loughran had to fight his way out. This he did with such speed in his counters, it was Dempsey who was forced to break ground.

Here was the handwriting on the wall that Dempsey was no longer the Dempsey of old and no one was in better position to have discovered this, than Tommy. When we interviewed Loughran in his dressing room a little later and ventured the opinion that Dempsey had gone back a lot, Tommy wouldn't agree with our viewpoint.

"I know I made Jack look bad this afternoon," Loughran admitted and then added, "but he'd probably have caught up with me in another few rounds. Tommy liked Jack, one of his favorite fighters, and didn't want to belittle him, because some time after the fight, reminded about the workout, he smilingly remarked, "Yes, I saw it, but didn't care to admit it."

OLD CHAMPIONS NEVER FADE AWAY

(Continued from page 36)

the guys fighting. The only way he got back into the arena was to fork out $11.50 to purchase a ducat.

Many fighters who were prominent as headliners in Latzo's time were at the gathering, among them Micky Chaplin, Tony Perry, Johnny Ceccoli, Billy Kelly and Billy Pollack. Mike Malloy, who was a sparring partner for Latzo when he was getting ready for the Walker fight, was also on hand and kept the guests in laughter with his humorous stories of the ring.

Hank Stezar, dean of Scranton boxing promoters, looking over the old fighters with a glint of envy in his eye, was heard to say, "Boy, if we only had some fellows around like them today the fight game would get well soon."

In all, it was a grand party for a grand fellow, proving that Old Champions never fade away—at least in Scranton.

BOXING BITS FROM VIRGINIA

By Jack Levinson

THE V.A.C. of Norfolk finally was able to present its initial outdoor show of the season at the Ocean View Arena, foul weather holding up the original scheduled cards. Ernest Stephney, 167, Norfolk, captured a close decision over Eddie Bell, 168, Norfolk. Stephney's win over Bell was his third in the four bouts the two boys had against each other. Stephney's better boxing ability, plus his better condition, were the deciding factors in the win.

Bob Provezzi, of the U.S.S. Orion, 171, outroughed Tommy Goodwin, 164, of the V.A.C., to make it two in a row over the state 175 lb. champ. Navy's famous boxing coach Bill Brennan, of the U.S.S. Mississippi coached his three protegee's to three wins out of three bouts. Jimmy Ithier decisioned Domingo Roderick of the U.S.S. Leyte.

Juan Jose Ramirez (very classy lightweight) scored a third round T.K.O. over Rocky Lee Howard of the 129th Division.

Tall Sailor Baldasarre won a first round T.K.O. over Joe Donaldson of the V.A.C. Both boys weighed 163 lbs.

If boxing has any hopes of being revived in the Tidewater Area—Tony Barbaria, new promoter and matchmaker for the V.A.C., is one of the most capable persons to do just that. Barbaria has been connected with both amateur and professional boxing for the past 35 years. Your writer boxed for Barbaria from 1930 till 1936, under Chris Dundee, who was associated with Barbaria in the Tidewater promotions. Many gained national fame, such as Ken Overlin, Norman Quarles, Bill Brennan, Tootsie and Tommy Bashara, Stumpy Jacobs, Vince Dundee, Midget Wolgast, Dickie Welsh and very many more, too numerous to mention.

All notes in regards to boxing, from or about Virginia are certainly welcome. Have same at my address by the second of each month. Thanks. . . . My address is: 7423 W. Kenmore Drive, Norfolk, Va.

TIGER *from* TERRE HAUTE

By JOHNNY SALAK

TIGER JACK FOX, ageless marvel of the ring and most retiring fighter in history, has hung up his gloves for the last time. There will be no further comebacks for him.

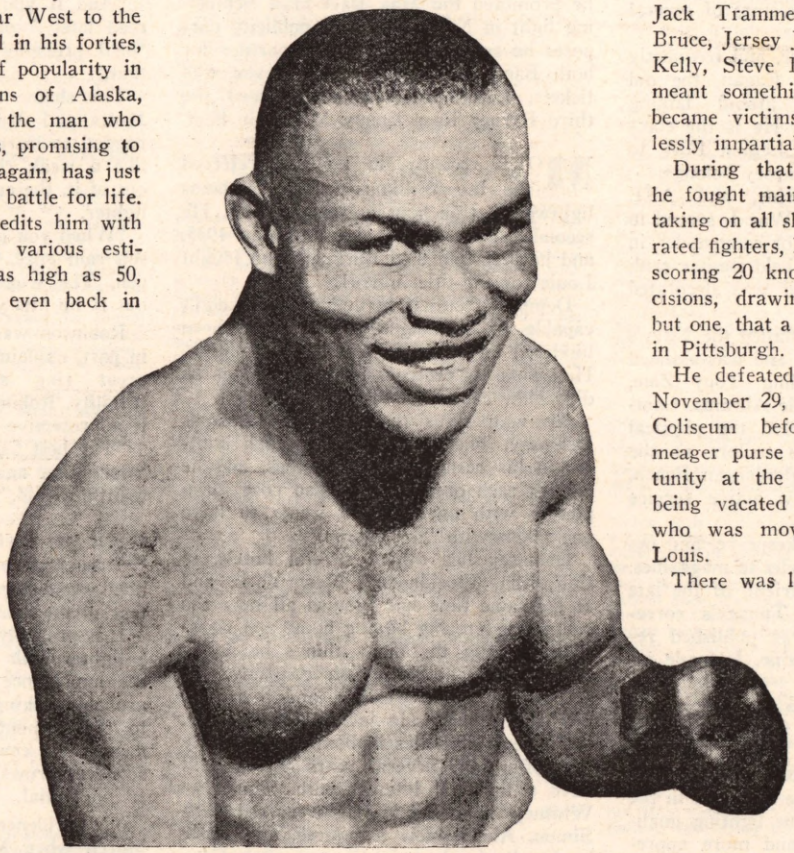
The Tiger, who started fighting almost a quarter of a century ago, recently was found in serious condition from a stroke, in a hotel room in Spokane, Wash.

Flashy and unorthodox, gay in life and superb in the ring, he was a terror as he roared out of Terre Haute with a string of knockout victories in the early 1930's.

Fox fought from the Far West to the West Indies and then, well in his forties, struck gold in the form of popularity in the North country regions of Alaska, Idaho and Alberta. Now the man who held on for over ten years, promising to retire only to come back again, has just one more fight to win—the battle for life.

Though "The Book" credits him with a conservative 44 years, various estimates on his age range as high as 50, making him an old man even back in 1939 when he was fighting Melio Bettina for the then vacant world light-heavyweight title.

Since Fox was active up in Alaska last year he probably out-aged even Jersey Joe Walcott as a campaigner. In the late '30's, Tiger Jack twice defeated Walcott, who now fights for the heavyweight title with regularity, stopping him in eight rounds on one occasion.



Smiling Tiger Jack Fox, one of the greatest and most underrated fighters of the last twenty years, has finally been forced to hang up his gloves due to illness.

FOR the record let us list him as John Linwood Fox, born April 2, 1907, at Washington, D. C. His family moved to the Mid-West, living in Terre Haute for a long while and then settling in Indianapolis. Around 1927 Fox started fighting as an amateur in Terre Haute and then turned to the semi-pros to pick up some easy money.

His professional career may have begun in 1932, though it was perhaps earlier, for in that year we see him in main events with Buck Everett, Joe Sekyra, Jack Roper, Larry Johnson, K.O. Christner, Maxie Rosenbloom and Babe Hunt, defeating them all but Rosenbloom.

Racking up kayoes all over the Far West in 1933 and 1934, Tiger Jack came into his own the following year when he drew with and took the measure of Rosenbloom in Spokane, where he had made his home. Fox was stopped by John Henry Lewis on January 10, 1936, but that was only part of this wonderful fighter's woesome tale.

Soon after the fight he had to be rushed to a hospital for an appendicitis operation which kept him inactive for most of the year. He had announced his retirement, his first on record, but managed to squeeze in three bouts, one of his victims being the California heavyweight, Ford Smith, who outweighed him by 41 pounds. Smith lasted less than three rounds.

The following January, Fox halted former light-heavyweight champion Bob Olin in two rounds in Spokane, having Olin down for a nine-count and almost out in the second round. That fight put the stamp of approval on Fox and he came East to run up a string of wins over topnotch competition.

It was Al Douglas of the Rockland Palace in Harlem who gave him his chance in the big city in those depression days. Fox came through for him in a big way, scoring some of his greatest victories in that arena.

Light-heavyweights or heavyweights made little difference to him and he stowed away many a good man who outweighed him by 20, 30 or 40 pounds. Lorenzo Pack, Jack Trammell, Phil Johnson, Red Bruce, Jersey Joe Walcott, Deacon Leo Kelly, Steve Dudas—all names which meant something to the game then—became victims of Tiger Jack's ruthlessly impartial fists.

During that two-year period when he fought mainly in New York rings, taking on all shapes and sizes of highly rated fighters, Fox engaged in 34 bouts, scoring 20 knockouts, winning ten decisions, drawing in three and losing but one, that a 15-rounder to Al Gainer in Pittsburgh.

He defeated Gainer in a return on November 29, 1938, at the New York Coliseum before 10,000, earning a meager purse of $1,400 and an opportunity at the world title, which was being vacated by John Henry Lewis, who was moving up to engage Joe Louis.

There was little doubt in the minds of most persons that Fox was the best light-heavyweight of the time. The annual ratings of THE RING Magazine, covering 1938, ranked him No. 1 after his defeat of Gainer, one position ahead of Melio Bettina, the southpaw from Beacon, N. Y.

The final round of the New York sponsored elimination saw the two meet, but not before it was feared that Fox might have been put out of contention permanently. About a month before the scheduled bout the ever-playful Tiger Jack was found stabbed and weak from loss of blood in a Harlem hotel. A slightly burnt up lady had wielded a knife all too accurately on him and he remained on the critical list for several days.

STILL weak from that ordeal Fox took to the Madison Square Garden ring the night of February 3, 1939, to do battle with Bettina for light-heavyweight recognition.

The bout was anything but exciting, with Fox throwing only three or four solid blows before being stopped by Bettina in the ninth round. Tiger Jack was obviously in no condition to engage in a fierce, championship match that night.

But if the fight was dull, the by-play was terrific, bearing all the earmarks of a three-ringed circus.

Bettina's loyal followers stormed down from Beacon, N. Y., in droves, with bands blaring and banners waving. To add to the general confusion were the antics of Jimmy Grippo, manager of Bettina and a magician of renown.

Grippo's favorite publicity gag at the time was to claim to have his fighter in a hypnotic state *(Continued on page 47)*

25 YEARS AGO

(Continued from page 24)

Neither Dempsey nor Tunney is in any sense a has-been. This is the more remarkable when it is realized Gene retired in 1928, only a year after Jack quit as an active fighter. Each moves in the best circles, both sporting and social, and both are recognized wherever they appear.

Tunney is highly successful, a millionaire, in fact. He lives in Greenwich, Conn., with Mrs. Tunney and their four children. He owns a construction company in Stamford, Conn., and has a New York office. He is on the board of directors of several large corporations.

Gene is a world traveler, and frequently makes trips with Eddie Eagan, the old amateur champion, to attend boxing matches in foreign lands. He is the commander of his American Legion Post, to which, oddly enough, Dempsey belongs.

Tunney, the old Marine, and AEF champion back in World War I, served in the Navy with the rank of commander in World War II. Dempsey held similar rank in the Coast Guard, and was decorated with the medal of merit.

Commander Tunney installed the Navy's physical training program and was assisted by many boxers, including Tony Zale, Steve Belloise and Georgie Abrams. Commander Dempsey supervised the physical training of thousands of sailors at the Coast Guard station at Manhattan Beach. Both Gene and Jack saw active service later in the war.

Tunney still reads Shakespeare, and occasionally contributes articles to magazines. He was an old personal friend of the late George Bernard Shaw. Tunney's correspondence with Shaw was published recently in a weekly magazine. It made interesting reading.

In the years Tunney was champion he was underrated by the fans because he succeeded a popular title holder in Dempsey. Jack captured the public's imagination, and has never let it escape him. But in the passing years Tunney's fine fighting qualities have become more and more appreciated.

CORBETT was never accepted by Sullivan's admirers, even though he licked old John L., and Ezzard Charles, the present heavyweight king, finds himself in a situation not unlike that of Tunney's 25 years ago. The Joe Louis fans insist nobody could beat the Brown Bomber. Although they saw Ezzard do it, they refused to believe their eyes.

"Don't let anybody tell you Tunney wasn't a great fighter," said Dempsey. "I should know."

Dempsey is a man of many activities. He is the same restless individual he was in hi fighting days. In New York he operates his popular and successful restaurant. In Los Angeles he owns and operates a real estate agency. His daughters, Barbara and Joan, live in California, where they attend school, and Jack commutes between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

He is seen frequently on television from the Stork Club, and with Milton Berle, Jimmy Powers and Ed Sullivan. He broadcasted the second Zale-Rocky Graziano fight, among others. Before World War II he had his own radio quiz show.

Dempsey is a literary figure, too, but most of his works are ghost-written. Nevertheless his name appears as the author of two books, one his autobiography and the other on the science of boxing. He contributes to magazines, too, and frequently does a little experting for the newspapers.

Jack has been about everything a man can be in boxing—fighter, promoter, manager and referee. When Tex Rickard died in 1929, Dempsey jumped in and took over the promotion of the Jack Sharkey-Young Stribling fight in Miami Beach. In 1933 he promoted the Max Baer-Max Schmeling fight in New York. For publicity purposes he served as a sparring partner for both Baer and Schmeling. He even sold tickets. Later, in 1935, he refereed the third Barney Ross-Jimmy McLarnin bout.

MORE recently, in 1949, he refereed the Ike Williams-Enrique Bolanos lightweight title bout in Los Angeles. He seconded Baer against Joe Louis in 1935, and he managed Red Burman, who fought Louis for the title in 1941.

Dempsey's efforts to find a heavyweight capable of winning the title have been hindered by his own great fighting ability. He wants his proteges to do the things he did. They can't. Nobody can.

No man signs his name as often as Dempsey. The stream of autograph hunters in his restaurant never stops, and he obliges each one. He will also pose for a picture with anyone who wants to have one taken with "the champ."

Dempsey has owned several hotels, in California, Florida and New York, and at the same time has jumped all over the country refereeing boxing bouts and wrestling. Among the many things he is interested in is a tuna fish company. He is believed to be wealthy, and there are few quiet moments in Jack Dempsey's life.

Tunney's activities in boxing are mostly that of a fan. Several years ago he did have a financial interest with John Hay Whitney in a heavyweight named Abe Simon. Abe is now a referee, and while he fought Louis twice it was after Gene and John stopped supporting him. Occasionally Tunney has refereed a Golden Gloves amateur show, one in particular a meeting of American and Italian boxers just prior to the outbreak of World War II.

Dempsey and Tunney are living examples of the good that can come from boxing if the individual has the ability, trains faithfully and leads a clean life outside the ring.

Dempsey is 56, Tunney 53. They still look like champions, which is not strange, for in fact that is what they are. Twenty-five years ago this month they drew a record-breaking crowd on a rainy night in Philadelphia. Let any of the present-day champions top that.

THE CATCHER NO HERO

(Continued from page 25)

disdainful to block or slip a punch. He can go for three minutes a round for as many rounds as necessary, take dozens of punches, any combination of which would fell an ox, and, at the end, return to his corner, as he did after seven severe rounds with Jimmy Beau last December, and smile out over the crowd and say:

"Where is Gene Tunney? I've always admired Mr. Tunney. They tell me he's here. Where is he? I'd like to shake his hand."

Reporters who visited Murphy's dressing room after his fight with LaMotta were astonished by his composure. Again he had gone seven fierce and frightening rounds, and again he was smiling and, this time, analyzing the fight, past fights and possible future fights.

"And if you ask him what books he's read lately," one listener said to another, "he'll probably give you a run-down on that."

The shame of fighters like Grim, LaMotta and Murphy is that they are too rugged to learn to fight. There is nothing like a weak chin to inspire caution and, out of it, the craftiness that makes a great fighter.

"When you go into a ring," Ray Robinson said once, "anything is liable to happen. The worst amateur can knock you out if he hits you right."

Robinson was speaking for himself and, in part, explaining why he has become the great ring scientist. Recognizing his fragility, Robinson worked to erect around it a protective wall of boxing ability.

"The best fighters," Benny Leonard said a long time ago, "are the fighters who are a little afraid."

HE was saying the same thing. He was saying that the awareness of your own weaknesses inspires you to the mastery of the art.

It is probably impossible to impress upon a fighter with the ruggedness of Murphy the importance of slipping punches. It is probably asking too much to expect him to spend months in the gym perfecting moves. He can win without all this, and so never grows, as a fighter, to realize his ful potential.

The evidence was there the night last March when Murphy fought and lost to Harry Matthews in Madison Square Garden.

Murphy, the game but unschooled, was in with a man who for almost two years had been under the constant tutelage of Jack Hurley, one of the greatest of teachers and probably the outstanding boxing strategist of this day.

Murphy made a fight of it all the way, but only because of his ability to take it. He was repeatedly drawn into untenable positions. In the game of chess devised by Hurley he was maneuvered into situations where he was forced to take a half-dozen punches without being able to manage a return. He was the amateur in with the pro.

"And the sad part of it is," someone, leaving the Garden that night, said, "that Murphy was undoubtedly the better prospect."

It is that way with all of them who can shake off a punch and who know no fear. They are more to be pitied than praised, but if they insist upon giving us Joe Grim they must take LaMotta and Murphy. Modern man may be getting soft, but you can't prove it by these.

GERMAN BOXING DIARY
By J. A. Tree

Koln: A crowd of some 10,000 witnessed an international boxing show that saw Al Hoosman, U.S.A., 184, who was in good condition and form to outpoint the German Salfeld, 172, over six rounds.

The American appeared to take things too easily, often clowning and moving around the ring with his gloves hanging down his sides as if to say, "Hit me if you can." Had he taken the fight more seriously he may well have won the bout in quick time. The American's footwork was brilliant and often more interesting to watch than his actual boxing.

Pinsdorf, Germany, outpointed a fellow countryman by the name of Ganser over six rounds.

The main bout was one between Peter Muller, German middleweight champion, and the American Burly Charity, over ten rounds, which resulted in both men sharing the points.

In round one Muller was very quick on his feet and appeared better than Charity. The American succeeded in landing a left hook to the liver, but had to take a counter blow from Muller in that of a hard right. Charity fought back well and later got home with a right hook to the chin of Muller.

In round three Muller slowed up a little and it was the American who was on top. Charity threw a straight left often and got to the German's body with a series of blows. This forced Muller to the ropes and he was shaken with a left hook to the chin from Charity.

The next heat also went to the American in the same manner.

Charity came to the front again in round seven and Muller was soon on the receiving end of a hard left hook. Muller often attacked, turning on the heat, but Charity always stood his ground and fought back well.

The American took an extra point in heat eight for his superior work to Muller and so gave him the round. Muller was often caught with left hooks to the chin, but digested them all, countering well with right uppercuts.

Charity lost the last two rounds by a small margin and Muller appeared to be in a better condition than did the American. Charity took all Muller had to offer without showing any effect or even wincing.

Josef Munnichhoff, Germany, 64 kilo, drew with Ludwig Petri, 62 kilo, over six rounds.

In round five, Munnichhoff, fighting very open, was caught with a blow to the chin and was forced to the canvas for eight.

Ettenne De Lannoit, Belgian, 71 kilo, was beaten in six rounds by the German, Sanger, 71 kilo, the referee stopping the fight after DeLannoit had been warned in heats three and five for hitting with open gloves.

DeLannoit's long left hooks had already damaged the German's eyebrows and these open glove punches looked as if they might cause further injury to the German boxer. When DeLannoit did hit Sanger with the knuckle part of the fist the latter appeared to be in danger.

Dusseldorf: Almost 8,000 Dusseldorf fight fans attended their local boxing promotion and all were well satisfied with what they saw. The hero of the day was the grand welter prospect Hans Szuzina, Bremen, who outpointed the Spaniard, Argotes, over eight rounds.

The German started the bout with a heavy two-handed attack, but Argotes, 130, countered like lightning. Szuzina, 142, leaving himself open and holding his chin out in an inviting manner toward his opponent, was caught with a one-two punch. Szuzina answered with a heavy right to the chin.

In the sixth heat Argotes landed a hook to the chin and the German countered with a blow to the stomach. As the gong sounded the Spaniard dropped to the canvas and had to be helped to his corner.

In the last round Szuzina let go with everything he had in an effort to put Argotes away, but the game Spaniard fought back well and stood his ground.

The young Dusseldorfer, Fiedrich, 123.4, outpointed the southpaw Nierschak, 128, over four rounds.

Al Bishop, U.S.A., had his opponent Munch, Germany, down for a count of eight in the first heat from a short right hook, but the German fought back well to earn a draw.

In heat five, Munch visited the canvas again, this time being hit with a blow that appeared to land around the kidney area. A right hook to the head had the German down for another count in this round. The bout was over six rounds.

Glaser, Germany, 123.3, outpointed the Spaniard Orozco, 125.3, over eight rounds.

Leo Starosch, Germany, 141.3, outpointed Tommy Bell, U.S.A., 140.7, over six rounds of three minutes.

In the first heat the American was warned twice for holding, but from then onwards gave the referee no chance to speak to him again.

During the next five rounds Bell often fought like a beginner to the game and Starosch was always on top.

In round four Bell visited the canvass for five after taking a series of blows to the head.

Theo Imbsweiler, Germany, 142, was forced to retire at the end of round seven against his American opponent Charlie Anglee, 144.

In round seven Anglee landed a heavy blow to the chin which drove the German right across the ring into the corner. The blow had a delayed action effect and it was in the next interval that Imbsweiler retired.

Dortmund: One of the biggest crowds to witness a boxing program in Germany, almost 45,000, were in attendance at the Rote Erte stadium, Dortmund, to see the local heavy, Heinz Neuhaus, face chief contender for Don Cockell's European crown, Conny Rux, Berlin. The bout resulted in a draw after ten rounds of fierce fighting had taken place. Rux was robbed of the victory having to take a count in the last round when it appeared as if the fight was safely in his pocket.

At the weighing Rux weighed 81.5 kilo, compared with Neuhaus who was 91.5 kilo.

The bout was very exciting and was fairly even throughout. Hard punches were exchanged by both boxers and it was one of the best heavy affairs witnessed for a long time in Germany.

In round three Neuhaus' nose began to bleed, but it did not appear to cause him undue worry throughout the contest.

Up to round nine it looked as if Rux was certain of victory, but there was a surprise in store for Rux. Both fighters were exchanging punches and heads came together. Referee Pippow warned both and they were then ordered to box on. Then came the sensation. Newhaus forced his man into a corner and landed with a heavy left and right hook to the chin. These blows were repeated and Rux slowly sank to the canvas. He rose almost at once, but his legs gave way and he clung to the ropes for support. Pippow had by now reached nine and then ordered the fighters to box on. Neuhaus tore in, but was unable to put his man away and Rux was very fortunate to hear the bell close the contest.

Paul Schiermann, a light-heavy from Hamburg, 73 kilo, drew with Baumjohann, 78.5 kilo, over six rounds.

Werner Weigand, Dortmund, who was recently knocked out by Titze in two rounds, found his best form and K.O.'ed the Italian Ferrari in round seven. A right hook to the stomach sent the Italian to the canvas and he could not beat the count. Weigand, 99 kilo; Ferrari, 80.5 kilo.

Richard Grupe, Hamburg, 96 kilo, drew with Wilson Kohlbrecher, Osnabruck, 95.5 kilo, over eight rounds.

Steve McCall, Canada, 95 kilo, was forced to retire in round four against Gunther Nurnberg, Hamburg, 92.5 kilo, in a heavyweight bout. The Canadian was bleeding badly after receiving a number of rights from the German and the doctor advised him to give up.

Luxembourg: The Luxembourg champion, Roller, beat Schwering, Germany, the latter retiring in round four with an injured right eye.

Ehrling, Luxembourg, beat Junkuhn, Germany, on points.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By Max Yeargain

MATCHMAKER FRANKIE GATTO and Promoter Jimmy Nixon put professional boxing back on its feet in Kansas City with a slam-bang card which saw Rex Layne, world's third ranking heavyweight contender, punch out a hard fought ten-round decision over Henry Hall, New Orleans light-heavyweight, at Kansas City's Municipal Auditorium.

The 6,710 fans who paid $16,254 were more than satisfied, many of them agreeably so since they had expected the affair to be terminated after three or four rounds.

Outweighed nineteen pounds, Hall used his superior speed and a machine gun left to keep the 197-pound Layne off balance. The Utahan was never able to nail the rapid boxing Hall with a clean right-handed shot. Twice during the ten rounds, Layne shook Hall with his atomic right, but the punches landed too high on Hall's head.

Joe Arthur, Irish middleweight from Indianapolis, and southpaw Major Jones, of Kansas City, stole the show in a thrilling toe-to-toe eight-rounder, which saw the Kansas Citian winning a close hair-line decision which was booed by the fans.

Paul Daumit, prominent sportsman, has a great prospect in Wes Bascom, terrific hitting 180-pounder from St. Louis, who flattened Tommy Arthur, Louisville, Ky., heavyweight in one round. (Tommy Arthur is no relation to Joe Arthur). Floyd Richardson, Rex Layne's stablemate, iced Bob O'Bannon, Louisville heavyweight, in one round.

Ray Lee, Kansas City middleweight, decisioned Kid Deck, Indianapolis, in six. Heavyweight Bob Miller, Leavenworth, decisioned Penn Lester, Indianapolis, in four.

Here and There—Bob Cornett, Omaha business man, has a coming heavyweight prospect in Young Bearcat Wright, who was named the "Prospect of the month" in the July issue of this magazine. Wright is six-six and packs dynamite in his 230-pounds.

Former champ Rocky Graziano entertained young fistic enthusiasts and future Golden Gloversers at Kansas City's North Side American Youth Club, working several rounds with Joe Rima, as he prepped for his bout with Cecil Hudson. Maxwell Clayton seeking an opponent good enough to extend Jack Hurley's colorful Harry (Kid) Matthews at Omaha. Boxing conditions have never looked better for the coming fall season in this section. Wichita's amateur ace, Buddy Siegal, has invited all the Midwest's coaches to a dinner and get-together the first week of September there. Coaches will come from Hutchinson, Liberal, Arkansas City, Coffeyville, Great Bend and Topeka, Kansas. Out of state instructors will come from Bartlesville, Newkirk, Oklahoma and Springfield, Missouri.

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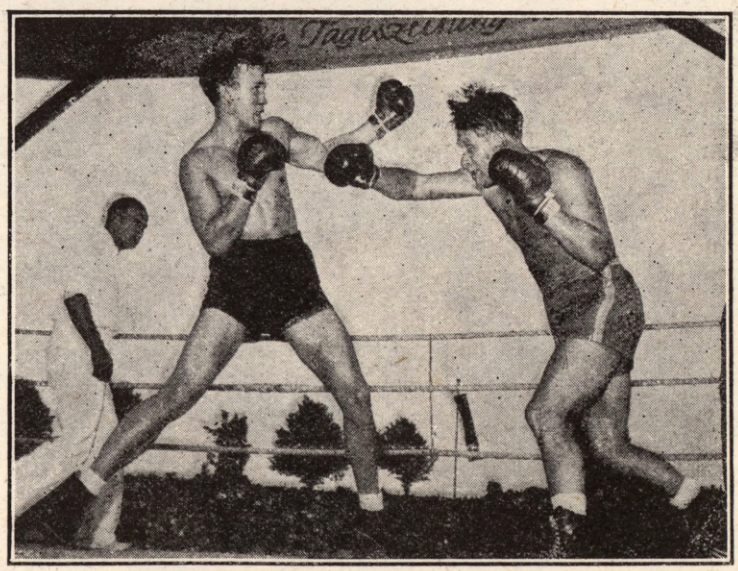


Leading contenders for Hein Ten Hoff's German heavyweight title, Connie Rux (left) and Heinz Neuhaus battled through ten rounds in the Dortmund Stadium without settling the question of supremacy. A strong finish by Neuhaus, who scored two knockdowns in the final round, resulted in an unpopular draw decision. A crowd of 30,000 turned out for the battle.

BOXING IN PUERTO RICO

By Mario Martino

OVER 2,000 fans paid $1,848.60 to see Puerto Rico's number one bantam, Miguel Rosa Berrios, 118, score a very unpopular ten-round verdict over previously unbeaten Jose Quezada, 118, of Santo Domingo in the feature attraction at the Sixto Escobar Stadium.

Using his much superior reach and height to advantage, Quezada was able to hold a very clear edge in the first five rounds over his adversary, Rosa Berrios on the other hand seemed to be confident on a knockout in the last few rounds of the fight and therefore did not over exert himself. However, Miguel did not count on the Dominican's amazing stock of energy and Quezada gave as much as he took in the last half of the bout. In the ninth round though, it looked like the Pureto Rican was going to pull the chestnuts out of the fire as he came through with a furious barrage that had Quezada a little dazed but Quezada came out slugging in the tenth and final round and made things uneasy for Rosa Berrios.

The semi-final saw Jose Francisco Ramos, 117, score over Pastor Casado in six rounds. R. Villanueva, 126, started out in grand form against Elias Valentin Viruet, 126, but faded rapidly, losing by a T.K.O. in the third round.

Manuel Pagan, 108, and Felipe Lorenzo, 112, slugged it out for four rounds with Pagan taking the decision.

Cruz Angel Hernandez encountered little difficulty in defeating Julio Conty. They are bantamweights.

Juan Venegas, 123, and Asuncion (Art) Llanos, 121½, both former National Golden Gloves titleholders, headlined the card at the Sixto Escobar Stadium with Venegas copping the unanimous verdict in a very good scrap.

Venegas, displaying the best form he has shown so far as a professional, dazzled Llanos with his fancy footwork and rapid fire blows. At no time did Venegas let-off on his attack which saw him stagger Llanos on various occasions. Art was confused by his adversary's southpaw style but despite this always kept boring in, making his best showing in the tenth and last round when he ripped a nasty gash over Venegas' left eye in a toe to toe slugfest that proved to be the best round of the fight.

Llanos arrived just a few days ago from New York for this bout and it was evident from the outset that he needed a little more time to obtain top form.

The semi-windup saw Pastor Casado, 118, score easily in six fast rounds over Carmelo Cepeda, 118.

Jose A. Morell, 135, had a slight edge over Angel M. Estrada, 135, in six rounds. David Cuevas, 135, and Victor M. Velazquez, 135, had the crowd on its feet throughout four thrilling rounds which saw Velazquez emerge victorious due to a last round knockdown he scored over David. Cuevas who scored a knockout in his first pro start was trying to make it two in a row in this bout and never ceased firing away at his much more experienced foe.

Manuel Pagan, 108, scored a two-round kayo over Francisco Marrero Ceballos in the opening four. Little Manuel bears a slight resemblance to Lew Jenkins (former lightweight champ) in his heyday. He is a skinny, hungry fighter with power in his right.

After three postponements Dominican bantam Jose Quezada, 118, finally made his debut here in Puerto Rico and scored a decisive ten-round verdict over Jose Francisco Ramos, 117½.

The Dominican had his previous bout here postponed, first due to his late arrival here and later due to illness. On this occasion it was his scheduled opponent who was ill and to avoid another postponement Promoter Santana hurriedly called upon little Jose Francisco Ramos to take the bout on a last minute's notice.

The fight in itself was a case of a well-conditioned fighter (Quezada) using his longer reach to score unanimously over short-stocky Ramos.

Due credit must be given Ramos for taking the bout on such short notice and without much training. He no doubt would have given the Dominican a rough night had he been in condition.

The semi-final saw Pastor Casado, 118, get up off the canvas twice to score a kayo over Hector Kortright in 2:25 of the fourth. Kortright started out well but when the going got rough he began to look for the nearest exit.

Undefeated Efrain Santiago, 114, invaded the bantam class to score over Angel Luis Santiago, 118. Although he scored in convincing style Efrain is definitely not a bantam and should stick to the flyweights in the future.

Elias Valentin Viruet beat Jose A. Desjardin in six fast rounds in what proved to be the best bout of the night. They are featherweights.

Victor M. Limardo scored a T.K.O. over Esteban Diaz in 1:57 of the fourth round. They are bantamweights.

Martin Maldonado, 118, came through with a convincing kayo over Felix Hernandez Carrion, 118, in the fifth round of the feature ten-rounder at the Sixto Escobar Stadium. It was indeed a sorry sight to see a fine little prospect like Hernandez take a sound thumping from the somewhat more experienced Maldonado.

Hernandez did well in the first two rounds when he was able to keep his shorter opponent at bay with his long left. However, in the third round Maldonado began to go to town on his adversary shaking him on a couple of occasions with his short choppy hooks. The fourth round saw Hernandez rally strongly, meeting his man blow for blow but decidedly weakened by Martin's heavier blows. Hernandez was still dazed when he came out for the fifth round and was an easy prey for Maldonado who dropped his man three times whereupon Referee Lizardi wisely stopped the contest on Felix's third trip to the canvas.

Efrain Santiago, undefeated in the payed ranks, scored a five-round T.K.O. over Antonio Valle Lara when Antonio was unable to come out for the sixth round. David Cuebas, 134, made his professional debut a huge success when he scored a three-round T.K.O. over Julian Llanos. It was a slugfest all the way through with Julian calling it quits in the third when he was unable to withstand his opponent's blistering attack. Angel Estrada scored an easy six-round verdict over M. V. Velaszquez. They are lightweights. Miguel Pagan, 108, outwalloped Angel Luis Santiago, 112, in four fast rounds.

Jimmy Garcia and Juan Rios Fuentes met in the scheduled ten-rounder at the Sixto Escobar Stadium with Garcia being credited with a two-round T.K.O. when Rios Fuentes received a nasty cut over his right eyebrow.

This is their third meeting with each boy being credited now with a knockout victory and one bout being declared a draw.

In this bout the fans seemed to be in for a great scrap as the boys were punching from the opening bell but were a little disappointed when Referee Lisardi called a halt between the second and third rounds when he noticed that Juan's seconds were having a little trouble trying to stop the flow of blood.

The semi-final saw Victor Juan Torres, 147, score a one-round kayo over Nicholas Rodriguez, 144.

Pablo Martinez, 128, started out well in his six-round bout with Jose Morell, 128, copping the first two heats by ample margin. In the third round however, Morell began to penetrate through Pablo's defense and proceeded to lambast him from pillar to post to win the decision in six rounds. Morell dropped Martinez on two occasions. Jose Desjardin, 124, scored a close one in four fast rounds over Elias Valentin Viruet, 126. Francisco Marrero Ceballos, 108, outpointed Andres Romero in the opening four.

CANADIAN MARITIME NEWS

By C. Steele

ST. JOHN, N. B. Carrying the fight to his heavier opponent from the opening gong, ringside observers gave Marc Begin, 164, Montreal, a wide edge but the official verdict awarded Cobey McCluskey, 170, the ten-round decision.

A scorching semi-final six saw Harry Poulton, Charlottetown, outpoint Howard Leslie, St. John. Weights 146 each.

Glace Bay, N. S. With a pair of decisions each, Dick Howard, Halifax, N. S., met Jean Richard, Montreal, for the fifth contest. Howard copped the ten-round decision in a mediocre scrap. Lightweights.

"Gramps" Kiley, Sydney, N. S., overcame the handicap of a second round knockdown slugging out a six-round semi-final decision over ring rusty J. B. Adshade of Caledonia. Lightweights. A pair of abbreviated fours rounded out the show. Punching hard and often with a concentrated body attack Greg Hannigan stopped Bill McKay who failed to come out for round two and rugged K. O. McKinnon punched out a one-round K. O over Red McPherson. Middleweights.

Terry Warrington, Canadian light-heavyweight champion, scored a second round T.K.O. over Bill Landry, Moncton, at the Kentville Youth Centre.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Scheduled for ten rounds the Cobey McClushkey versus Yvon Durelle bout was declared no contest in the ninth round.

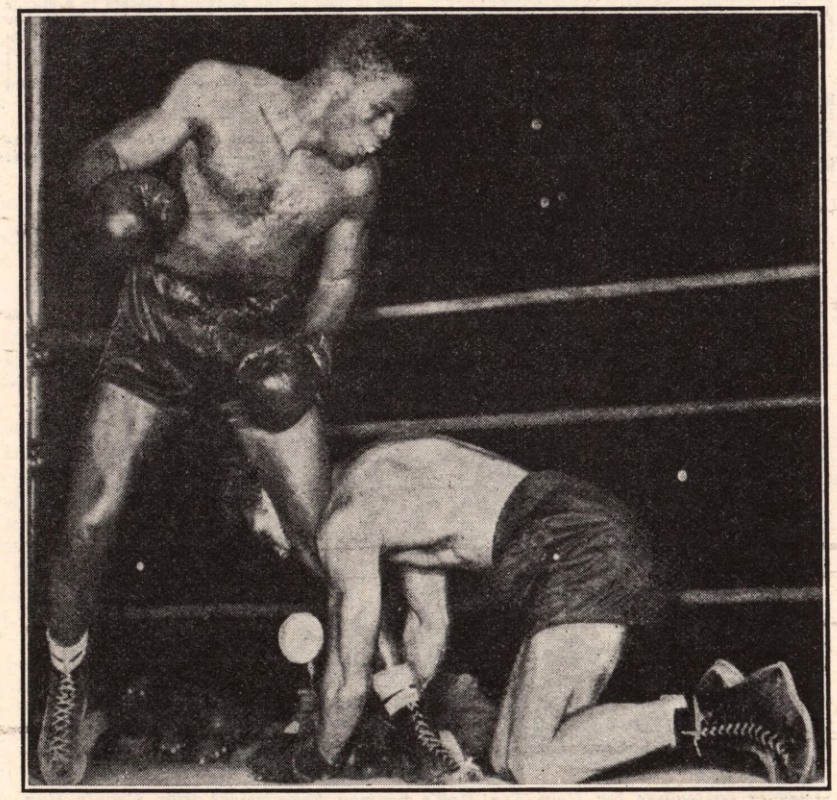
Harry Poulton, 142, outpointed Harry Schultz, 138, Dartmouth, in the semi-final six.

Halifax, N. S.—Roy Wouters, Canadian middleweight king, and Norman Hayes, Boston, drew in ten rounds. Wouters the aggressor in the majority of rounds with the bolo punching Boston fighter coming on strong in the late rounds earning a draw.

Out of action a year and a half, ring rusty Tommy Spencer, the New Waterford welterweight, blew a unanimous decision to Harry Poulton, Charlottetown, in eight rounds.

Chatham, N. B.—New Brunswick's two top middleweights clashed in the main go with Yvon Durelle scoring a second round T.K.O. over Arnold Fleiger. Durelle dropped Fleiger twice for nine counts then wrapped the show up with a short uppercut.

Brother Ernie Durelle was awarded a second round T.K.O. over Eddie Perron, Moncton. Welterweights. Jake McDonald, the McAdam middleweight, hung a second round T.K.O. on Rick Feres of the R.C.A.F., Chatham, N. B.



Philadelphia's latest sensation, 20-year-old Gil Turner, catapulted himself into the front rank of the world's welterweights by battering out a kayo over Charley Fusari in the eleventh round at Shibe Park, Philadelphia. The victory gave Turner a record of 22 straight wins as a professional, 20 by knockouts.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By Tom Ephrem

HAROLD GREEN, former middleweight contender from Brooklyn, notched his second ten-round victory over Jose Diaz in a bang-bang headliner for Promoter Chris Dundee at Miami Beach. While critics assailed the verdict in their first meet, Green left them nothing to protest in this returner as his superior punching earned him the unanimous decision.

Both boys fought hard with very little let-up and it was near the end of the melee that the fans found the fierce struggle left each battler weary. How they stood up to all the punishment is a tribute to their great condition, though Diaz, who hails from Venezuela, entered the ring with a cold that handicapped him throughout. Science in the scrap was put aside. They were more content and right at home in close-quarters where head-to-head and toe-to-toe exchanges to the head and body thrilled the 2,572 customers.

Diaz, to his credit, never gave up the chance to turn the tide, possibly by a knockout. He launched a heavy attack with haymakers. Green however. supplied the most fire. Both are middleweights. Cy Gottfried refereed.

Billy Scholes, Tampa lightweight, took an eight-round nod from Snooks Howard, Charlotte. Harry Braelow scored an easy one-round knockout over Chuck Weeks, Daytona. Billy Lauderdale, Miami, and Richie Rhodes, two of the best prelim boys in the Magic City area, travelled to a draw. Their's was a sixer. The opening sixer saw Honey Boy Williams the winner over Jimmy McCoy. The gate was $5.969.

In the July issue of THE RING Magazine, this column stated Buck DeCordova and Johnny Wilder had fought to an eight-round draw at Columbus, Ga. This was the information we had received from that city and carried it so. We had accepted the sender's letter, though it did not contain clippings. We now have a protest on the result coming in from Johnny Wilson who says DeCordova won the decision, and three weeks later, had scored a four-round T.K.O. Wilson sends a clipping to verify his statements and we are glad to correct the mis-information.

Buck DeCordova, Fort Benning's heavyweight by way of Oklahoma, was impressive in his showing against Johnny Wilder, Macon lad, in an eight-rounder at Columbus, Ga. DeCordova, Benning's champ, racked a split verdict.

Buck DeCordova gained his second win over Johnny Wilder, Macon, but this time the Oklahoma heavyweight found his target much easier to hit and scored a technical knockout in four rounds at Columbus. An estimated gathering of 1,000 saw the Benning soldier drop his opponent three times in the third and the same number in the fourth. Referee Corn Griffin, former heavyweight contender, stopped it when he saw Wilder, on his feet, was in no way to continue.

Joe Tunney, Atlanta amateur, agreed to sub for Juan Efhan against Larry Mujica, in a no-decision bout. Tunney displayed more courage than ability and wound up Larry's victim when a cut inside his mouth kept him from further action after two rounds. Another Benning battler, Norman Clark, was awarded a technical kayo after Bob Simmons, Atlanta, failed to answer the bell for the fifth. Simmons injured a shoulder, according to the report, and could not make it. Fred Hodges kayoed Sammy Jones in three; Bob Campbell knocked out Lefty Gallion in two, and Frank Harterman drew with Johnny Lewis in four.

One of our buddies, Bob Perkins, serving in Uncle Sam's Navy and in foreign waters on the U.S.S. *Oriskany*, pens us some very interesting info on boxing in Italy. What makes it so particularly interesting is that Bob's words fit in with THE RING Magazine Editor-Publisher Nat Fleischer's fine comment on the work of the Italian Federation of Boxing. You've read Nat's popular editorial "Sugar Ray In New Role" in the August issue of THE RING Magazine where he mentions the Italian boxing body refused to okay their fighter Livio Minelli to meet Ray Robinson. The commission's idea was to prevent a "slaughter" and that federation's good work is further backed by Perkins who stated all Italian fighters he saw perform while his shop docked at Naples were in splendid condition, were matched equally and provided hard fights. Fleischer was touring Europe at the time and had many comments for THE RING readers.

Bobby Dykes, 151, tripped another anxious fighter intent on bringing the winning ways of the Miamian to a stop. The Slender Stick with the right hand kick felled Mario Mareno, 145, of New York in round four of their headliner at Miami's Bayfront Park Auditorium. Mareno showed class for a couple of heats but could not stand up against the Jimmy Parks fighter.

In the semi-final eight, Chief Crazy Horse, 152½, won a decision over Gus Aldrich, 157. The Indian displayed punch and stamina to take the fight from the Georgian. Billy Lauderdale, 139½, pulled a big surprise by stopping Pablo Rodriguez, 149, in three. Pablo got an eye cut and the fight was brought to a halt. Bob Yantis, 126½, fought to a six-round draw with Frank Leach, 130½. Charles Clarke, 151, scored in six rounds over James Morris, 152. The match was strictly between boxers. This was the first show to be presented at the Bayfront Auditorium. Major W. H. Peeples Jr. promoted. He also operates at the Coral Gables Coliseum.

This column is very happy to hear that Beau Jack, former lightweight champion from Augusta, Ga., has retired from boxing. The great fighting machine had seen his best days and this decision has pleased his many friends and followers in the South. The Beau is one of the finest persons this writer has come in contact with, thanks to Lou Viscusi, and it is more than nice to know Beau's many friends in Augusta, especially Bowman Milligan, have seen that he has money saved, plus annuities. Beau will soon be coming back home and Milligan has stated the former champ can have a job for the rest of his life at the Augusta National Golf Club, scene of Jack's early days.

For the first time in its history, Florida can now advertise championship fights. The State Legislature, in a recent meeting at Tallahassee, passed the amendment to a boxing bill recommended by the Florida Federation of Boxing Boards. Secretary-Treasurer William B. (Bunny) Lovett Jr. further advised that Mr. Flamen Adae, of the Miami Beach Boxing Commission, has been on contact with the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company underwriters in regards to securing insurance for professional boxers. The Hartford firm has offered favorable rates, and thus another improvement for boxing in Florida is being set.

At Gastonia, N. C.: A right hand to the button ended Harold Neely's, 204, efforts to plant Jimmy Hughes, 206, on deck for keeps after having the Charlotte puncher there twice in the earlier rounds. What happened was that Hughes, who can fight better when pressed, got riled after his embarrassing trips to the canvas, and fought his way to victory. Neely, a tough lad from Alabama, was much in the lead until his over-anxiousness led him to trouble in the fourth and fatal round.

Ray Clark, Charlotte, won a ten-rounder from Corky Callahan, of Greensboro. Both are middleweights. Callahan's rally in the last three rounds fell short of his goal. Bert Callahan, 120, Greensboro, easily scored over Glenn Norman, 114, of Gastonia. A four-round opener saw Broadus Bratton beat Billy Hinton.

Danny Nardico, 172½, Tampa's new bid for boxing honors, scored a ten-round decision over Reuben Jones, 173, of Norfolk, Va., in the main event of Promoter Chris Dundee's show at Miami Beach Auditorium. Both boys were in fine shape for the tilt and gave the crowd an enjoyable evening.

Honeychile Whipple, 160, outclassed Cyclone Williams, 159½, in a sixer. Roger Siclare, 134, and Billy Scholes, 131, travelled to a six heat even-stephener. These boys staged a good fight. Ever-improving Billy Lauderdale, 132½, and Richie Rhodes, 133, another good young pro starter, fought a six-round draw. Charlie Clarke, 149, captured a four-rounder from Eddie Butts, 153.

Please send in all boxing notes and results before the fifth of each month for publication in this corner. All Southern news is welcome. Would also appreciate boxing information and news from the world over to be used in our Jacksonville *Journal* boxing column. "Ringside News." Fighters without managers wishing to show in Florida, or where we have contacts, can do well by contacting Tom Ephrem, 403 West Ninth Street. Phone 6-0182, or Sports Department, Jacksonville *Journal*, Jacksonville, Florida.

The following information was gathered when this writer appeared in Miami as guest of Promoter W. H. Peeples for his Coral Gables headliner, the first tiff between Bobby Dykes and Billy Kilgore. . . Here is a big league fight town. . . The promoters, W. H. Peeples, Chris Dundee (and at this writing we understand Tommy DeTardo is coming back again) have done much for boxing. The competition is keen and friendly. . . . We're awfully proud of the work of the boxing commissions down here, Coral Gables, Miami, Miami Beach all chipping in to do the sport justice. . . . Bill Peeples III, helping his promoter-dad with the undercards, doing a good job of matchmaking the prelim boys and it won't be long when Bill will be handling the big reigns. . . . Walter Winchell, celebrated New York columnist, an interested spectator at the boxing shows and giving Snooks Howard and Chief Crazy Horse a good play in his famous column. . . . An athlete, Skippy Yoham, was boosted by none other than Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis for his boxing prowess, and the youngster, from Miami, was sketched by cartoonist Stookie Allen in his national syndicated "Keen Teens." Yoham was pictured by Allen as the best young fighter in America, which is a great plug. The 19-year-old amateur boxer won Golden Gloves featherweight and lightweight titles in 1947 and 1948, respectively. . . . Allie Ridgway, who trained former light-heavyweight champion Gus Lesnevich and others, proud of his donation to Uncle Sam's service, his son Allie Jr., now in the Marines. It wouldn't be fair unless more than half that credit goes to "Mom" Ridgway, a swell lady and a friend of boxing. . . . IBC matchmaker Al Weill, and hex-man de luxe Ben "Evil-Eye" Finkle on hand. . . . Coral Gables Boxing Commission and Promoter Peeples in full agreement on sponge rubber mat, 1½ inches thick, as preventative against head injuries. . . . Peeples in on big deal concerning IBC prexy Jim Norris to stage several outstanding name matches, probably title shots, in Miami next season. . . . Coral Gables boxing commission doctor Warren Toth deserves a big hand for the way he handled knocked out fighter Herbie Reid (kayo victor Honey Boy Williams), and allowing Reid to leave only when Dr. Toth felt Herbie was okay. . . . Eddie Wallace, grand ole timer who fought Freddy Welsh and Dutch Brandt, was given a nice hand by the crowd before Dykes and Kilgore clashed. . . . Art Davis was another the crowd gave a reception to. . . . Miami boxing has a great friend in Leslie B. (Scotty) Lang, and this likable little fellow is part of the game if there ever was one. . . . Jerry White's Magic City gym a haven for the amateurs and pros. A good man is behind it, who knows boxing and who knows how to train fighters. Jerry's gym is one of the cleanest and most spacious, praised by fellows like Ray Robinson, Joe Louis and others. You have to be there to appreciate it. Good fresh air makes the MC gym a popular rendezvous for fighters and fans alike. The place is packed on weekends and they come from nearby areas to watch the boys train. . . . Good seeing former promoter Dave White again. He looks healthy as ever. . . . Efficient boxing secretaries are found down here. Petey Sarron, former world's featherweight champion (Miami); William B. (Bunny) Lovett Jr. (Coral Gables), and Charles Wheeler (Miami Beach). Lillian Gilbert is an efficient worker under Secretary Wheeler and sends the boxing reports to this corner. . . . Our pleasure in meeting Patrick J. Cesarano (Coral Gables Boxing Commission) was doubled when he told of the improvements his commission would work for to make boxing bigger and better. . . . Cy Gottfried contributing boxing articles that are commendable and well-liked by Miamians. . . . Gottfried is a tireless helper for the game. . . . Seeing Chris Dundee for the first time since the first Joe Louis-Jersey Joe Walcott heavyweight title fight makes me say this popular figure looks younger and healthier since moving to Florida. . . . The Harry Braelow-Bobby Cedar bout which saw a double-knockdown and Al Williams coming back after being knocked through the ropes by Honey Chile Whipple are two of the most important topics discussed by the fight folks in Miami and should have a spot in boxing annals. . . . Braelow climbed back up and won the six-round duke, while Williams scored a knockout over Whipple. . . . One of the finest acts in sportsmanship was that between Bobby Dykes and Billy Kilgore. Bobby and Billy spoke highly about each other. The hard and clean fight they waged later that night was one of the best we've seen and Dykes eased up his attack in the last round when he had Kilgore in a bad way. This went over with the fans and Kilgore, I'm sure I did appreciate it. . . . Uh-huh, a wonderful fight town, Miami.

Jerry White informs us that fighter Bobby Dykes and Manager Jimmy Parks have left for California for action and will be back in due time. . . . Jerry also says The Biscayne Auditorium in Miami has been leased to Matchmaker Tommy DeTardo for ten shows, and to Promoter W. H. Peeples Jr. for five shows, and that Miami will have one or two championship shows January or February.

THE RING Magazine reaches every corner of the globe, but best of all THE RING is reaching our fighting men on the front-line in Korea. This corner is informed so by a close buddy, Sgt. Walter Smith, of Jacksonville, who is serving with the Fighting 1st Marine Division there. Walter, on his way to the front from the hospital, carried a copy of THE RING with him. He was hospitalized after shrapnel struck him in the leg and tore the ligaments above the knee quite badly.

Mrs. J. M. Cochran of Drarosburg, Pa., writes and tells that her son, Lt. (jg) Billy Edward Cochran (U.S. Navy) is officially reported missing in Korea. Our sympathies are with Mrs. Cochran and her dear family and we sincerely pray Billy will return to his beloved ones. Billy, in 1947, was stationed at the Green Cove Spring (Florida) Naval Station and took an active part in boxing. In the Jacksonville *Journal*-Station WJHP Golden Gloves Tournament that year, the same courage that he carried to Korea earned him this *Journal's* caption: "Portrait of Courage."

Jacksonville: Johnny Kilday, 150, defeated Chief Crazy Horse, 147, in ten. Frank Leach, 128, defeated Billy Mullis, 124. Eddie Outlaw, 158, T.K.O.'ed Audrey Hurst, four. Buster Dalton, 158, T.K.O 'ed Jimmy Whitaker. 158, three. Jack Oakie, 135, beat Jet Montgomery, 132, four.

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NEWS of the MAT WORLD

By STANLEY WESTON

A MEETING of the National Wrestling Alliance will be held in Tulsa, Okla., in early September. Problems of the sport will be discussed and efforts will be made to straighten things out for the benefit of all concerned.

Such a meeting is coming just in time. Wrestling is dying in the East with the exception of Buffalo. The public is tired of seeing the same faces over and over again. Shoving the same wrestlers into the same localities week after week, has resulted in gross gates of as little as $25. Even Antonino Rocca, as sensational and popular as he is, has overstayed his welcome in many cities.

There are some terrific showmen wrestling for Fred Kohler in Chicago who would do very well in New York. Lou Thez or Killer Kowalski if dispatched to the East would do wonders for the rapidly deteriorating wrestling game. By the same token a few of Toots Mondt's boys or Rudy Dusek's prides and joys, could do a lot to restore the business in the Mid-West.

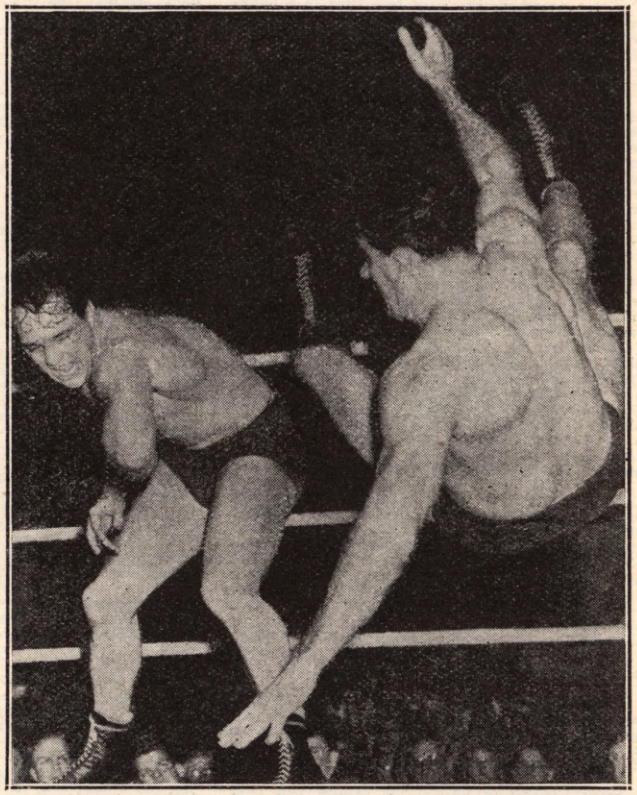
Promoters from all over the country should get together and exchange their top men for short periods. In this way, the fans would get a variety of new faces week after week. Thus a renewed interest in wrestling would result.

THE RING has received many letters asking why they never get the opportunity to see certain wrestlers about whom we have written. They want to know for example, when The Mighty Atlas will appear at their local club, or when will they see Verne Gagne. The way things are set up now, these interested fans will never get the chance to see those men.

The promoters are cutting their own throats by wearing out their top attractions in limited territories. There are plenty of good wrestlers in action today, enough to provide all the excitement the people care to have. Wise handling and teamwork among the big promoters is the only solution to the problem. It's a matter of prosperity or total ruin.

SONNY MEYERS, the popular junior heavyweight sensation, was on tour a few weeks ago. He was pitted against a local favorite in a small Texas town. Sonny was giving his opponent a good going over when he was tossed from the ring. When he landed on the floor, a group of spectators pounced on him and began to knife the helpless athlete. By the time the police pulled the attackers off the helpless athlete, he was in a critical condition.

George Drake leans over the ropes to sign autographs for his admiring fan club. Most of the handsome youngsters, like Drake, have their own fan clubs.



Lou Thez in mid-air as Verne Gagne provides the action. This was billed as the battle of the champions (National Wrestling Alliance version). Thez is their heavyweight champion while Gagne is recognized by the Alliance as junior heavyweight king. The bout took place in Minneapolis and ended in a draw.

Sonny was rushed to the hospital where it took 273 stitches to close the wounds. This is undoubtedly the most disgusting and horrible episode ever brought to my attention in connection with wrestling. Life imprisonment would be too good for the fiends who committed the crime.

SAMMY FITZPATRICK COHEN will start on another comeback next October. At present Sammy is a house detective at the Hotel New Yorker. By the way, his real name is Cohen and not Fitzpatrick. . . . Hardest working man in the wrestling business is likeable Jim Barnett of Chicago.

Toots Mondt, always looking for something new, imported a group of Japanese Sumo wrestlers to America. Toots shelled out a lot of dough to give the boys a lot of advance publicity and expects to get it back in addition to a lot more when the Japs start their exhibitions.

Plans call for the Japanese grunters to meet each other and at the same time challenge the leading American stars. What Mondt failed to tell, is what style will be used in the mixed bouts. It would be silly to have the American wrestlers meet the Japanese using the Sumo style. By the same token, the Jap would be ruined in short order if he is pitted against a rough American using the speeded up U. S. style.

One of the troupe, Fujitayma, is said to drink thirty bottles of beer with every meal. Wonder how he can move after putting away ninety bottles of brew per day. Another is Takatayama, who weighs 360 pounds. The publicity release states that he dislikes beer. At least that's in Takatayama's favor. The grand champion of the trio is known as Maedayama. He is the best Sumo wrestler in the world—a real champion.

Now that all the fanfare is over, it's time to unveil the lads from the land of the Rising Sun. Let's see what they can do.

THE roughest villain in the wrestling business is Wild Bill Longson. This guy is plain murder and a real wrestler when he wants to play it straight. Mat followers will recall that Lou Thez, the most widely recognized champion in the heavyweight division, won his title claims from Longson two years ago. Mr. Moto and Great Togo are another pair who rate very high on the villain list.

Togo has been mobbed by wrestling fans in every city in the U. S. They want to claw him to bits after he works over his opponents.

Steve Gob, Bayonne, New Jersey, young sensation, is a former Olympic weight-lifting champion. Believe it or not, Gob was attached to the Russian Navy during the last war.

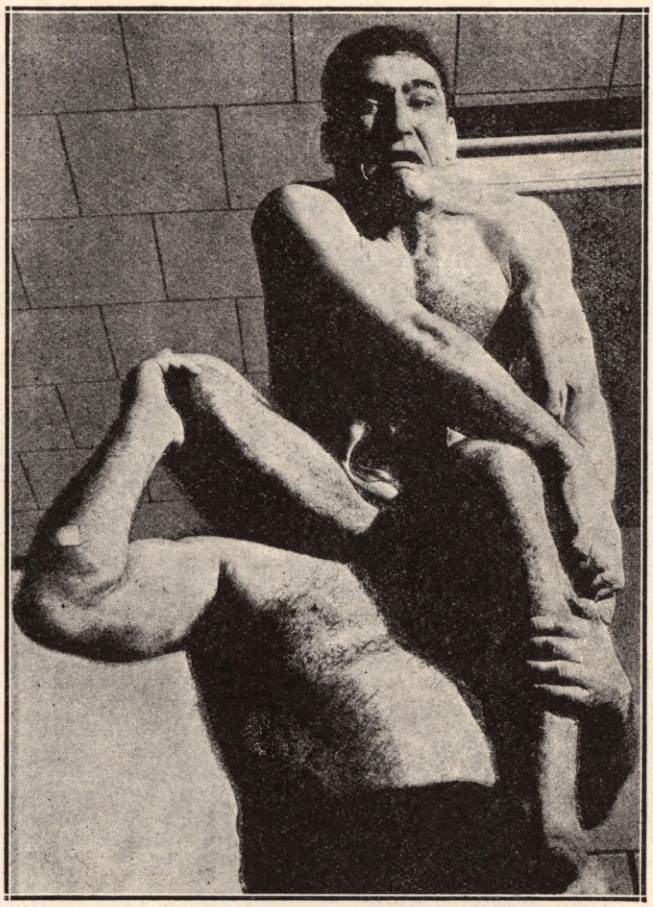
He was used as an interpreter by the United States. Steve is a colorful personality who is very proud of his abilities as a musician. He spent two years playing on ocean liners and touring the world at the same time. A clever fellow this Steve Gob.

HERE'S news for those who say, "Wrestlers never get hurt." Curtis Peterson, 39-year-old Madison, Wisconsin, wrestler died from injuries received during a bout with Samuel Abraham in Richland Center, Wisconsin. Peterson suffered a broken neck when he was thrown to the mat.

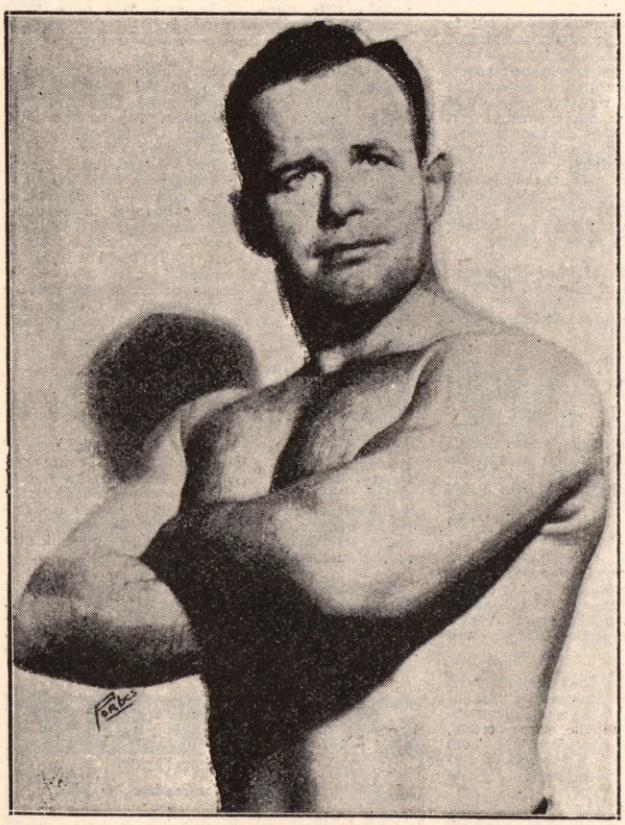
There is a grunter hailing from Denver, Colorado, who uses the name Joe Stalin. Couldn't he pick a better handle than that?

Mexican promoters are enjoying their most prosperous season in many years. Over 15,000 fans pack the Caliseo weekly to see the shows. Next to bull fighting, wrestling is the biggest thing down Mexico way.

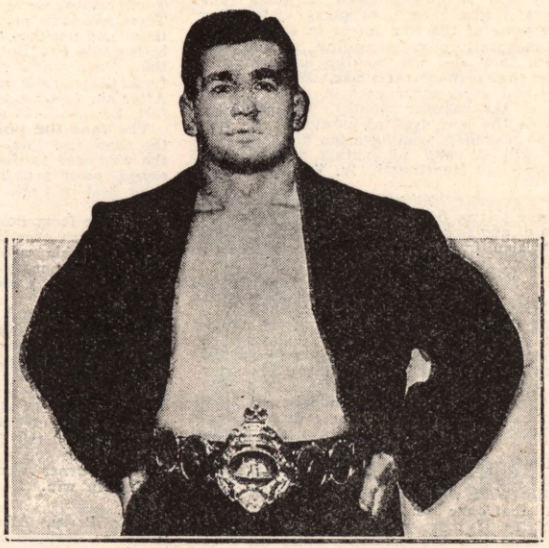
Cyclone Anaya went to Mexico and is having trouble getting back into the States. Says Cyclone, "I never should have left America."



Antonino Rocca, even though he is the most sensational wrestler seen in this part of the country in many a moon, has worn out his welcome. Most folks are just plain tired of seeing the same old back-breaker routine.



Steve Gob, the pride and joy of Bayonne, New Jersey. Gob is a fine example of the young clean type wrestler, who has his own personal following.



Few real experts will fail to concede that Lou Thez, National Wrestling Alliance heavyweight champion, is one of the greatest of our current crop of matmen. Hungarian born Lou, stretching well over six feet, with the grace and speed of a gazelle, is perhaps the fastest moving wrestler in the world, not excluding the lighter boys.

One of the smartest moves Thez ever made was the arrangement for Strangler Lewis, five times world's champion, to travel with him and help improve him in any way he could. When a champion is still willing to learn, you know he's the real thing.

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SWINGS AND HOOKS FROM CENTRAL OHIO

By Less Huffman

DICK DEUTSCH, promoter, and Jack Sheppard, matchmaker, at Huntington, W. Va., have just announced that they are planning on several outdoor shows this summer in a new arena that is now under construction. The boys said they will be able to open up some time in July and that they have plans under way to bring some of the best talent in the country to the mountain city. According to the two sportsmen they also are making arrangements to stage shows in Parkersburg, W. Va., and will alternate every other week in the two spots throughout the summer months. Middleweights seem to be the best drawing power in the two spots, and managers who have top flight middleweights will do well to contact the boys at Radio Center in Huntington, W. Va.

There was more talk about the Ike Williams and Jimmy Carter fight here in Ohio than there has been of any fights during the past five years. The television fans went all out for this one, and a lot of fans called this one the best they have ever seen over the air.

Bill Davis, Columbus middleweight, is the hottest thing in this part of the country. His three-round K.O. over Don Smith of Cincinnati, at Charleston, W. Va., raised his stock considerably. Davis pulled this one out of the fire after he was trailing on points for two and a half rounds. He uncorked a left hook followed by a hard right that sent Smith to the canvas and on Queer Street for fully ten minutes.

A lot of good looking young girls in their teens are trying to crash the girls' wrestling ring. Billy Wolf will have his hands full if he trains all that have been contacting him. Several who look as if they would make good movie starlets came into the Columbus office the first week in June getting information on when the wrestling school starts the new talent search.

George Nichols, Cincinnati manager of fighters, has a nice stable of young boys who are willing mixers. He can be reached at 120 Wellington Place, Cincinnati. Ohio.

Al Gahn, former Ohio State lightweight champion, is now the proprietor of a busy wallpaper store on the west side of Columbus. Gahn has several men working for him regularly and is doing a thriving business.

The hobby of fight and wrestling fans wanting pictures of their favorites is getting too big for the writer. I would appreciate it very much if you fans who want pictures would contact THE RING Book Shop, 307 West 49th Street, New York City 19, New York, for your pictures. THE RING can furnish about any kind of picture you want.

Dale Boggs, a very good looking middleweight who was doing very good around the Ohio spots, has returned from Texas and will resume boxing out of the 20th century stable at Columbus. Promoters wanting a good looking middleweight to top shows should contact the writer.

The Quality Club at Columbus, Ohio, is making plans for several open air shows to be held here starting very soon. Middleweights with good records can get bookings here by contacting the writer.

Archie Moore, Toledo's light-heavyweight, sends back some glowing reports of a boxing boom in South America. Archie recently stopped Abel Cestac.

Jackie Davis and Jimmy Welsh, two ace middleweights, can be booked through the writer.

Gene Parker, good looking lightweight from Indianapolis, put a stop to Snuffy Smith's popularity in Cleveland. Smith had just stopped Elmer Lakotas, Youngstown, in a few heats. Parker iced Smith which was just as much a surprise as the former match.

Rudy Zadell, Akron welterweight, met a tartar in Gil Turner in Philadelphia and was stopped in the fifth heat. It was a good fight with Zadell trying all the way.

Jack Sheppard opened up Parkersburg, W. Va., with a good boxing show. Don Lee, Cincinnati light-heavyweight, was topped against Jackie Davis of Columbus in the ten-round scrap. Lee, after looking as if he were losing, perked up and came back strong, and was given the bout in a T.K.O. in the fifth heat. It was a good fight. Of the two Lee was in better shape and forged ahead. He battered Davis to the ropes a couple of times, and the referee (Mut Schartz of Columbus, a former welterweight boxing champ of Ohio) stopped the bout and awarded it to the Cincinnati boy after it was seen that Davis was in bad shape and too tired to continue.

Don Keeling, a rough welterweight from Cincinnati, was game and fought hard all the way, but was decisioned by his opponent, Bill Clark, of Charleston, in six fast rounds.

In another six-rounder, Hosea Chatman, Huntington, a good looking heavyweight who was the rage in the amateurs this past year, stopped a tough hombre in the person of Young Browning, Cincinnati, in the third heat. Browning was willing to trade, too willing and this was his downfall, as every time he decided to trade, Chatman took the play away from him. Browning was stopped in the third round.

Although three good fights were passed out to the fans, it took Tommy Tibbs of Columbus and Tommy Edwards of Charleston, to steal the show. These two little punchers stood toe to toe several times and punched each other until it looked like both would fall. But the bell would sound just in time. They would go back to their corners, get freshened up and go right back and start over. After six fast rounds with all the fans on their feet, Edwards was given the duke.

The fans were sent home well satisfied with the show and Parkersburg, W. Va., may be on the way back to the good fight town that it was several years ago. This was the first pro boxing show held in Parkersburg in several years.

A letter from Bobby North of New York says he has taken over the reins of Herman McCray, a Philadelphia welterweight. Promoters in this part of the country should contact Bobby if they are looking for a good attraction.

Pete Moran and Jimmy Toppi, Philadelphia promoters, gave the fans a well balanced fight card as they topped Ruddy Zadell, Akron, and Gil Turner, Philadelphia. In the first round Zadell, the underdog, came near stopping Turner with a left hook that had him on Queer Street. He weathered the storm and came on to win via the T.K.O route when the referee, Pete Panatela, stopped the fight in the fifth heat. Zadell stood toe to toe several times with the hard-hitting Turner who really had to come from behind to win.

Jack Berry, Alberta, Canada's genial fight promoter, dropped me a line telling me his shows are drawing bigger and better, and he is looking for good name fighters to top his shows. A nice fellow to deal with, and managers will do well to contact this fellow.

Colon Chaney Indianapolis heavyweight, who has been pushed around for the last couple of years by the name fighters, is as good a heavyweight as there is in the middle states today, and should be given more consideration. Tom Leeper, Chaney's manager, has a hard time getting the name boys in with his protege.

Joe Megdell, manager of Jay Watkins who has made several good fights in this vicinity, is having trouble getting his fighter any work. Promoters in this territory should contact Joe in Detroit if they want a top flight lightweight who really gives action. Watkins recently gave away ten pounds to Lester Felton and forced the fighting all the way, and then won a unanimous decision over Procter Heinold, a great little action fighter, and also stopped Don Bowman in four heats. Watkins has had 39 bouts, won 35, 24 of these by the K.O. route. He is the kind of fighter that the fans like to see in action.

Jeffrey S. Deutsch, son of Dick Deutsch, West Virginia's leading sport promoter, left this month for the Naval Laboratory in Washington, D. C., to do research work for the air force. Jeffrey is a graduate of Huntington, W. Va., high school and is a senior at Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg. Good luck in your new adventure Jeffrey.

Lulu Sabotin, Jack Thompson's good looking light-heavyweight, dropped his first decision in sixteen pro starts. When he was edged by Dan Bucceroni, Philadelphia, in a ten-round bout at Akron. Sabotin who is one of the best looking prospects in Ohio gave away eight pounds while dropping the duke. It was a hard fight all the way and both fighters were in a bad way several times. However, the weight advantage that Bucceroni had on Sabotin began to tell in the later rounds. Sabotin started to pile up points in the first few rounds opening up a cut on Bucceroni in the third round. In the fifth heat Sabotin's savage attack to the body with his left hooks had Bucceroni in trouble. There were no knockdowns but the late rounds found Bucceroni forcing the fight.

In another ten-rounder Ron Delaney, Akron, won over Terry Moore, Baltimore, in a close battle.

Jackie Nurse, Akron welterweight, stopped Roosevelt Umbles, Canton, in the second round. Joe Greenwood, Akron, copped the nod over Donora, Pa.'s Henry Kamiski in a lightweight scrap. Ben Skelton, Pittsburgh, stopped Archie Logan, Akron, in a wild second round of a light-heavyweight bout. Buddy Wells, Pittsburgh welterweight, won via the T.K.O. route in the fifth heat over Kelly Williams, Akron, 3,500 fans attended the show.

Send all notes and clippings covering boxing in this part of Ohio to the writer: Less Huffman, P.O. Box 611, Station G, Columbus, Ohio, and until next month, keep punching.

FROM PORT-OF-SPAIN, TRINIDAD

By Sandy Parkinson

BOXING reached new heights when the Harry Cooke Associates brought Boswell St. Louis, 135, and Hugh Serville, 133, together again. Serville, who came close to winning the lightweight title some weeks ago, was once more given the opportunity to try for the coveted crown. On this occasion it was a different St. Louis he met.

From the first stanza, Serville went after the champion who met him in the center of the ring refusing to give ground. The first six rounds both boys were even, and as the fight progressed St. Louis gained the ascendency. He jabbed and scored with looping rights at will, Serville showed grit and determination even when both eyes were practically closed. In the final rounds, St. Louis adopted a retreating strategy and as Serville continued to advance, he was met by dynamic uppercuts that all but stopped him in his tracks. There was no doubt as to the result when St. Louis' hand was raised "winner and still champion."

The prelims were fairly lively, except for the Constance-Assam tilt. Constance, 153, duplicated Jersey Joe Walcott's style, and at times overdid it to the dissatisfaction of the crowd. He, however, won convincingly, as Assam, 149, was unable to land with his K.O. blow.

The Barbadian importation Kid Ralph, 158, lost a close decision to the "Bull" Gilkes, 158. He could not cope with the perpetual punch-throwing as administered by Gilkes.

The first contest saw the only knock-out of the night, when Claire Redman, 173, knocked George Wright, 175, into oblivion in the second round. Had Redman been more familiar with the boxing rules, he would have scored a first-round victory. The referee had to suspend his count on more than one occasion to send him to the furthest corner away.

Tit-bits: Yolande Pompey, light-heavyweight champion of Trinidad and the B.W.I., Kid Blyee, featherweight champion of Trinidad, and heavyweight Ancil Baba Adams have gone to England under the management of Shuffie Mohammed to display their wares.

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TIGER FROM TERRE HAUTE

(Continued from page 39)

while in the ring for his battles, thus making him invincible, and it must be truthfully recorded that at times Bettina did fight as if he was in a trance—though he wasn't at all times invincible.

To counteract the "evil" influence of Grippo, Fox hired Ben "Evil-Eye" Finkle, by trade a professional hexer. There was a lot of intense and mystic gazing and peering all through the weighing in and during the bout itself.

When General John J. Phelan of the New York Commission heard of Bettina's hypnosis he issued a classic official statement which called for a double-take:

"The rules call for five yards of bandages and six-ounce gloves. If Bettina enters the ring wearing hypnotism, he will have to take it off or there will be no fight. He can not make a joke of the New York State Athletic Commission."

WHILE the fighters were weighing in, Fox wore dark glasses and refused to let the baleful Grippo stare at him. When Bettina's manager came over to inspect his bandages in the ring Tiger Jack covered his eyes, trying to shut out the evil rays. All this time, Evil-Eye Finkle was tossing it right back at Bettina, who didn't even blink. He might have been in a trance.

While the fight did not prove to many who was the better fighter because of Fox's condition, it did settle the title of "champion hexer" on to Grippo.

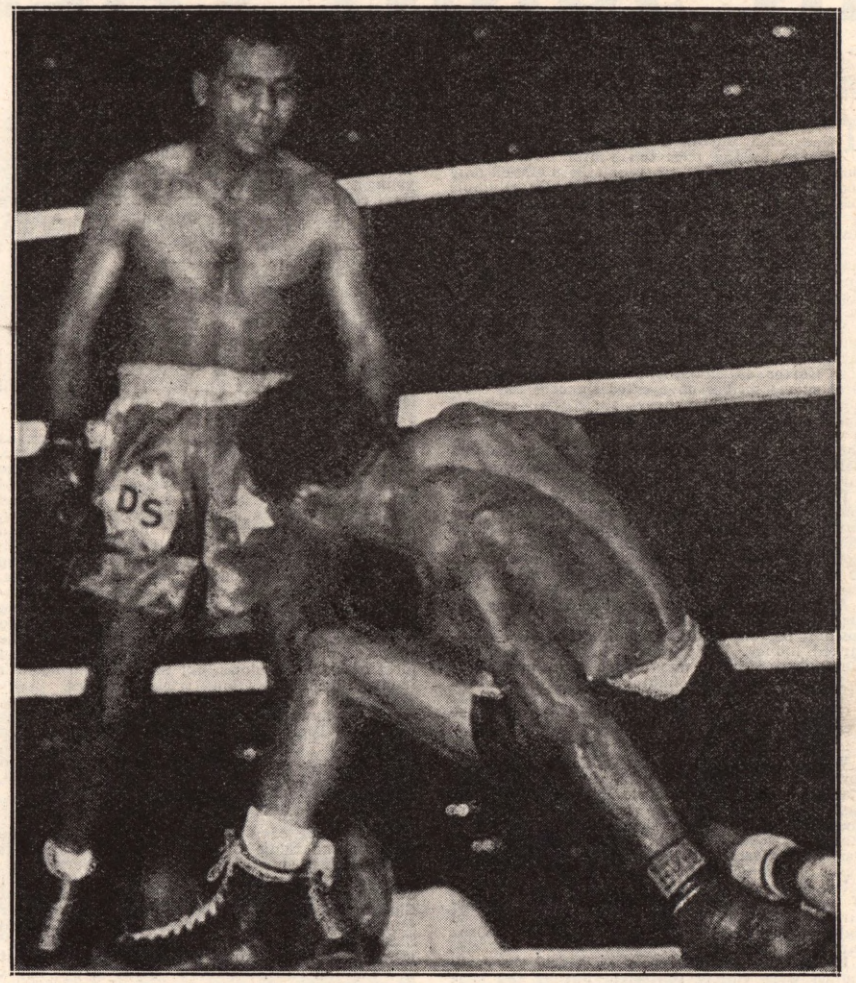
After that bout, Fox, still a winning fighter, hit the trail for points West. Boston, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Kansas City, Vancouver, Salt Lake City, Reno, Boise . . . they all saw him halt or decision veterans and kids climbing the ladder as he struggled on, picking up small purses, fighting for the love of fighting because "that's all I know how to do—fight."

By the start of 1941, ten years ago, it seemed that he was all washed up. Commissions in several states refused him a license because of age but he still came through with a bout now and then and usually won.

In 1945 he beat some fair boys of the time, J. D. Turner, Ted Lowry and Harold Blackshear, but was halted by a comparatively unknown California light-heavyweight, Bobby Zander, a 21-year-old ex-sailor. Fox took considerable punishment through the first six rounds before being counted out by the referee. Having been on the floor seven times Fox was courageous to the end before collapsing.

Zander beat him again but Tiger Jack just kept coming back, halting Domingo Valin, Leroy Evans, Windmill Pearce and Al Ware, while losing to Walter Haefer in 1946.

Though all but through, or so it seemed, he engaged in a four-round exhibition with Louis the following year and gave the champion a lot of trouble. A bitter blow that year was his being halted by young Jerry McSwain. Surely he would retire this time. All his friends pleaded with him to do so, but he would return to the booking offices and back into the ring and, strangely enough, keep winning.



Dave Sands, Australian triple title holder, sends Mel Brown, of America, to the canvas in the ninth round of their semi-final bout at Earls Court, London. Sands won the ten-round decision handily from the rugged American.

On March 12, 1948, he halted Paul Doyle in one round for his 25th such kayo, by all available statistics, a record itself.

BY then pressure was being brought on the Washington State Commission because of Fox's age and they issued a statement announcing that under the 38-year age limit, in vogue in most states by then, they would not renew Fox's license, the deadline being July 1, 1948.

But the Washington ban didn't bother Tiger Jack in the least. He merely moved his theatre of operations to Idaho, Alaska and Alberta.

And to top it all, in 1949, he won all ten bouts, nine of them by knockouts. Rumor has it that some place up in the North country he was fighting last year, though no verification can be found. The results may come in by dog sled at any time.

An unusual fighter with his unorthodox style, wading in with both power-laden arms hanging from his sides, Fox was one of the marvels of the ring because he seldom if ever bothered to train. The books list him as having about 150 bouts but 350 would be closer to the correct figure.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY WINKLER

THERE was less boxing activity throughout California during June than in any other month in the past ten years. Four of the clubs did not show at all, four others staged only one show each. Only the Los Angeles Olympic and Hollywood Stadium held their regular weekly programs. The Movie City stadium topped the state gate's during June but it is the Olympic that figures to do the business in July. Matchmaker Babe McCoy having lined up such bouts as James Carter-Enrique Bolanos, Willie Pep-Manuel Ortiz and Art Aragon vs. Johnny Gonsalves.

Strangely, the boxing public out here are not very high on Carter. This is probably due to the fact that our Commission first refused to recognize Carter as champion, and because several local sports scribes have rated some of the California lightweights over the newly-crowned champion. Many are of the opinion that Bolanos is an even bet against Carter. The writer is not one of those. I look for the champ to hand Bolanos quite a lacing, and would not be at all surprised to see him stop the local favorite.

In the San Francisco area they seem to think that Eddie Chavez is a worthy opponent for Carter and Promoter Bill Kyne is said to have offered the champion $20,000 to defend his title against the San Jose pride. What Carter would do to Chavez would be a crime—if it was against the law.

And Pep should enjoy his visit in Los Angeles, for, no doubt a large crowd will be on hand to see him perform, and it shouldn't be very hard-earned money. Ortiz was no problem for Pep even when Manuel was at his best, and Ortiz is far from being the fighter that he was at that time.

Gosh, being a Californian, this may be treason!

When Johnny Gonsalves, Oakland flash, gets down to business—physically fit and inspired, that is—he is one of the cleverest boxers in the game today. And he sure was a businessman on the night he met Rudy Cruz in a 12-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. Gonsalves' technique was so perfect that he made Cruz—himself a clever boxer—crude in comparison. With the battle strategy of a field marshal, the footwork of a ballet dancer and stabbing with the accuracy of a fencing master, Gonsalves copped eight of the rounds, with two being even. Cruz garnered the other two.

It was fast from the very start and the early rounds were closely contested, but as the bout continued, Gonsalves became speedier and more accurate, while Cruz slowed down and lost his timing. Being outboxed and outsmarted was a new experience for Rudy and he became wild in his efforts to change the humiliating situation. But, slugging, nor being the aggressor isn't Rudy's forte and the harder he tried to rough up his classy foe, the more of a target he became for the Oakland boxing master

Cruz tried desperately to pull the fight out of the fire in the final rounds, but Gonsalves, remaining cool and confident, easily avoided Rudy's attacks and countered with well-timed uppercuts and right-crosses. Each weighed 136.

In the six-round semi, Jimmy Dunn, 127, punched out a decision over Ruben Torres, 126. In the four-rounders, Lou Filippo, 136, whipped Edgar Flowers, 137; Placido De La O, 132, halted the entertaining Eddie Beltran, 132, in the third; Jesse Morales, 120, nodded Nick Ramos, 118; Joey Davis, 144, beat Paul Kennedy, 148.

Just how good is Johnny Gonsalves? His numerous periods of inactivity, along with the uncertainty of his best fighting weight, has kept the boxing scribes puzzled as to his real standing among California's best. Although he has always campaigned among the lightweights, he mostly always came in at 138-140 pounds, and it was doubted that he could make the lightweight poundage. But now he has made 136 and showed little distress or fatigue at the end of twelve fast rounds.

If Gonsalves can make 135 and perform as he did against Cruz, he rates high among the best lightweights in the world. The Oaklander has occasionally put on some lackadaisical performances (even then, he won), but, for the most part, his boxing has been brilliant. His footwork and blocking and parrying of blows is reminiscent of clever lightweights of other days, such boxers as Benny Leonard, Freddie Welch, Willie Ritchie, Sammy Mandell, et al. And Gonsalves is not yet of voting age.

The Clarence Henry who opposed Jimmy Bivins at the Los Angeles Olympic this month was an entirely different personality than the one who faced the Cleveland veteran in the same ring twenty-one months before. The Henry who met Bivins in '49 entered the ring lacking confidence, lost all will to win shortly after and was easily subdued in the eighth. The Henry who opposed Bivins this time, possessed the confidence of a champion. His attitude was that of "Today I am a man" and he proved it.

Henry was in command all the way. He forced the milling from the start and his blows to the body had Bivins slowed to a walk before the go was half over. The cagey Clevelander was no problem to Clarence at all and Jimmy could not take the play away from the cool and determined youngster. Henry tried for a knockout in the final rounds and almost accomplished it, causing Bivins to sag in the eighth and take a four-count in the tenth. Henry, 184, was credited with seven rounds, Bivins, 177, with only one round and two heats tabbed as even.

In the semi, Hank Thurman, 202, Modesto, K.O.'ed Al Timmons, 178, Cleveland veteran, in the third round with a left to the body.

In the four-rounders, Jimmy Hays, 146, beat Juan Zavala, 145; Edgar Flowers, 139, shaded Joey Davis, 144; Rocky Finnegan, 155, whipped Paul Kennedy, 150; Jimmy Ingram, 171, iced Malone McGill, 179, in two.

In a contest sanctioned by the Commission as for the California welterweight championship, Bobby Jones, 145, won handily over Maurice Harper, 147, in a 12-rounder at the Oakland Auditorium. Harper was a 2 to 1 favorite and the result was a surprise to Bay District fans, but Jones' win was decisive, he being credited with seven of the rounds, to Harper's four, with one frame even. Most of Jones' points were scored with long left hooks and overhand rights.

Jones' bobbing and weaving bothered the temperamental Harper no little and Maurice became careless in his punching. He was penalized two points for hitting low and his tactics caused the crowd to pull for Jones. Bobby blocked or ducked most of Harper's blows, but Maurice had no luck in avoiding Bobby's long tricky punches.

In the three supporting bouts, Johnny Ortega, Alameda flyweight, chalked up his fourth victory over Tommy Rhett, Sacramento cutie, in a fast-moving eight-rounder; Leo Anderson, 136, Oakland, was awarded a questionable decision over Ernie Greer, 140, in six; I. W. Harper, 149, drew with Frank Skidmore, 146, in a four.

The winner of a fifth fight between Enrique Bolanos and Eddie Chavez depends on where it takes place, judging by past performances. Chavez has twice laced Bolanos in his (Chavez') own back-yard, and Bolanos has twice whipped Chavez in his (Bolanos') neighborhood. Their fourth clash was a 12-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium, for the annual "Fight for Lives" (Duarte Hospital Fund) program. It was a fast and exciting fight, but there was never any doubt as to the winner.

In fine condition and looking much better than in recent starts, Bolanos was the aggressor throughout and had Chavez on the run much of the time in the late rounds. Chavez won the first and third rounds by jabbing Enrique's prominent proboscis. Bolanos got hot in the fourth and won the next five rounds, repeatedly hooking Chavez to both head and body. Enrique's digging lefts to Eddie's tummy had the Rose of San Jose wilting and petaling by the end of the eighth. Easing up in the ninth, Bolanos drubbed Chavez some more in the 10th and 11th.

Chavez waged an all-out attack in the final round and won the heat, which gave him three rounds on my tab, with two even, Bolanos winning the other seven. Referee Abe Roth credited Bolanos with nine rounds. Each weighed 137½.

The semi-final featured a local "natural" between two of Los Angeles' most promising youngsters, Keeny Teran, 116, and Gil Cadilli, 118. These classy little Mexicans, former stablemates, fought six sizzling rounds to a draw. Teran copped the first four rounds, when Cadilli boxed too much on defense, but when Teran came out tired in the fifth, Cadilli opened up and had Keeny in trouble all during the final two rounds.

In three prelims, Sammy Figueroa, 137, decisioned Al Golindo, 140, in six; Morrie McFarland, 156, K.O.'ed Tony Renteria, 154, in two; Jess Morales, 121, nodded Eddie Hernandez, 124, in four.

With advanced prices, this benefit show grossed $20,643.

This is our short story for the month.

Rugged Emil Barao, of Hayward, isn't much on fancy boxing, but he is a bad guy to stand still for, as he packs a wallop that can end a fight right now. Don Rogers, of Portland, is the Oregon lightweight champion. These two met in a scheduled ten-rounder at Eureka. Barao parked his potent left hook on Rogers' chin in 2:46 of the first round. That is all.

In other bouts: Jimmy McCoy, 145, Portland, defeated Juan Zavala, 145, Los Angeles, six; Jimmy Smith, 143, and Bill Elliott, 136, no-decision, three; Gene Campbell, 158, won from Chuck Donahue, 167 four; Bob Carlson, 149, and Earl Stockton 145, drew, four.

The ten-rounder between Charlie Salas, of Phoenix, and Nick Moran, of Mexico City, staged at the Los Angeles Olympic, figured to be a contest, but, with Salas having one of his good nights (on occasions he is superb) and Moran being in poor shape (weighing 153), it was a one-sided affair. Salas fed Mexico's champion a steady stream of left jabs and shook him up often with right-crosses.

The sluggish Moran made little effort to take the play from Salas, and being an easy target, he was a wobbly warrior at the finish. Referee Abe Roth had Salas, 143, winning nine of the rounds, as did most of the scribes and ringsiders.

In supporting bouts: Lou Josephs, 151, Seattle Negro southpaw, proved much too good for the less-experienced Oscar Reyes, 149, disposing of the Mexican youngster in two rounds; Don (Rocky) Robinson, 175, local Golden Gloves champion, making his professional debut, looked good in defeating Ray Louis, 168, in a four; Chuck Moody, 151, beat Charlie Green, 155; Juan Zavala, 145, whipped Paul Kennedy, 147; Jimmy Hays, 150, and Morrie McFarland, 153, fought to a draw.

Buddy J.—(I believe he really is one of the Jones') 151, San Francisco, experienced little difficulty winning over veteran Earl Turner, 156, in a ten-rounder at the Richmond Auditorium. The Mysterious Mr. J., punching sharply, was credited with every round and the Earl of Richmond was a badly beaten battler at the finish. Turner should heed the advice of his friends and hang up the gloves.

(And here is some good advice to you, too, Buddy J. Although you are a good fighter, you are not listed in Nat Fleischer's RING Record Book, and I have never heard of a boxer with an initial for a name, getting anywhere, but there have been many good fighters named Jones, some of them becoming world reknown. And haven't you heard, the Jones' have always been hard to keep up with?)

In the prelims: James Mitchell, 120, decisioned Jimmy Espiritu, 119, in six; Cliff Schleen, 155, whipped Joe Gonzales, 157, in a four; Leo Anderson, 138, iced Eddie Soto, 137, in the third; Ray Ramirez, 119, and Rosy Caballero, 120, drew in four.

Possessing little of the ability that made him a top-notcher a few years back, Carlos Chavez proved an easy victim for Lauro Salas in a ten-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. It was an in-close affair all the way, a style of milling that Chavez once excelled in, but in which Carlos now does the catching. Chavez is another of the veteran boxers who should get out of the game while he still has all his marbles.

Referee Frankie Van tabbed Salas with eight of the rounds, but most of the scribes and ringsiders didn't concede Chavez a round. Salas floored Carlos for a three-count in the seventh with a right to the jaw. Lauro weighed 127, Chavez scaled close to 135, about seven pounds over his best weight.

In the semi, Rafael Gutierrez, 146, Mexico City, punched out a decision over clowning Benny Black, 144, in six fast-action rounds. It was Black's first start in a long time and he was not tuned for such stiff competition.

In the four-rounders; Keeny Teran, 116, stole the show with a two-round knockout over Rosy Caballero, 117, of Vallejo; Armando Felix, 120, and Nick Ramos, 116, boxed a draw; Johnny Malloy, 129, received an unpopular decision over Placido De La O, 132 (a nice name to practice your Spanish on); Joey Davis, 145, nodded Paul Kennedy, 149.

Oh, for the life of a Matchmaker! If the fight that Babe McCoy first booked for the Los Angeles Olympic had taken place, this story would be of a championship go between Ike Williams and Art Aragon: (Ike lost his title, so, this one was off). If the substitute bout had materialized, ye scribe would be relating the results of a non-title go between James Carter and Aragon (temperament side-tracked this one). If the third match that McCoy cooked up had taken place, you would now be reading of a Carter-Mario Trigo setto (What hoppen?). If the fourth scheduled bout had gone on, this space would have been devoted to the details of a Willie Pep-Manuel Ortiz shindig (Ortiz requested additional time to get into condition).

So, there were no Williams', Aragon's, Carter's, Trigo's, Pep's or Ortiz's in the Olympic ring on this night, but, there was a show, one made up of preliminary boxers. The results:

Jimmy Dunn, 125, won a close, hard fought decision over Richard Minjares, in a six; Red Martinez, 120, iced Jimmy Espiritu, 120, in the second; Benny Black, 144, held the heavier Charlie Green, 152, to a six-round draw; Frankie Crane, 163, won by T.K.O. over Jerry Brown, 168, in five, when the latter retired, due to a hand injury; Cliff Schellin, 158, halted Johnny Manti, 158, in the third; Lou Fillippo, 138, stopped George Cramer, 140, in the fourth.

Red Martinez, a Denver southpaw, was the hit of the show. Cliff Schellin of Stockton, looked to be the most promising of the group. As usual when making up the complete show, these prelim scrappers put on a real action program. And there was considerable "color" to it, there being Red, Green, Brown and Black (please forgive it, it's this hot weather).

It took Nick Moran, 147, Mexico City, a little longer to repeat his K.O. victory over Alex Amador, 147, San Francisco, in their rematch at the San Francisco Bowl. In their first clash, Moran disposed of Amador in the eighth, in this repeater, the Mexican champ put the quietus on Alex in the ninth heat. Amador started fast and copped the first two rounds, but Moran unwrapped a right that floored Alex for a nine-count in the third.

Amador did well in the fourth and fifth, but then faded and was on the wrong end of right-hand punches for the rest of the bout. Midway in the ninth a hard right to the jaw put Alex flat on his back for the count.

In three six-rounders, Cliff Schellin, 156, Stockton, making his fifth professional start, surprised in defeating veteran Bobby Burgess, 151; Ernie Greer, 143, outpointed Frankie Carter, 143; Esau Ferdinand decisioned Sam Jordan.

If the bout had been just one minute shorter, or, if Fabela Chavez hadn't landed a low blow in the fourth, or, if the officials had used any other system of judging—Chavez would be the California featherweight champion. At the end of the 11th round of their state title bout at Hollywood Stadium, Chavez was tabbed with seven rounds, Lauro Salas only two, but, for the three reasons mentioned above, the 12-rounder ended in a draw.

Making by far his best showing since his comeback, Chavez boxed rings around Fabela most of the way. However, it is also true that Salas made one of his poorest fights, which helped to make Chavez look so good. Salas was sluggish, lacked fire and didn't seem to mind being outboxed. It was only when Chavez elected to slug with him, that Lauro became riled.

Then it happened. In the final minute of the bout Salas nailed Chavez with a right to the jaw that stunned Fabela and sent him reeling into the ropes. Salas leaped in like mad, pitching rights and lefts that kept the glassy-eyed Chavez swaying like a willow in the wind. Although not knocked off his feet, there were two "downs" against him, once when his glove touched the floor, again when he dropped to one knee, but not for a count. The crowd was hysterical, for, Chavez was practically out on his feet and it was only a question which would come first—Chavez's collapse, or the final bell. It was the bell.

Referee Johnny Indrisano and one judge voted it a draw. The other judge favored Chavez, as did the sport scribes and most of the spectators.

In supporting bouts, Tommy Harrison, 168, bested Frankie Crane, 162, six; Richard Minjares, 128, nodded Placido De La O, 133, four; Jess Morales, 122, whipped Armando Felix, 119, four; Juan Luis Campos, 128, K.O.'ed Pete Aguirre, 128, two; Paul Kennedy, 150, stopped Rocky Finnegan, 154, three.

The verdict in the Chavez-Salas bout is further proof of this writer's contention that the 11 points per round scoring as used in this state, is the bunk. In this instance, although Chavez had won seven rounds to Salas' two, with two even, Chavez was tabbed only five points ahead at the end of the 11th round. The judges had scored each of the rounds 6-5 (just as I stated they do, in this column last month), so, when two of them went over-board for Salas in that 12th round, they wiped out Chavez's five rounds lead.

Most everyone present realized that Salas' only hope of winning that fight was by a knock-out in the 12th, but, although Lauro did pound Chavez from pillar to post for a full minute, Fabela was not floored even for a one-count. Referee Johnny Indrisano gave Salas the round by 9-2, one of the judges tabbed it 8-3. Such decisions are a reflection on the judgement of the officials, and the referees, themselves, should vote for a change in the scoring of fights.

Five six-rounders between better-than-average preliminary performers made up another "talent" card at the Los Angeles Olympic, when a proposed Aragon-Del Flanagan bout fell through. And realizing that an outstanding performance might well be the meaning of a short-cut to main-eventing, the young scrappers tossed a lot of leather, but as usual, there was only a small crowd on hand to enjoy the fireworks. The public will not turn out for anything less than big-time attractions at the Olympic.

The results: Baby Face Gutierrez, 123, and Leroy Richards, 127, battled six fast and bloody rounds to a draw. Keeny Teran, 117, again disposed of Armando Felix, 119, this time in the fourth heat. Johnny Malloy, 125, beat Tommy Umeda, 124, in a bristling six-rounder. Frankie Crane, 163, stopped Tommy Harrison, 169, in the fifth frame. Don (Rocky) Robinson, 173, punched too hard for Lou Newman, 170, laying him among the daisies in the second.

When watching the boxers train these days, one realizes that Ray Arcel, one of the world's foremost trainers, knows of what he speaks. Arcel recently stated, "The trouble with the fighters today is that most of them are too lazy to train as they should. There are many youths with the necessary qualities to make great fighters, but they will not work at the trade as they should."

It is true that not half of them do road-work, or indulge in strenuous calisthenics, and they are seldom seen tugging, or tossing a medicine-ball—the four best methods to develop ruggedness and stamina. Very few of them really concentrate on perfecting defensive tactics or punching technique. And their shadow-boxing, bag-punching and rope-skipping is most always done the easy way. (End of sermon.)

Lest I Forget: Promoter Cal Eaton has offered Ezzard Charles $50,000 to meet Clarence Henry in a title fight in Los Angeles on Labor Day. Henry is a better fighter than some of the others who are mentioned as contenders, but, he is still a year or two away from being a formidable foe for Charles. A Henry-Joe Louis bout would be a toss-up and it is my guess that such a match would be a bigger attraction in Los Angeles than the title bout.

If you haven't seen Lauro Salas and would like to know what he looks like, this is it: When Salas scowls, as he often does in his bouts, he is a ringer for Jerry Lewis, the stage and screen star, when that comic puts on his worried or pouting expressions.

Two characters walked into the San Francisco jewelry store of Caesar Attell, one-time bantamweight boxer and brother of Abe Attell. One of them produced a gun and remarked, "This is a stick-up." Caeser ducked down and whipped a punch into the stick-up's stomach. The guy folded up, then both robbers ran out of the store. Attell is 70 years of age.

Los Angeles now has a centrally-located gym for the boxers, Joe LaBarba having opened the Moose Gym at Third and Spring Sts. The now three small gyms in Los Angeles take care of the boxers who used to train at the famous Main Street Gym.

Tommy O'Brien, former lightweight contender, died of a heart attack at the Sawtelle Veteran's Hospital during the month. O'Brien will be remembered as one of the hardest punching lightweights in the business. During his twelve years in the game Tommy met such good fighters as Vince Dundee, Ace Hudkins, George (K.O.) Chaney, Pinky Mitchell, Johnny Dundee, Pal Moran, Jack Bernstein, Harry Stone, et al. O'Brien was born at Waxachie, Texas, Sept. 18, 1898.

Pat Valentino, San Francisco's former heavyweight contender, has had his hair cut! And that's news! For, this was the biggest hair-cut since Sampson had his long lock's sheared by Delilah.

Wonder what has become of Ted Walker of San Jose? He is truly the forgotten man. Walker, who did much for the amateur game in the northern part of the state, also developed several good professional fighters, among them Eddie Chavez, Felix Ramirez and Louis Ortiz, all of whom are now managed by Sid Flaherty.

When Carlos Chavez quits the ring, I honestly believe that it will be with the distinction of never having fouled. In all the years that I have been watching Chavez perform, I have never once seen him resort to a foul tactic of any kind. In my opinion, that is something to be proud of.

Lou Nova, former heavyweight contender, is now a sports writer for an Encino (Calif.) paper. Lou also acts as a double for Robert Taylor.

My pick for the preliminary fighter of the month (California version) is Keeny Teran, Los Angeles' cute little Mexican bantam.

Dear Reader: If this month's column has been duller than usual, please bear with me. For, what can you expect of a guy to whom the roar of a fight crowd seems like a waterfall, and when watching a fight, all he can see 'neath that canopy of lights—are three trout? However, I trust that you will look in again next month, for the column should be much better as I will then be a free man again. As Patrick Henry might have said, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me—," I'm going fishing! —Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June St., Hollywood 38, California.

NEW ORLEANS AND THE SOUTH
By "Broadway" Johnny Cox

Joe Brown, 135, New Orleans lightweight, rated the No. 6 contender in THE RING Magazine, scored his second ten-round win over Virgil Akins, 138, St. Louis crowd pleaser.

Akins, who had won a ten-round decision over Tommy Campbell, two weeks after being defeated here by Brown was outclassed decisively by the clever and hard hitting Brown. Joe got off to an early start winning the first round. Akins copped the second. From the third round on Brown was master of the situation.

Joe made Akins miss repeatedly and countered with left hooks and vicious right crosses and uppercuts. Brown's best shots were devastating left hooks and right hands to the body which made Akins wince often. There was no dispute as to the winner.

The decision to Brown received a tremendous ovation. Two thousand, eight hundred and twenty-eight fans paid a net gate of $3,831.31.

Charley Joseph, New Orleans welterweight, was held to a six-round draw by Cyril Kelly, New Orleans, in a rousing fight. Joseph had Kelly on the floor for nine in the third heat. Andrew Brown, New Orleans, 142½, decisioned Leonard Caesar in a six. Lawrence Armistead, 122⅛, New Orleans, scored a three-round T.K.O. over Archie Fontaine, New Orleans, 129.

NEWS FROM CUBA
By Dr. J. A. Vieites

FACTS AND RUMORS: Only three pro shows were offered to Havana fans during June . . . in fact, Cuba's boxing followers, aside from Havana, no cards were held . . . the Kid Charolito-Chuck Taylor bout, the Ciro Morasen vs. Miguel Acevedo and the Diego Sosa vs. Harold Dade bout. Charolito, Morasen and Sosa emerged easily winners. . . . The fight that was almost signed and was supposed to be the biggest attraction in Cuba for many years fell off when Charolito's managers asked too much for their Kid bout against world champion Kid Gavilan. . . . Gavilan stayed here for several weeks after winning N.B.A. and New York recognition as world champion after beating Johnny Bratton in the Garden, and wanted a fight before returning to metropolitan rings to defend newly won honors against Billy Graham. . . . Jimmy King, who turned in a very good performance beating Chico Varona here, will probably be Charolito's next. . . . There's also a good possibility of a bout against Miamian Bobby Dykes. . . . Manuel Ortiz, former bantam king, will come here to meet Ciro Morasen. . . . Morasen looked like a million beating Acevedo although he gave away around ten pounds to the former Cuban title-holder. . . . Morasen will fight Harold Dade in Santiago, but if Dade can't better his stand against Sosa I'll pick the local boy to score a K.O. . . . Omelio Agramonte lost to Clarence Henry and Bob Baker during the month. . . . Gavilan, after his bouts with Fitzie Pruden and Billy Graham, will return here to fight Charolito, and every effort is made to have the bout for the world's crown, and it will be the first time that two Cubans fight for that honor, and now the results:

Havana—Kid Charolito, 147½, gained the unanimous decision over Chuck Taylor, 146½, Philadelphia, in ten.

After losing the first two rounds, Charolito stepped on the gas in the third and stormed over the invader, who was on the canvas at the end of the round. However, Taylor forced the fight in the fourth and fifth rounds, but by the end of the fifth found himself back on the boards, and this was the turning point as from the fifth on, there was only one man in the ring, and that was the Cuban welter champion. Charolito injured his right hand in the fifth, but worked like an artist with his left only and at the end of the fight Taylor was a gory mess bleeding from both eyes, mouth and nose.

Charolito never looked better and is looking again the same menacing fighter he was two years ago before his trip to U.S.A.

In the semi-final, Ray Caballero, 139, 18-year-old, fighting his first pro fight, turned in an impressive performance by winning all of the ten rounds against a capable performer, the veteran Eduardo Carrasco, 133½, Peru. Carrasco was on his bicycle for the entire fight.

The show drew a little over $2,000.

Havana—Cuban featherweight champion, Ciro Morasen, 119¾, was to defend his title against former champion Miguel Acevedo in a 12-round bout, but Acevedo couldn't make the weight, and after a one hour discussion, Acevedo weighed in at 127 pounds, and the fight was shortened to ten rounds, and non title.

Acevedo must have weighed more than that at ringside time, but to no advantage, as he received a terrific beating from Morasen who looked like a million, beating Acevedo to a pulp and winning nine out of the ten rounds.

Morasen, who always has had hand trouble, the reason why he only fought three times this year, had Acevedo groggy several times but Acevedo is a veteran who knows his business and managed to be on his feet at the end, and Morasen didn't seem to have any trouble.

In the semi-windup, Battleship Martinez, who looks exactly like Mickey Walker, but in a pocket edition, as he doesn't reach the five foot mark, swarmed all over Wilfredo Mayet, who stands 5 feet 10 inches, and won this reminder of Goliath vs. David battle.

The Battleship came in at 126, while Mayet tipped in at 132¼ pounds.

Show drew $3,114.60 at the Sports Palace.

Havana—Former world bantam champ, Harold Dade, fought in Havana for the third time. Twice before fighting bantam champion, Luis Galvani, he drew $10,000 (the first time) and more than $14,000 (in the second). This time he was supposed to meet Ciro Morasen, but again hand troubles were discovered in Ciro, so Diego Sosa came in as a last minute substitute.

Sosa, coming in at 128, won seven out of ten rounds, and gave the Chicagoan a bad beating, having him on the canvas for eight counts in the first and again in the fifth round.

Sosa forced the issue all the time, and Dade looked very bad at the end.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By JERSEY JONES

NEXT to the immediate repercussions of television on boxing's cash customers, the main problem confronting major promoters these days is the steadily declining supply of talent for video exploitation.

With fewer and fewer clubs operating on the lesser circuits, whence are the headline fighters of the future coming?

Jim Norris himself realizes that something must be done to develop "new faces," and included in the International Boxing Club's industrious schedule for 1951-52 are 32 Monday night "talent" shows to be staged in the St. Nick Arena.

But Norris and his colleagues cannot expect to do all their own cultivating here in New York. They've got to get cooperation from other centers of the nation, and Ralph Tribuani of Wilmington, Del., may have part of the answer.

Tribuani was in New York recently to check into the possibilities of a tieup with the expanding theatre-TV outlet for the I.B.C.'s promotions. Said Al:

"Wilmington is in pretty much the same predicament as many other cities and towns around the country. The televised shows from New York and the other links in the I.B.C. chain have definitely stifled boxing activity in our community. We have a mob of kids, and some mighty promising ones among them, eager to become fighters, but they aren't being given the chances they need. Promoting is too risky a gamble. The fans just won't come out for local cards when they can see the big-timers in action, either for free in their homes or for the price of a beer or two in the neighborhood taverns.

"This experiment of the I.B.C., to stop televising its shows to the general public and limit them to out-of-town theatres, where the fans will have to pay to see them, may open the way for boxing in Wilmington and other centers to get back into business again.

"Here's the idea I've been playing around with: The I.B.C. televises only its main events. We have a large auditorium in Wilmington that could be rented on the nights that important bouts are being staged by the I.B.C. I could run regular fight shows, using the local kids in four- and six-round bouts that would serve as preliminaries, and the televised fights would be the main events. In this way the fans would be getting 'double feature' programs—big-time attractions and good local shows.

"I'd charge our regular admission price, run as often as feasible, give the hometown fighters every opportunity and encouragement to develop, and, who knows, maybe we'd come up with some television material for the future."

DURING the last few rounds of the Murphy-LaMotta brawl, the white trunks worn by Bob were an unsightly mess, bespattered with gore streaming down from Jake's mangled features.

It was to minimize, if not entirely eliminate, such unpleasant touches that the New York State Athletic Commission promulgated a rule some years ago prohibiting fighters from wearing light-colored panties. It became a standard procedure for two dark pair to be used—one a deep purple, the other black with red waistband.

Apparently, rules are made to be broken—by their authors. This one was shattered by the advent of television. To make things more convenient for the video public and enable the principals to be distinguished more readily, it was decided to allow white trunks with black trimmings to be worn by one fighter and a black pair with white embellishments by the other.

Blood doesn't show on the TV screen, and if white pants become soaked in an ugly bath of crimson it's not noticeable to the video viewers. But what of the cash customers who have to sit through the gory mess? Or don't they count any more?

Which reminds us of another rule—and an utterly silly one—still enforced by the Commission. That's the edict forbidding anything but his name to appear on the back of a fighter's robe. If anything else is there, it must be covered by tape.

The original rule may have had a slight measure of justification. It was supposed to eliminate racial and religious implications. But the thing has now reached ridiculous proportions. No emblem or insignia, regardless of what it may represent, is permitted. For instance, LaMotta, revelling in the title Bronx Bull, would not be permitted to adorr his robe with a portrayal of a male bovine. A fighter may have been given a robe by clubmates or presented with one in amateur or service competition, but any reference on the robe to an organization, tournament or community is strictly taboo.

Such senseless rulings are not uncommon in the current sock market. Many of the little individual touches that once contributed to boxing's color and showmanship have been legislated out of existence in recent years.

We recall one fighter who had a habit of wearing an old baseball cap into the ring and hanging it on a post. He considered the cap his mascot, a good-luck charm. An officious deputy commissioner became quite hysterical about it one night and threatened to suspend the fighter and everybody associated with him if he did it again.

How silly can some guys get?

HIS recent passing, at 52, in a Los Angeles veterans' hospital recalled Tommy O'Brien's sensational meeting with George (K.O.) Chaney in the opening round of the lightweight eliminations held in New York in 1925 to determine a successor to the retired Benny Leonard. That was the tournament which ran for six months, with Jimmy Goodrich the eventual winner.

O'Brien, a tall, rangy sort, was a pretty fair journeyman worker. He could box and he could hit. A native of Waxahachie, Tex., Tommy had done quite a bit of roving around the map—operating for a while out of Los Angeles, then campaigning in Australia, and next using Milwaukee as his base of operations—before he drifted into New York early in 1924 to place his managerial affairs in the hands of Paddy Mullins, the genial Bowery saloon-keeper who had done so well with Mike O'Dowd, Harry Wills and other ring headliners.

O'Brien had been fighting in the East about a year, with fair success against the likes of Eddie (Kid) Wagner, Jack Bernstein, Cuddy DeMarco, Johnny Reisler, Pep O'Brien, Willie Herman and Ray Mitchell, when the lightweight tourney began.

Nominated as one of the starters, Tommy drew no bargain when Chaney was paired with him on the first card, staged in the old Garden. Though a fading veteran of 32, with more than 15 years of a busy career behind him, the stocky Baltimore southpaw still packed a murderous clout in either hand.

O'Brien had no intention of standing still for Chaney to hit. The moment the opening bell clanged, Tommy started scooting around the ring like a scared jackrabbit, with Chaney chasing after him. George caught O'Brien in the third and nailed him with a vicious right hook to the chin. Down went Tommy. He was up at nine, but that sample of Chaney's punching power only accelerated the speed in O'Brien's legs. Tommy ran faster

than ever. Chaney finally cornered him in the sixth, but as George moved in for the kill, O'Brien let fly a right in desperation. It caught the incoming Chaney flush on the chin and dropped him in a heap. The veteran managed to stagger up at nine, but he was glassy-eyed, and it was a mere formality for O'Brien to finish him.

Despite his sensational win O'Brien didn't remain around New York much longer. After taking a decision from Pal Moran, Tommy dropped out of the tourney, headed for Los Angeles again, and that, as we recall, was the last New York saw of him.

A RECENT visitor in New York was Pete Sanstol, the colorful Norwegian bantam of the late '20s and early '30s, who at one time held a strong claim to the then disputed world title.

Sanstol has been in Alaska for the last two years, directing the Civic Center in Ketchikan, and contributing a breezy chit-chat column to the local *Daily News*.

Pete sounded like a one-man Chamber of Commerce in his enthusiastic outpourings on our "Last Frontier."

"It's a wonderful country," he said, "but until recently Americans were slow to recognize the great opportunities there. It probably was because folks down here had the impression that Alaska was a desolate land of snow and ice and freezing temperatures, and the only people there were fur trappers and Eskimos. It may be all that in the north and in the mountainous interior, but you couldn't improve much on the climate along the southern coast, which is affected by a warm current crossing over from Japan. Why, it is seldom that we get it below freezing at any time during the winter, and in the summer the mercury often goes up to 80. There is plenty of fishing and farming and mining, and the cities and towns are lively and prosperous."

Sanstol was a Lew Burston importation. Lew, on one of his European junkets back in 1927, "discovered" Pete as an amateur in Norway, was impressed with the kid's possibilities, turned him pro and brought him to New York. Sanstol was only 18 at the time, and limited to six-round bouts, but he established a unique record in his first year by fighting 26 times—an average of every other week—in main events at one club, the Ridgewood Grove. Pete was a tremendous favorite there, and despite the six-round limit his appearances invariably meant sellouts.

When he became of age, Sanstol spread out his activities, and was particularly popular in Montreal. It was there, in 1931, that he was recognized by the local board as world champion after beating Archie Bell, but a few months later, in the same ring, he lost his claim when Panama Al Brown outpointed him.

WHILE scribbling a few lines recently on "John the Barber," colorful promoter and manager of four decades ago, we wondered what had happened to his son, Johnny Reisler, who rated well up with the featherweights and lightweights of the '20s.

Johnny himself supplies the answer. "Am still living in the Bronx, and for the last eight years have worked in Bloomingdale's Warehouse on Long Island," he writes. "I like the job and it keeps me busy, but I've never lost my interest in boxing, and maybe some day I'll be back in it with a fighter."

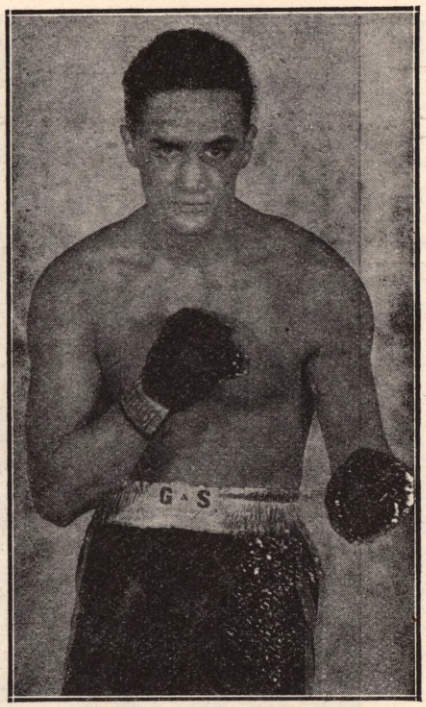
Reminiscing on his ring career, Reisler observes: "As I look back, I think I came up too fast. Maybe I would have done better if I had been satisfied to develop slowly. But I was a tough kid, with plenty of confidence, and I guess I was in too much of a hurry. After fighting only six months I met Babe Herman in a main event in the old Garden. At that, I didn't lose by much. Herman just about squeezed through with the decision, and he was one of the best featherweights in the world at the time.

"I was always a hot-headed kid. On a trip to Australia, I didn't like a couple of decisions given against me. I exploded after one fight, socked the referee, and a riot followed. The authorities ordered me out of the country on the next boat."

Reisler didn't miss many of the good 'uns during his career. Among those he met were Benny Valger, Charley Beecher, Billy DeFoe, Tommy O'Brien, Frankie Brown, Charley Pfl-kington, Joe Benjamin and Billy Wallace.

IT hardly seems twenty-five years—a quarter of a century—since Gene Tunney whipped Jack Dempsey in Philadelphia. The capricious gods of fistic destiny were in their most whimsical moods for Dempsey. They saw to it that Manassa Jack reached the championship heights on a mid-summer afternoon, with Old Sol beaming down in all his pristine glory—and when he exited they gave him a miserable rainy night in the fall for the proper setting.

It was unfortunate that Tunney, a born-and-bred New Yorker, was not given the chance to fight for the title in his own home town. But Jim Farley, then chairman of the State Athletic Commission, had decreed that Dempsey would not be permitted to defend his laurels in New York unless Harry Wills was the opponent.



Vinnie D'Andrea, promising East Side welterweight, who evened four-bout series with Phil Rizzo by winning decision on Murphy-LaMotta card.

A Dempsey-Wills match would have been a tremendous attraction at the time, but Promoter Tex Rickard was fearful of taking a chance with it. Tex wanted no part of another possible riotous aftermath that followed his Jack Johnson-Jim Jeffries venture in Reno.

To cinch a match with Dempsey in New York, Tunney offered to meet Wills in an elimination, but Paddy Mullins, Harry's manager, declined the issue. Paddy was taking no chances with Wills' rating as Dempsey's No. 1 challenger.

So Rickard paired Dempsey and Tunney, and moved the match to Philadelphia.

Farley would have welcomed the return bout the following year. Wills had been pushed out of the scene by two crushing defeats at Ebbets Field—first by Jack Sharkey, then by Paulino Uzcudun—and there was nothing to interfere with Tunney and Dempsey resuming their argument in New York. But Gene, incensed at Farley for not permitting him to fight Dempsey the first time, squared the score. He had the second bout shifted to Chicago.

The two Tunney-Dempsey extravaganzas drew a total of 225,700 customers and gross receipts of $4,554,393. In admission taxes alone, New York State was deprived of about $225,000, with possibly another $150,000 from license fees and income taxes. And there is no saying how much business was lost to New York City's hotels, restaurants, night clubs, taxies and theaters by the thousands of visitors who would have been in town for the fights.

The month's results:

The highlight of the Louis-Savold supporting card in the Garden was the complete demolition job Elkins Brothers, 189½, Newcastle, Pa., turned in on previously unbeaten Coley Wallace, 199½, Harlem, in the semi-final. Wallace, former Golden Gloves star, and winner of 11 straight—10 by knockouts—as a pro, was belted out in 1:36 of the second. Coley had no defense against Brothers' vicious left hooks and was dropped three times. Two other heavyweight brawls also were abbreviated by kayos, Odell Riley, 195½ Chicago, stopping Jack Flood, 185½, Spokane, with only one second of the first remaining, and Ray Wilding, 196, England, halting Jimmy Russo, 228, Cliffside Park, N. J., in 2:06 of the fourth. Another kayo was supplied in a light-heavy affair, Roosevelt Laboard, 168, Bronx, stowing away Eddie Vail, 166¾, West Side, in 54 seconds of round two. The only bout to go its full distance was an emergency four in which lanky Hurley Sanders, 157½, Newark, had too much reach and speed for Eddie Godbold, 160, Harlem.

Though he lost the decision in his first effort over the eight-round route, Johnny Cerky, 151½, originally of Des Moines, Iowa, now using the West Side as his base of operations, gave a fine account of himself against the more experienced Georgie Flores, 148½, East Side, in the windup number ending the Ridgewood Grove's 31st consecutive season. In another scheduled eight, Randall (Skeets) Starkey, 172½, Wallingsford, W. Va., was credited with his 24th straight win when his affair with George Roberts, 167½, Philadelphia, was halted in the fifth with Roberts still on his feet but collecting heavy punishment from the lanky West Virginian. In fours, Phil Modica, 143½, East Side, won over Eddie Rawlings, 138½, Harlem; Lulu Perez, 127, Brooklyn, was too shifty for Ernesto Fiquero, 126½, Puerto Rico; Harold Johnson, 144, Chicago, decisioned Johnny McGurk, 149, Brooklyn, and Tommy McGleven, 146, Brooklyn, finished Frank Morizio, 150, Yorkville, in 23 seconds of the first.

Much too ringwise for his opponent, Vic Cardell, 147½, Hartford, Conn., was a decisive winner over Johnny Lombardo, 150, Mount Carmel, Pa., in eight at Fort Hamilton Arena. Barring one round, the sixth, when Lombardo scored with several rights to the head, Cardell was complete boss, using both hands in a variety of combinations that had the Pennsylvanian befuddled. Lombardo was staggered in the first and seventh, and from the third on his nose bled profusely. In the semi-final, Cas Sugelski, 162½, Newark, was credited with a K.O. over Joe Jordon, 163, Brooklyn, when rips over both of Jordon's eyes prompted the referee to call a halt at 1:46 of the fifth. Rafael Laboi, 125¾, Puerto Rico, decisioned Tony Amabile, 124, Bronx, in six. In fours, Frank Keating, 160, Meriden, Conn., shaded Mac Stanford, 161½, Englewood, N. J.; Tippy Simmons, 131, Brooklyn, outpointed Joey Paniagua, 127, Bronx, and Tony D'Angelis, 136¾, Brooklyn, drew with a borough rival, Joe Worth, 138.

In a scrap that for sustained action was one of the best seen hereabouts in some time, Georgie Flores, 148½, East Side, edged out Sam Guiliani, 146, Stamford, Conn., in eight at Fort Hamilton Arena. The boys travelled at a sizzling pace throughout, with Flores more versatile two-handed milling having slightly the better of Guiliani's thumping left hooks. Sam, a converted southpaw, reconverted himself frequently during the last few rounds, but his switch tactics didn't seem to bother Flores. Jimmy Suber, 153, Brooklyn, outfought Frankie Lentine, 157, Youngstown, O., in the semi-final six. Basil Marie, 133½, Philadelphia, hustled out a decision over Jerry Russo, 131½, Newark, in another six. In fours, Junius Woods, 157½, Brooklyn, won over Lester Jackson, 162, Bronx; Tony Esperti, 191½, Brooklyn, battled on even terms with Eddie Brown, 214¾, Bronx, and the only knockout of the night was posted by Sammy Lowery, 123, Bronx, when he stopped Mike Ward, 127, Philadelphia, in 1:56 of the first.

Setting the pace for the main event, the supporting card for Murphy and LaMotta at the Yankee Stadium uncovered plenty of lusty larruping. The only bout to go its full route was a six in which Vinnie D'Andrea, 143, East Side, grabbed the decision to even-up his four-bout series with Phil Rizzo, 153¾, Brooklyn. Two quick jobs were turned in by Jimmy Wilde, 135, Bronx, who polished off Phil Nolan, 132¾, Brooklyn, with a left hook in 2:02 of the first, and Gene Takacha, 136, Trenton, N. J., who needed only 20 seconds longer to demolish Lem Harvey, 134, Harlem. In the semi-final, a wild belting brawl while it lasted, Danny Nardico, 173, Tampa, Fla., stopped Reuben Jones, 175½, Norfolk, Va., in 2:21 of the third. Badly battered and dropped for nine in the first, the Rube came back to hold his own in the second, but ran into more trouble in the third and was in tough shape on the ropes in his own corner when the referee stopped it. The real surprise of the card was supplied by youthful Julie Keene, 170½, Washington, D. C., who K.O.'ed ranking light-heavy Jimmy Slade, 172½, Bronx, in 2:29 of the sixth.

A sour decision in the main eight marred one of the best-balanced and fightingest cards of the season at Fort Hamilton Arena. Vic Cardell, 142½ Hartford, apparently was a clear winner over Walter Haines, 146½, Brooklyn, but the decision went to Haines. One judge rightfully voted for Cardell, but the other gave it to Haines, and Referee Jack Appell, after calling it even in rounds, decided for Haines in points. Haines was the sharper puncher, but he boxed too much on the defensive, and Cardell, aggressor most of the way, put together enough left hooks to the body and looping rights to the jaw to earn the decision he didn't get. In sixes, Joe Wamsley, 128½, West Side, outfought Richie Crump, 130½, Harlem, and Pete Arabella, 152½, Brooklyn, won over Mac Stanford, 156, Englewood, N. J. In fours, Al Robbins, 143, Bronx, whipped Richie Coleman, 147½, Brooklyn; Frank Keating, 157½, Meriden, Conn., edged out Dom Zimbardo, 158½, Hoboken, N. J., and Joey Paniagua, 127½, Bronx, finished ahead of Zeke Adams, 127½, Philadelphia.

Making his first start since returning from England, Cesar Brion, 194¾, Argentina, cuffed and mauled his way to a decision over Keen Simmons, 203¾, Bayonne, in a slow, uneventful eight topping the Long Beach Stadium's opening show of the season. Brion forced what little action there was, and all three officials came up with the identical 7-1 verdicts for the South American. Harold Drucker, 161½, East Side, polished off Eddie Godbold, 160, Bronx, in the third of the semi-final, listed

for six. In a quartet of fours, Al Robbins, 141½, Bronx, punched his way to a decision over Phil Modica, 146½, Brooklyn; Paul Andrews, 171, Bronx, was a winner over John Thomas Brown, Harlem; Tony Esperti, 190½, East Side, disposed of a neighborhood rival, Sid Rubenstein, by a knockout in the third, and Chester Dorris, 155, Brooklyn, stowed away Andy Baxter, 159, Bronx, in the first.

Picking up where they left off in a Garden semi-final two months before, Eddie Compo, 131, New Haven, and Pat Marcune, 130, Coney Island, stepped along for eight sizzling rounds at Fort Hamilton Arena, with Compo again the winner. Eddie's margin this time was even closer than in the first meeting. Marcune, as usual, was the aggressor most of the way, but Compo was just a bit too shifty and experienced for him. Both lads survived some rough moments, Marcune being staggered by a left hook in the third but coming back to jolt Compo with a right in the fifth. The scrap topped another fine fighting card, with the boys so evenly matched that every bout went its full route. Alex Fimbres, 126½, Phoenix, Ariz., edged out Ray Castillo, 125, Puerto Rico, in a slam-bang semi-final six. Jimmy Wilde, 134, Bronx, won over Mannie Torres, 136½, West Side, in another six. In fours, Benny Rivera, 131, Bronx, decisioned Rudy Bruno, 128½, Jersey City; Sammy Lawry, 125½, Bronx, outpointed Rafael Laboi, 124¾, Puerto Rico, and Tony Amabile, 125, Bronx, drew with Walter Zimmick, 126½, Jersey City.

Though a better boxer and sharper puncher, Georgie Kaplan, 193½, Brooklyn, fought only in flashes and permitted the veteran Gino Buonvino, 199, Italy, to bull and maul his way to the decision in the semi-final eight to the Rocky Marciano-Rex Layne affair in Madison Square Garden. A Layne stablemate, Jack Nelson, 183½, Salt Lake City, avenged a previous knockout in Chicago by systematically wearing down crude, wild-swinging Kevin Allen, 178½, Paterson, and stopping him in the fifth of a scheduled six. Charles Lester, 213, Cleveland, was awarded a not too popular decision over Keen Simmons, 201, Bayonne, in another six. In a trio of fours, Hugo Alvarez, 190½, Cuba, was a bit too experienced for Tony Esperti, 190, Bronx; Shirley Jones, 189, Harlem, was too aggressive for Art Henri, 184, Jamaica, and Jimmy DiLenge, 209, West Side, polished off Eddie Brown, 211½, Houston, Tex., in the second.

Afterthoughts . . . A check-back on the foregoing roundup of the month's activities hereabouts leaves no argument about boxing's slump in these parts. Including those staged by the I.B.C. in the Garden and the Yankee Stadium, there were only a dozen cards offered in New York during the month. In "normal" times, the average runs nearer to thirty. . . . In between the closing of the Ridgewood Grove's indoor season and the opening of the Long Beach Stadium's brief summer campaign, the only local sluggery operating on a weekly basis was the Fort Hamilton Arena. . . . If we include Meadowbrook Bowl in Newark along with Fort Hamilton and Long Beach, that gives the metropolitan area three clubs now functioning regularly. . . . Three summers ago, there were a dozen of 'em within a radius of 25 miles of Times Square, but one by one they've faded out of the scene, the casualties being Croke Park in Manhattan, Jerome Stadium in the Bronx; Coney Island Velodrome, MacArthur Stadium and Dexter Park in Brooklyn; Queensboro Arena in Long Island City, Jamaica Arena in Jamaica, Thompson Stadium in Staten Island and Twin-City Bowl in Elizabeth

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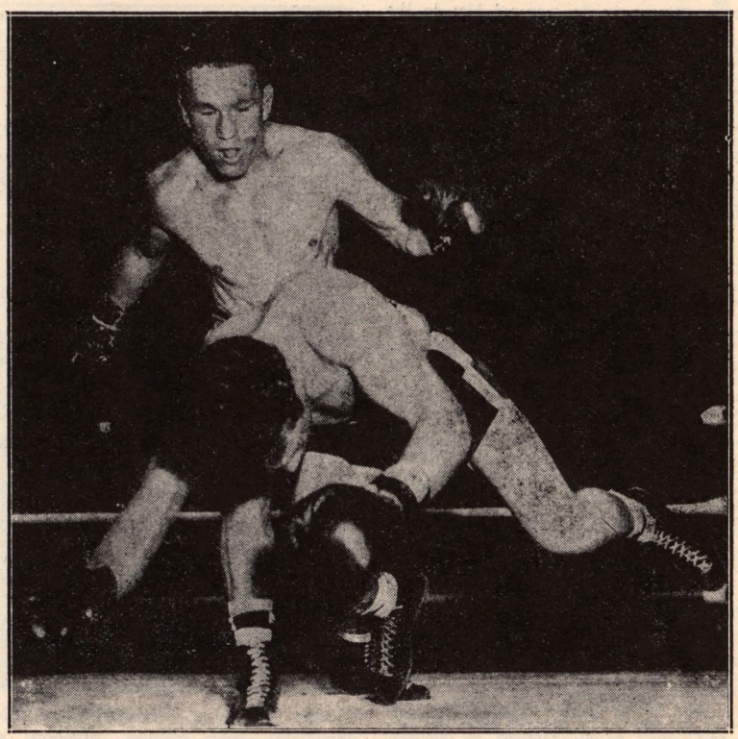
Philly's Latest Phenom . . . Despite his sensational 11-round knockout of Charley Fusari in Philadelphia, it looks as though 20-year-old Gil Turner isn't quite ready for the topline welters. The kid is loaded with natural ability—he is fast and can bang with either hand—but he's still a bit too open for a smart counter-puncher, and hasn't learned how to pace himself. He was almost as exhausted as Fusari at the finish of their Donnybrook. His win over Charley has put the young Negro in an awkward spot. He'll have to fight the good 'uns now, but lack of big-time experience may prove a tough handicap, and his managers will have to use keen judgment in picking the opposition. The kid is a sweet prospect, however, and his record of 22 straight pro wins, 20 of them by kayos, has made him a tremendous attraction in Philadelphia. The affair with Fusari drew a crowd of 14,627 and gross receipts of $60,262 to Shibe Park, for the largest non-title gate the town has known in many a year.

Note to Jim Norris . . . You have Sandy Saddler tied up with a contract that prohibits him from defending his featherweight title against anybody anywhere until he accommodates Willie Pep again. It's going on a year now since Saddler won in the third installment of the series, and there's no sign that Pep is "ready" for the next chapter. Willie keeps moving the date ahead, and the suspicion is becoming a conviction that he wants no more of Saddler. Meanwhile, Sandy, to keep active, must grab what non-title fights he can, but having run out of opponents in the United States he has to hie himself elsewhere. He has just returned from a South American jaunt. Saddler is yelling for the chance to grab himself a real hunk of cash by defending his title, and if Pep isn't willing or able to meet him, Sandy should be permitted to take on other challengers. Ray Famechon of France, who recently retained his European laurels by stopping the Italian, Alvaro Cerasini, in Milan, would welcome the chance to tangle with Saddler. So would Roy Ankarah, the African Gold Coast whizz-bang who holds the British Empire title.

Rollie Paging Rocky . . . There shouldn't be any difficulty determining Rocky Marciano's next "logical" opponent. It is Roland LaStarza, who has replaced Jake LaMotta as Bronx Citizen No. 1. . . . As we understand it, there was a mutual agreement made before the Marciano-LaStarza meeting in the Garden on March 24, 1950, that the winner would accommodate the loser in a return match, if warranted, within 90 days. Both the fight and the decision did warrant an encore date. It was a nip-and-tuck brawl and the verdict, awarded to Marciano, was of the split variety. . . . Despite the persistent efforts of Jimmy (Fats) DeAngelo, LaStarza's manager, to force the issue, Marciano and his board of directors have made no effort to live up to their end of the agreement. Those 90 days have now stretched into a year and a half. That decision represents the only defeat in LaStarza's professional record of 47 bouts, and Roly-Poly Rollie certainly is entitled to the chance to square it.

Just as we were winding up this batch of chitchat, before shoving off on a vacation, we spotted a note in Walter Winchell's column. It was a memo to sports editors and read: "Remember champ Sailor White, former Strong Man of the Navy? He's featured on 42nd Street —second billing to the Flea Circus." . . . When we return from our holiday jaunt, we'll have to check and see if it's THE Sailor White of the White Hope Era. . . . That Sailor wasn't too much of a fighter, but he was a good trial horse for up-and-coming young heavies. We remember him dropping into Gus Troxler's club in Newark one night to "test" a brilliant 17-year-old kid, Charley Weinert. Troxler staged only four-round bouts in those days—and it was lucky for White. The juvenile court could have tossed the book at Weinert for the horrible things he did to the ex-gob. White wasn't satisfied. He wanted "that damned dude" again, and was accommodated. To further rile the Sailor, "that damned dude" strutted into the ring with high hat and cane, and proceeded to give White an even worse going-over than he had done before. The Sailor was sunk in the third.



Laurent Dauthuille, French middleweight, cops a unanimous ten-round decision from Tony Janiro, of Youngstown, Ohio, at Montreal, Canada. Here we see Tony on his way to the canvas after receiving a two-handed barrage in the tenth round. He was also down in the second.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By Bill Davee

A NEW STAR is beginning to shine on the Texas fistic horizon. He is Joe Moran, a San Antonio 170-pounder, currently serving with the U. S. Air Force in the Alamo City. Moran, two-time Golden Gloves district champion, made his pro debut in May and after a pair of quick knockouts, vaulted into main events in his third pro start. He came through with a knockout over the veteran Tony Bruno, then followed up with another smashing knockout over O'Neal Crocker, Houston slugger.

Young Moran, somewhat similar to the early Joe Louis in style, is the finest looking prospect we've seen in years.

Two other promising youngsters are making rapid strides and are about ready for top bouts. They are Rudy DeHoyos, featherweight, and Billy Morgan, lightweight. DeHoyos is the larger of the popular twins from Piedras Negras, Mexico, while Morgan hails from Miami, Fla.

Results for the month:

San Antonio: Robert Martinez, 149, decisioned Howard Evans, 151, four rounds. Pat Patterson, 128, decisioned Armando Delgado, 130, four rounds. Billy Morgan, 140, kayoed Alex Cedillo, 142, three rounds. Jesus Alonzo, 210, and William Worley, 190, draw six rounds. Joe Moran, 168, kayoed Tony Bruno, 170, two rounds.

San Antonio: Joe Vasquez, 135, kayoed Pete Terrazas, 134, one round. Al Juergens, 141, kayoed Johnny Guebara, 139, four rounds. Tony Bruno, 171, decisioned Ray Jiron, 171, six rounds. Rudy De Hoyos, 134, decisioned Henry Luera, 130, six rounds. Mario Trigo, 142, decisioned Buddy Holderfield, 148, ten rounds.

San Antonio: August Bustos, 154, decisioned Charlie Miller, 152, four rounds. Rudy DeHoyos, 129, kayoed J. W. Henry, 129, six rounds. Billy Morgan, 138, and Roger Trevino, 140, draw six rounds. Jesus Alonzo, 205, decisioned Pat Viola, 195, six rounds. Joe Moran, 170, kayoed O'Neal Crocker 170, six rounds.

The writer's address: 927 Navarro St., San Antonio, Texas.

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NEW JERSEY BOXING NEWS
By Lewis Eskin

RAMBLING AROUND: The small crowds that have been going to the boxing shows at Twin City Bowl in Elizabeth have forced George Kobb to throw in the sponge after a few outdoor shows. He hopes to resume again with the indoor season.

Hal Sampson, Cliffside Park middleweight, scored a big upset when he recently knocked out Skeets Starkey, the undefeated light-heavyweight threat in one round. Hal, always a good puncher, has been an in and outer, but this win may set him on the right trail. Jersey Joe Walcott is doing his training for his fifth shot at the world's heavyweight title near Williamsport, Pa. Jersey Joe has always trained before in Jersey so he hopes that the change may turn out to be a lucky one.

Here are the results of Jersey fighters in out of state rings last month: Lee Savold was halted by Joe Louis, Don Ellis K.O.'ed Werner Kohli, Freddy Lott was K.O.'ed by Rocky Graziano, Cas Sulgaski K.O.'ed Joe Jordan, Hal Johnson beat Johnny McGurk, Jimmy Russo was stopped by Ray Wilding, Gene Tachack K.O.'ed Lem Harvey, Hurley Sanders beat Eddie Gotbold, Jerry Russo lost to Frankie Ryff, Hal Collier K.O.'ed Chuck Goldsby, Rocky Jones K.O.'ed Ted Caleman, and Hal Sampson K.O.'ed Randell (Skeets) Starkey. Keen Simmons lost to Caesar Brion.

Results for the Month: Meadowbrook Bowl, Newark, N. J.: Freddy Russo, 137½, Rahway, turned in the best fight on his comeback as he halted Dom Saia, 132½, Boston, in 1:03 of the fifth round. Freddy outboxed his taller foe easily during the first four rounds, using a left hook to the head and body. In the fifth Freddy came out for the kill and soon had Dom helpless on the ropes when Referee stopped it. Frankie Carson, 126½, Newark, outslugged Rafel LaBoy, 124½, Bronx, in a fast six-rounder. Carson was down at the bell in the fifth. Maurice Jenkins, 148½, Newark, K.O.'ed Bennie Stewart, 148, Newark, in the third. Dom Piccino, 138, Newark, beat Jack Nicholsen, 140, Passaic, in four; Dave Davey, 204½, Cliffside Park, rallied to outpoint Cesar Bolin, 194, Trenton, in six fast rounds. Bolin, an ex-amateur star, forced his bigger foe to the limit. Neil Welch, 150, Newark, outpointed Johnnie LaSane, 150½, Paterson, four.

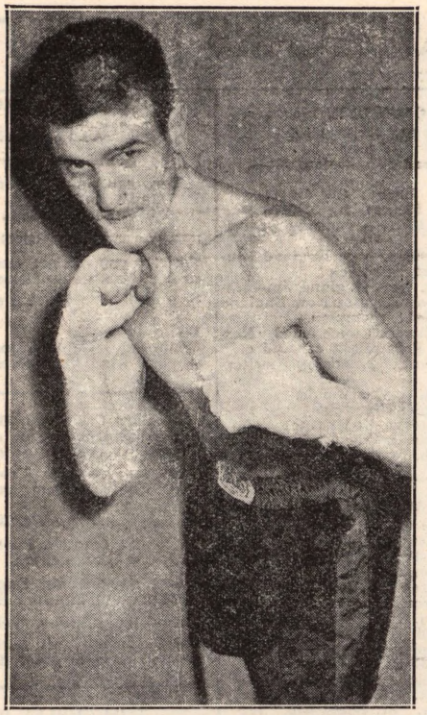
Bobby Fenty, 135, Harlem, used a long left hand to box his way to an eight-round decision over Phil Morizio, 135, Yorkville. Bobby has found a second home in Newark where he is undefeated in four fights since turning pro last year. Against Morizio, a rough two-fisted puncher, he boxed well to win six of the rounds on the Referee's card. Bobby who is only 19 looks like he will be a real headliner in another year. For Phil it was only his fifth loss in 31 fights and he is a real action fighter who was just outclassed by the wirey Fenty.

Charley Slaughter, 130, Elizabeth, spoiled the ring return of Newark's Chuck Burton, 126½, by winning a close six-rounder from him. Charley DeBow, 123, Springfield, Mass., outpointed Charley McGarrity, 124, New York City, six; Neil Welch, 151, Newark, beat Willie Fox, 150, Philadelphia, four; Manny Santos, 134, New York, defeated Ernie Rivers, 138, Montclair, four; and Mike Ward, 125, beat Bill Latney, 120, both boys were from Philadelphia.

Charlie Williams, 148, Newark, making his first start since returning from Australia, had just a little bit too much class and experience for young George Johnson, 151, Trenton, and won a close decision after eight thrill-packed rounds. After an even first round Charlie came on to sweep the next three by small margins. Johnson rallied in the fifth and sixth as he outpunched Williams and drew blood from Charlie's nose with a wicked right cross that stunned Williams. George shot his bolt and Charlie came on to win the last two rounds and the fight. It was one of the best fights in Newark in a long time. For Johnson, who lost his first fight in seven starts, he turned in a great showing against one of the better welterweights around. Joey Lupo, 145½, Lodi, came from way back to floor Arnold Curry, 141½, McKeesport, Pa., and win a close six-rounder. Punchin' Phil Saxton, 168½, Elizabeth, dropped Joe Harley, 165, Philadelphia, for a count in the fifth and went on to win in six rounds.

Mack Stamford, 160, New York City, edged Vernon Roberts, 155, New York City, 4; Jimmy Witherspoon, 126, New York, defeated Willie Orsini, 128, New York, four; Gene Carpentier, 138, Newark, K.O.'ed Hugh Selby, 141½, Westfield, two.

Willis (Red) Applegate, 207, Montclair, who used to pitch for the Newark Eagles, tossed a lot of punches at Big Johnny Haynes, 212, Los Angeles, to win a close decision at the end of eight fast rounds for a pair of big boys. Red floored Haynes for an eight count in the second and went on to hold his own the rest of the way. Haynes making a return to action after a long layoff seemed to tire in the late rounds but still looked tough enough to cause some of the younger heavies trouble. Red can give anybody a rough



Al Robbins, popular young New York welterweight, who has scored thirteen wins in sixteen pro bouts, with one draw, recently made a fine showing while defeating Phil Modica at Long Beach, L. I. An active fighter who loves the game, he is under the very capable tutelage of Jack Barrett, veteran manager, and will be seen often in New York rings against good opposition during the remainder of the summer and coming indoor season.

night as he proved to Rocky Marciano and Omeleo Agramonte in his last two fights.

Dave Davey, 204, Cliffside Park, easily outpointed Ben Miller, 203, New York City, in six rounds. Davey has looked very good in all of his bouts. Charley Slaughter, 133, Elizabeth, subbing for Jerry Russo, kept on the win trail by outpunching Tommy Dixon, 136¼, New York City, six. Fred Messini, 130½, Lodi, K.O.'ed Eugene Ortiz, 130, New York, 1:37 of the first. Paul Andrews, 170½, beat his fellow New Yorker, Lester Reed, 170, four. Ferman King, 135½, Brooklyn, came off the floor to defeat Willie Stevensen, 134, New York City, four.

Prospect of the Month: Punchin' Phil Saxton, Elizabeth light-heavyweight, who had a great record as an amateur, winning two Golden Glove titles. He is keeping up the good work since turning pro. A stiff puncher and smart boxer, Phil can go a long way in the game with the right training and his own will to win.

This writer's address is 57 Dales Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

LOUISVILLE BOXING NEWS
By Joe Martin

AROUSING amateur show entertained 1,200 fans who turned out at the opening of Louisville's newest fight arena, DeCamillis' Sports Garden at Brook and Walnut.

The crowd probably would have been much larger had the show not been called off on account of rain on Saturday night. Over 1,000 persons turned up even after the show was called off.

Six matches between a team of Great Lakes Naval Station fighters and one from Louisville highlighted the night's fisticuffs. There also were five fights between local youths.

It remained, however, for a Louisvillian to win the deciding fight. He was Carl Blair, a former Louisville Golden Gloves champ who now fights for Great Lakes. With the Navy boys leading three bouts to two, he conquered Gerthy Patrick to prevent the Louisville team from gaining a tie. That was the feature bout.

Paul Matchuny refereed all the fights except the semi-windup. Mushy Callahan, former junior lightweight champion who is on location with a movie company at Fort Knox, called that one.

The pleasing turnout and interest shown in the amateur show, which was Louisville's first ring show of any kind since the Police Benefit Show in March, may bring a repeat performance in the near future, according to some of the ringworms who helped make it possible.

Please address all boxing news and correspondence to Joe Martin, 215 N. 35th Street, Louisville 12, Ky.

CONNECTICUT RING NEWS
By Don Hamill

MERIDEN CITY HALL — Irish Jackie O'Brien, 144, Meriden, made his first hometown appearance since turning pro a winning one by stopping Mario Pacheco, 145, Puerto Rico, in the fifth round of a scheduled eight-round main event. O'Brien was winning handily when it became necessary for Referee Eddie Reed to stop the bout when Pacheco suffered a severe cut over his right eye.

Eddie Oliver, 140, promising Windsor Locks battler, erased the sting of a previous draw by taking the decision from Bobby Dalton, 140, Hartford, in the six-round semifinal. Frank Keating, 156, Wallingford, ran into difficulty but copped the duke over Max Stanford, 159, New York, in a four-rounder. In other fours: Al Maglieri, 135, Hartford, won over Jimmy Witherspoon, 134, New York, and Don Nelson, 131, Hartford, drew with Lem Harvey, 135, New York.

Thompsonville Arena—Sammy Walker, 152, Springfield, proved too strong and rough for Charley Earley, 148, San Francisco, in a ten-round feature. Walker kept Earley on the business end of his left hand all night throwing both jabs and hooks. In the fourth round Earley was shaken by a left hook that was followed by a right to the whiskers. It was not until the eighth round that Walker managed to spill Earley with a left hook to the jaw. He took an automatic eight count. Referee Jim Peters gave Walker eight of the rounds and called the remaining two even.

Jeff Dyer, 212, Springfield, continued his winning ways by taking a decision over Harold Mitchell, 193, Bayonne, N. J., in a six spot put on after the main event. Eddie Oliver, 140, Windsor Locks, repeated his win over Bobby Dalton, 139, Hartford, in another sixer. In a third six-rounder, Johnny O'Brien, 121, Boston, edged out Merrill Olmstead, 123, Springfield, in a closely contested battle. Al Maglieri, 132, Hartford, outpointed Bobby Sherrod, 130, Meriden, in the four-round curtain raiser.

Thompsonville, Mount Carmel Park—Chico Vejar, 140½, Stamford, returned to the club where he had gained most of his amateur experience under the name of Chico Avales. Vejar looked sharp in cutting Irish Jackie Wright, 139, Nashville, Tenn., down in the second round of a scheduled eight-rounder. Chico found the range in the first round with a hard left hook to the body which slowed Wright down to a walk. Wright came out full of fight in the second round but Vejar coolly measured him with left hooks. Wright was dropped twice and was in distress against the ropes before Referee Frankie O'Brien intervened.

Thompsonville Arena—Johnny O'Brien, 117, Boston, won undisputed claim to the New England bantamweight championship, by stopping Danny Falcone, 117, Manchester, Conn., in the 11th round of a twelve-round title bout. Both had previously claimed the title since Earl Roys vacated it more than two years ago. Falcone started strongly but faded in the stretch and was subjected to a bad beating in the later rounds. In the 10th round he was dropped just before the bell which rang at the six count. Falcone was unable to answer the bell for the 11th round.

HERE AND THERE AROUND THE STATE —The Meriden show was promoted by Val Callahan and Sal Giacobbe did a swell job in assembling the card. . . . O'Brien scored his 44th win in 51 pro starts. He is ably managed by Jim Higgins of Middletown, who also has Tommy Bazzano . . . By virtue of special permission from State Athletic Commissioner Frank D. Cerlanek, Louis "Kid" Kaplan and Charley Pilkington, both Meriden battlers of another era, refereed preliminary bouts on the Meriden card. Former world's featherweight champion Kaplan was until a year or so ago on the state's refereeing staff. . . . The boxing "war" between rival clubs in Thompsonville continues. The arenas are situated only a block apart so that a person sitting in the top bleacher seats can see the fights in both parks. They both run on the same night with semi-pro shows. . . . Chico Vejar, who recently graduated from Stamford High School, was accompanied to Thompsonville by his popular manager, Steve Ellis, widely known fight-caster. . . . Vejar's Thompsonville bout headed a semi-pro undercard and was a CYO benefit. . . . The new New England bantamweight champion, Johnny O'Brien, was awarded a belt in postbout ceremonies. Former featherweight champion Willie Pep and Commissioner Cerlanek combined to make the award.

IN BRITISH GUIANA
By Stan Santos

AL FERDINAND, 161½, of British Guiana, suffered a savage knockout in two mins., 50 secs. of the eighth round, by "Bull" Gilkes, 161, unofficial middleweight champ of Trinidad, on the B.G.C.C. grounds.

One of the most hectic ring battles ever staged in this colony was witnessed by thousands who soon realized after the opening round that the scheduled ten-rounder could not complete its course. The Trinidadian, though being the aggresssor and more experienced, was first to sample the canvas for a nine count in the fourth session, but after another four rounds of fierce see-saw battles Ferdinand dreamed through the fatal ten count and remained in a complete black-out for seventy-two hours after, in a local hospital.

The boarded floor of the local ring is merely covered by canvas. The Boxing Board intends to remedy this by the importation of a modern ring. It is time boxers are given some protection. A fund to aid Ferdinand pay hospital expenses is being attempted by a kind sportsman.

Supporting the main bout was another ten-rounder which went the distance. It produced an evenly contested mill full of action. A very close decision went to British Guiana's Cedric Williams, 135, over James Harper, 136¾, of Trinidad.

The two preliminaries which played their part with clever and fast fighting, saw Clevand Bagot, 121, surrender to Ivelaw Stephenson, 129, midway in the fourth stanza of a sixer. Maurice Bobb, 132½, outpointed Calvin Mitchell, 133, in another six-round classic.

This writer can be located at 117 Regent Street, Lacytown or c/—P.O. Box 172. Georgetown, British Guiana, South America.

IN AND AROUND CHICAGO
By Lenny Myers

CHICAGO boxing has gone into a slump after a busy indoor season by the International Boxing Club. However the Rainbo Arena has had several shows, and Hammond had one show.

At the State Arena, Promoter Al DeRose featured Georgie Sherman vs. Dave Green in Hammond. This scheduled ten-rounder went eight heats, with Sherman scoring a K.O. after having Green down twice in the 7th frame. Sherman is too good for the average opponent around here and can find little opposition. Green tried hard and put up a good fight until the fifth round. Then Sherman found the range and scored with inside lefts and straight rights to put his man away. He is undefeated since 1949, and that loss was a close ten-round duke to Harry (Kid) Mathews.

In the eight-round semi Ralph Schneider, Nessie Blumenthal's protege, knocked out Larry Bell, 205, Brooklyn, in the second round. Schneider hit Bell with a short right hook putting Bell away for the count. This was Schneider's third straight K.O.

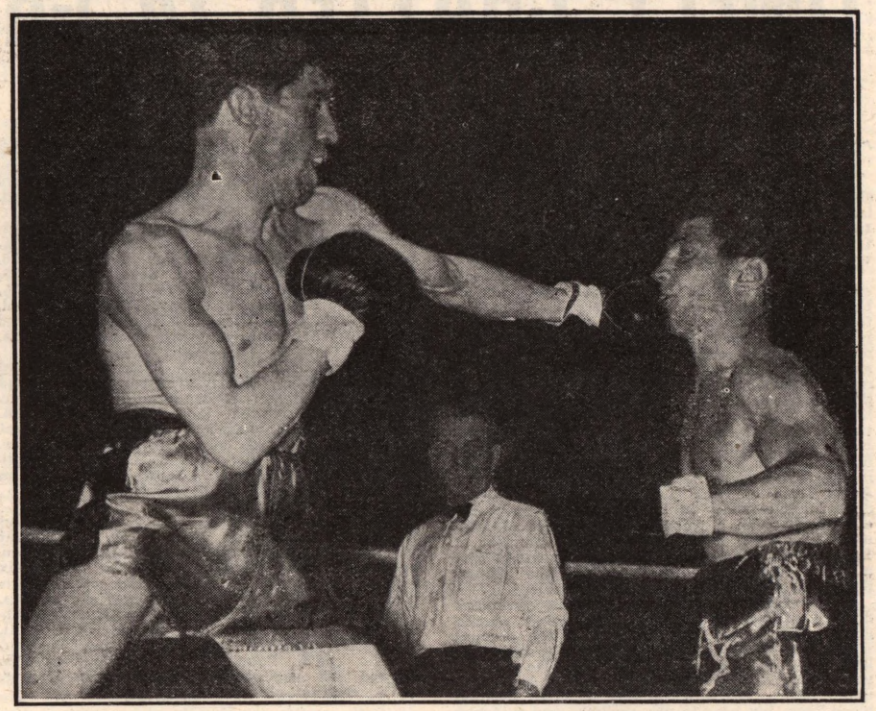
In another eight-rounder Carl Stafford, 140, South Side, scored a T.K.O. in the seventh round over Al (Pinky) Cowan, 135, South Bend. This bout was a slugfest all the way. Cowan had Stafford down for a nine count in the third heat from a left hook to the body and seemed to be on his way to an easy win. All at once Cowan caught a right to the chin and was put on the deck with the bell saving him at the end of the sixth round. In the seventh Cowan was again floored but came right up with the referee stopping the fight.

Bill Noble, 175, Omaha, won a good decision over Joe Louis Brown, 174, Chicago, in a four. The attendance was only a hand full of fans, but the show was packed full of action.

At Rainbo Arena, Promoter Bernard Glickman put on an all home talent show featuring six four-round bouts. In the feature, Johnny Brown, 149, South Side, came from behind to get the duke over Len Salvo, 140, West Side. George Berry, 139, South Side, won a close decision over Carl Stafford, 140, South Side. Milton Newman, 200, South Side, and Rocky Love, 199, Harvy, Ill., went to a good draw. . . . Bob Singleton, 140, South Bend, won over Gordon Ferrer, 139, Chicago. After being down for nine in the first heat Emmerson Butcher, 145, Davenport, was given a disputed decision over Pinky Cowan, 140, South Bend, in a slam-bang affair.

Luther Rawlings, Chicago lightweight, seems headed for the lightweight championship bout. His spectacular K.O. over Arthur Persley certainly puts the boy near the top of the heap again. He also holds wins over Tommy Campbell, Art Aragon and recently lost a split duke to Freddie Dawson.

At Rainbo Arena, Promoter Clickson pitted Emmerson Butcher, 145, Davenport, with Pinky Cowan, 140, South Bend in a five-round feature.



Terry Allen of Islington, former world flyweight king, lands a powerful left to the jaw of Vic Herman, bagpipe-playing Scot, in their bout for the British flyweight title at Leicester, England. Allen won easily. His manager, Johnny Sharpe, is now trying to arrange a return contest with Dado Marino for the world crown.

Every round saw both boys giving the fans their money's worth, but at its conclusion nothing was settled, as once again a close decision was cast, with Butcher getting the duke. One thing sure, the fans enjoyed the bout. At the end both boys were pretty well cut up and showed marks of battle.

In fours, Joe Chibe, 175, Chicago, won a clean cut decision over Joe Louis Brown, 174, South Side. . . . Bob Singleton, 140, South Bend, knocked out Cal Rogers, 134, Gary, in the fourth round. . . . Johnny Brown, 145, South Side, and Carl Stafford, 140, South Side, went to a fast draw. . . . Fred Bartuch, 148, Chicago, won a thriller from Wesley Brown, 146, South Side. . . . Oscar Seremian, 198, Waukegan, knocked out Jesse Lane, 199, Chicago, in the third heat.

Operations have ceased at the Rainbo temporarily until a big attraction can be brought in.

From the mail chute . . . To R.C. of Brooklyn, N. Y. Girls are not allowed to wrestle here at all. To Lefty Speed of Austin, Texas: The game needs more men of your calibre, good luck, and keep punchin'. . . . To Sam Aranson, of New York, zeit guzunt. To Sammy Rosenberg: Get well soon pal, we are hoping for your return.

Down Memory Lane in the boxing game: Did You Know . . . That George (Knockout) Brown fought all the best fighters in the world, including Les Darcy, Brennan, and a host of others. Brown can be seen daily at the Sherman Hotel where he is traffic boss for the Yellow Cab Company. At 62 years of age he looks like he can still go ten fast rounds. . . . Izzy Klein, veteran trainer of champions, is still hale and hearty at age 45, and is still looked upon as one of the best fight men in the world.

Remember, you can depend on getting your RING Magazine early in the month by subscribing to it. Just mail your $3.00 to THE RING, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y. See you next month.

FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.
By Jim Echols

ON a scheduled ten-rounder Little Dynamite, 129, was kayoed by Gene Smith, 123½, in the final stanza of Gabe Menendez' twice postponed outdoor show. This was one of the finest featherweight battles seen in this vicinity in many a year. It was nip and tuck up until the final round, when Gene floored Dynamite, who bounced up only to be held for the customary eight count by Referee Charlie Reynolds. Immediately thereafter he ran into a vicious left hook that stopped him in his tracks. As he started to sink to the canvas Smith unloaded a flurry of rights and lefts that crashed him to the floor.

Dynamite was removed to Garfield Hospital where he lay in a coma for over 80 hours. Diagnosis of his injuries were basal skull fracture and cerebral hemorrhage. It seems miraculous that dynamite should overcome such injuries, but he did and the entire fistic fraternity is eternally grateful.

On regaining consciousness, Dynamite's memory was very vague, but as he recuperated he got better and at the end of two weeks he was taken home to finish his convalesence period. He is well on the road to recovery and was even talking about a return to the ring. However, this is very doubtful as a six-month rest period is required as well as numerous tests and approval, unanimously, by all three commission physicians.

Little Gene Smith, Billy Edwards and several others remained in constant vigil outside of Dynamite's room until he came around, and local newspapers and radio stations were continually besieged for reports on his condition.

As for padding under the canvas, Inspector Buck Howard and myself made a pre-fight check and it met all requirements of the D.C. Commission. The entire card as usual was excellent with over 8,000 fans in attendance but a damper, naturally, was hanging over the crowd when Dynamite was removed from ringside via stretcher. Dynamite's purse was reported to be near $3,000, and with this and proceeds from the show being planned for his benefit it is hoped that he'll make the down payment on a home and give up thoughts of fighting again. A gallant fighter, he is a credit to boxing.

The Dr. Leon S. Gordon Amateur Boxing Club would like to schedule matches with amateur teams on the Atlantic seaboard area. All weights are available and all athletes are registered with the D.C. body of the Amateur Athletic Union.

Clubs interested in meeting the Gordon boys should contact Gil Stringer, 1021 4th St., S.W., Washington, D. C. MEtropolitan 2867 or 1302 5th St., N.E. Washington, D. C., Lincoln 3-9845.

The Dr. Leon S. Gordon Amateur Boxing Club, named for one of D.C.'s finest physicians and boxing enthusiasts, has completed its first year in boxing and has been making great strides.

Richmond: Holly Mims, 160, of Washington, D. C., was extended for the first time in four bouts, when he won a unanimous ten-round decision over Otis Graham, 161¾, in a rugged contest. In three previous wins Holly quickly ended them via three one-round kayos.

Golden Glover, George Cole, planning to marry real soon.

New York City: Julian Keene, 170½, scored a T.K.O. win over Jimmy Slade, 172½, New York, in 2:29 of the sixth and final round of his bout on the Murphy-LaMotta card. Another local lad, Clarence Hinnant, 158, won a four-rounder when he gained the nod over Alhor Warner, 155¾, Syracuse, Ill., on the same card.

Two D.C. battlers are now fighting out of New York, Connie Wilkins and Clarence Hinnant. . . . Billy Hickerson won a four-rounder in Richmond, Va., over Jimmy Turner.

TIMELY CHATTER *in* GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

THE big news here, of course, is Randolph Turpin's sensational victory over Ray Robinson for the world middleweight championship. It's the "biggest" thing to happen to British boxing in a generation—even more important, psychologically, than was Freddie Mills' triumph over Gus Lesnevich for the light-heavyweight laurels in 1948.

Mills' performance was not entirely unexpected. Freddie was conceded an even-up chance of beating the American veteran. But Turpin's victory was something else again. Randy was supposed to be up against an "impossible" assignment. His opponent, Robinson, had been lauded as the greatest fighter of the generation—a master boxer, deadly sharpshooter, brilliant ring general. He had left a trail of desolation behind him in two campaigns on the European continent. British fans were being given a royal treat just seeing him in action. Fine young fighter though he was, Turpin didn't figure to be in the same class with the great Sugar Ray. Aside from his own immediate menage, it is doubtful if anybody in Britain conceded 23-year-old Randy even a faint outside chance of winning. The main hope was that the youngest of Leamington's three fighting brothers would give a good account of himself against the "super-fighter" before bowing to the inevitable.

Randy far exceeded even the most optimistic dreams of his well-wishers. He didn't merely give a "good account" of himself. His account was a GREAT one. He did not seem to be in the least awed by Robinson's reputation. He was the aggressor from the start, opened a deep gash under Ray's left eye in the seventh, brought blood from his nose in the twelfth, and had him on the verge of a knockout in the fourteenth. When the final bell rang in the fifteenth, there was no doubt about the winner. It was a mere formality for Referee Eugene Henderson to raise Randy's hand.

Turpin's victory not only was the greatest achievement of a British boxer in many a long year, but it established several marks in ring history. For one thing, Robinson drew down the largest purse of his career, a guarantee of $84,000, and Turpin, collecting $24,000, also drew his biggest payday. Randy's victory also gave England her first native-born world middleweight champion since Bob Fitzsimmons knocked out Jack (Nonpareil) Dempsey in New Orleans back in 1891. Promoter Jack Solomons registered another outstanding triumph. The match played to a complete sellout of some 18,000 in Earl's Court Arena, and the gross receipts amounted to approximately $224,000. Turpin and Robinson both scaled well inside the middleweight limit, Randy coming in at 158¾ to Ray's 154½.

In the main supporting bout, Dave Sands, 164, Australian holder of the British Empire middleweight title, and one of Turpin's leading challengers for the world championship, whipped the American, Mel Brown, 164½, St. Paul, in ten rounds. In another match, a Robinson sparmate, Danny Womber, 147, Chicago, stopped Alf Danahar, 149½, London, in the fourth round of a scheduled eight.

Laurie Buxton, Watford, scored an exciting first round kayo over Gordon Goodman, Christchurch, in their final eliminator for the Southern Area lightweight championship at Brighton. Buxton allowed Goodman no time to settle down, but tore in immediately, punishing his opponent heavily before applying the finishing blow.

Jackie Turpin, Leamington, stopped Billy Daniels, Bow, in the last of an eight-rounder, when Daniels received a bad cut over his eye. Tony Brazil, Brighton, outpointed Johnny Hudson, Covent Garden, over eight rounds.

Albert Finch, Croydon, stopped Dave Williams, Barry, in the fifth of a ten-rounder at Cardiff. Eddie Williams, Tredegar, stopped Jack Badland, Blaenavon, in the fifth. Selwyn Evans, Newbridge, won over Stan Parkes, Birmingham, who was disqualified in the fourth. Ken Rowlands, Luton won from Koffie Kiteman, Gold Coast, who was disqualified in the third.

Dennis Sayle, Northwich, outpointed Sid Charles, Bolton, over eight fast rounds at Morecambe. Brian Carr, Burnley, scored a six-round points win over Frank Fallon, Ashton-in-Makerfield. Roy Evans, Lancaster, outpointed Derek Skelding, Warrington, over four rounds.

Ron Crookes, Sheffield, outscored Ron Cooper, South Wales, over ten rounds at the Stadium, Liverpool. George Armstrong, Canada, knocked out Ken Gordon, Sowerby Bridge, in the third. Eric Billington, Golbourne, outpointed Len Ashworth, Burnley, over eight rounds. Jimmy Longton, Chorley, won from Billy Ellaway, Liverpool, when the latter was disqualified in the third.

Teddy Gardner, 112¾, West Hartlepool, maintained his unbeaten flyweight record when outpointing Joe Murphy, 112¾, Glasgow, over ten fast and furious rounds at West Hartlepool. Joe Corcoran, 147¾, Huddersfield, outpointed Roy Johnson, 147¾, Liverpool, over eight rounds. Dave Brandon, 148¼, Langley Park, stopped George Frost, 147¾, Mexborough, in the third.

Tommy Meli, 158½, Belfast, won an eight-round points decision from Gene Szczap, 161¾, Brighton, at Preston. Teddy Peckham, 126, Bournemouth, knocked out Zeke Brown, 129, Jamaica, in the fourth. Terry McDonald, 190½, Cudworth, stopped Peter Day, 176½, Liverpool, in the fifth. Colin Clough, Blackpool, outpointed Frankie Warburton, Chorley, over six rounds.

Bruce Crawford, 167½, Thornaby, knocked out Gerry Nolan, 161½, Liverpool, in the second of an eight-rounder at Sunderland. Steve Slater, Chopwell, outpointed Bob Conway, Stockton, over six rounds. Laurie Morrow, 120¾, West Hartlepool, was too smart for Joe Lancaster, 122½, Rochdale, notching a six-round points win. George Henderson, Chopwell, stopped Ken Hornaby, Rochdale, in the second.

Gene Caffrey, 131, Scotland, outscored Dai Davies, 131, Skewen, over eight rounds at Weston-Super-Mare. Mervyn Hughes, Doncaster, outpointed Bert Sinclair, Jamaica, over six rounds. Brian Smith, Gloucester, and Chris Charles, Covent Garden, drew over six rounds. Ken Wyatt, Minehead, knocked out Harry Painter, Andover, in the first round. Billy Hall, Gloucester, stopped Ron Kensington, Tooting, in the third. Peter Fay, 122, Bournemouth, showed his superiority over Ronnie Draper, 126½ Southampton, over eight rounds.

Ron Johnson, 118, Bethnal Green, scored a ten-round points win over Jimmy Cardew, 118, Holloway, in a final eliminator for the Southern Area bantamweight championship at Mile End Arena. Jimmy Redgwell, 162¼, Woodwich, stopped Ken Richardson, 164½, Retford, in the seventh. Johnny Fish, 146, Harlow, outpointed Bert Middleton, 148, Kettering, over six rounds. Ron King, 151½, Walworth, won from Steve Brimah, 149, Gold Coast, after six rounds. Ken Bebbington, West Ham, knocked out Stan Perkins, West Ham, in the first.

Tommy Bailey, 126, Liverpool, came through with a good win when he knocked out Bert Jackson, 126, Fleetwood, in the eighth of a scheduled ten-rounder at the Stadium, Liverpool. Billy Ashcroft, 125, Wigan, knocked out Jimmy Hull, 126, St. Helens, in the first. Bobby Mason, 126½, Liverpool, outpointed Tommy Higgins, 128, Hanley, over eight rounds. Billy Connolly, 131, Liverpool, stopped Bert Donaldson, 131, Birmingham, in the third.

Terry Ratcliffe, 147½, Bristol, maintained his unbeaten certificate with an eight-round points win over Gilbert Ussin, 144½, Belgium, at Bristol. Vic Phayer, 175½, Woolwich, knocked out Jock Taylor, 177, Sidcup, in the first. Danny Hurley, 133½, Morden, stopped Les Haycox, 133½, Worcester, in the second. Gordon Hazell, 161, Bristol, outpointed Bos Murphy, 161½, New Zealand, over eight rounds.

Albert Finch, 174½, Croydon, stopped Bill Woods, 175½, South Africa, in the fifth of a scheduled ten-rounder at Selhurst Park. Henry Carpenter, 114, Peckham, knocked out Kalla Persson, 113½, South Africa, in the second. Ron Pudney, 161, Croydon, drew with Henry Hall, 163, Sheffield, over eight rounds. Johnny Lewis, 140, Blackfriars, stopped Billy Jones, 140, Bow in the second. Johnny Jackson, 150¼, Earlsfield, stopped Al Jones, 145¼, Battersea, in the first. Wally Beckett, 161¾, Carshalton, stopped Bert Sanders, 160, Kilburn, in the fifth. Dai Davies, 127½, Wales, stopped Jackie Turpin, 126¼, Leamington, in the fourth of an eight-rounder.

Billy Ambrose, 149½, Stepney, seemed lucky when the referee disqualified Jeff Tite, 147½, Spratton, in the seventh of an eight-rounder for an alleged low blow at the Mile End Arena. Sammy McCarthy, 128¼, Stepney, knocked out Jack Leonard, 128, Islington, in the third. Jimmy Jennings 114, Clapton, stopped Norman Watts, 110½, Walworth, in the third. Billy Coulter, 155½, West Ham, knocked out Teddy Searle, 150½ Hackney, in the second. Ken Tisor, Luton, outpointed Tom Willoughby, Croydon, over six rounds. Eddie Clancy, 158½, Ireland outscored Andy Oliver, 160, Fulham, over six rounds.

Oh, well, let's just forget about Jack Gardner, 206½. Britain's heavyweight king, ever being champion of the world—for quite a while at least—for in being outpointed by Argentina's Cesar Brion, 192¾, over ten rounds at Jack Solomons' festival show at White City Stadium, he revealed so many glaring deficiencies that, if Brion had had any kind of a punch at all, he would have knocked out the burly ex-Guardsman.

The packed arena saw Gardner adopt a fumbling opposition to his much lighter opponent, and he soon ran into trouble when a head-on collision in the third round produced a nasty cut under his right eye and a gash above Brion's left eye. Brion played mercilessly upon Gardner's damaged eye, and the blood flowed freely from this cut and another which was soon opened above his left eye. Gardner made absolutely no use of his superior height and weight; indeed, he left it to Brion to dictate the way the fight would go, and although Brion knew he had been in a battle, there was absolutely no hesitation in Referee Sam Russell's awarding him his richly deserved points win.

British light-heavyweight champion Don Cockell, 178¾, of Battersea, boxed coolly and cleverly against the tough American ex-Marine, Nick Barone, 173¾, who seemed able to absorb all of Cockell's heavy punching until a beautiful right-hand punch from Cockell floored the American lad for the full count in the sixth round.

Randolph Turpin, 160, British middleweight champion, was not at the height of his form, taking seven rounds to dispose of Jackie Keough, 156, U.S.A., and even then, not being able to kayo the tough young Cleveland fighter. The referee called a halt after Keough had taken several long counts.

Johnny Williams, 191¾, Rugby, showed marked improvement when he scored a six-round technical knockout over the ex-European heavyweight champion, Joe Weidin, 213, of Austria. The first five rounds were of rather a rough-and-tumble description, with Weidin trying hard to land his swings, and Williams boxing beautifully, evading them. The sixth round, however, was a different story, with Williams suddenly stopping his back-pedaling and unleashing a terrific right hook which put Weidin down flat on his back. He arose in a bad way, and was floored three times more before Referee Fred Blakeborough called it a day.

The biggest shock of the evening, however, was the unexpected defeat of Terry Ratcliffe, 147½, Bristol, who has been so highly touted as a championship prospect. Ratcliffe's opponent was 24-year-old Bob Frost, 147¾, West Ham, who was unawed by Ratcliffe's unbeaten certificate in 17 professional contests, and his fine record which carries a high percentage of kayo wins, and proceeded to prove to the members of the sporting fraternity who had made him a 6 to 1 underdog that they were wrong.

The first surprise came at the end of the first round when Frost unleashed a vicious right cross that put Ratcliffe down for a count, but the bell came to his aid. The second and third rounds saw Ratcliffe attacking with Frost counter-punching well and notching a slight points lead. It was in the fourth, however, that the large crowd saw the favorite come unstuck, for Frost let another right cross go, and Ratcliffe went with it for a count of eight . . . another right when the Bristolian arose put him down again, this time for the full count.

Algar Smith, 144¾ Stoke Newington, met his first professional defeat at the hands of South Africa's Duggie du Preez, 144¾, who boxed and fought his way to an eight-round clear points win

Frank Raven, Coventry, outscored Brian Anders, Brighton, over six rounds.

Freddie King, Walthamstow, outpointed Charlie Tucker, Camberwell, over six rounds in a very effective curtain-raiser.

Allen Tanner, 135½, British Guiana, stopped Freddie Smith 136, Sheffield, in the ninth of a ten-rounder at the Stadium, Liverpool. Stan Skinkiss, 130, Manchester, knocked out Don Francis, 133, Liverpool, in the fourth. Dick Ashcroft, 137, Manchester, knocked out Jackie Robinson, 135, Widnes, in the first. Wilf Glyn, 161, St. Helens, knocked out Brian Carr, 178, Burnley, in the third.

Ronnie Clayton, 128, British featherweight champion, won over Guido Ferracin, 127¾, Italy, in the fourth of a scheduled ten-rounder at Belle Vue, Manchester. The contest ended in a surprising fashion when Ferracin, after being warned for a low punch, threw a fit of temperament walked to his corner and refused to continue with the contest. The referee was forced to disqualify the Italian boy for retiring without just cause. Frank Bell, 204, Barnoldswick, knocked out Emile Bentz, 192, France, in the second. Johnny McGowan, 175, Wakefield, stopped Jimmy Carroll, 174¼, Stockport, in the seventh to win the Northern Area light-heavyweight title. Teddy Peckham, 125¾, Bournemouth, stopped Tony Lombard, 128, South Africa, in the tenth. Len Brown, 188½, Harrow, outpointed Alex Roman, 197, Salford, over six rounds. Billy Elliot, 135, Glasgow, won from Billy Shaw, 134½, Manchester, when the latter was disqualified in the second.

Billy Exley, 148, Newcastle, outpointed Terry Kelly, 147½, Manchester, over eight rounds at the Arena. Ryhope. Lawrie Davies, Newcastle, knocked out Jack Minnican, Chopwell, in the

second. Jimmy Storey, Aycliffe, outpointed Joe Elliott, Sunderland, over six rounds. Les Berry, Barnsley, knocked out Jimmy Charlton, Ryhope, in the third. George Henderson, Chopwell, outpointed Roy Bluett, Darlington, over four rounds.

Rees Moore 145, Luton, outpointed Johnny Cross, 138, Bolton, over eight rounds at Carlisle. Jimmy Brogden, Manchester, outpointed Ron Price, Grantham, over eight rounds. Bob Rhodes, Preston, knocked out Eddie Parsons, Elmshall, in the first. Gordon Riding, Lancaster, knocked out Taffy Williams, Wales, in the third. Ray Anderson, Workington, and Roy Evan, Lancaster, drew over four rounds.

Reg Spring, 176½, Southall, outpointed Johnny Barton, 173½ Lancaster, over eight rounds at Preston. Ronnie Riley, 161½, Preston, outscored British Honduras Billy Middleton, 162¾, over eight. Jimmy Gregory, Atherton, was too clever for Emrys Jones, Four Crosses, over the six-round route while Tommy Robinson, Preston, notched a points win over Bobby Horn, Manchester, over a similar distance. Billy Ashcroft, Wigan, won from Cliff Spinks, Leigh, over four rounds.

Steve Walsh, Liverpool, won a ten-round points decision from Jim Dwyer, Glasgow, at the Stadium, Liverpool. Jimmy Longton, Chorley, outpointed Billy Ellaway, Liverpool, over eight rounds. Colin Clough, Blackpool, outscored Roy Thomas, Liverpool, over six rounds.

Former world and European flyweight champion Terry Allen, 111¾ Islington, took a long stride on the road back to world honors when he easily outpointed Vic Herman, 111¾, and won the vacant British flyweight title over 15 fast and furious rounds at Leicester.

Allen, boxing at the top of his form, was far superior to the Scot and indeed it was rather like watching a master and his pupil, as Allen notched point after point and won 13 out of 15 rounds

Herman tried very hard but was never able to come anywhere near catching Allen with one of his highly-toured sleep-producing punches, for the wily Londoner had the answer to every move that Herman made.

Dennis Powell 174¾. Four Crosses, won an eight-round points decision from Victor D'Haes, 174¾, Belgium Johnny McGowan, 174¼, Leeds, outpointed Garnett Denny, 176½, Ireland, over eight rounds Johnny Carrington, 136¾, Nottingham outscored Willie Croke, 137½, Leamington, over six rounds. Emile Delmine, Belgium, and Jeff Tite, Spratton, put up a terrific ten-round setto with the duke going to the Belgian. "Baby" Day, 160, U.S.A., won over Duggie Millier, 161¾, South Africa, over the eight-round course.

Joe Lucy, 135, Mile End, a hard-hitting southpaw, stopped Stan Parkes, 137, Birmingham, in the sixth of a ten-rounder at Mile End Arena. Jimmy Davis, 162, Bethnal Green, outpointed Michael Stack, 159½, Leamington, over eight rounds. George Happe, 146 Bethnal Green, won from Johnny Burns, 143 West Ham, over six rounds Ernie Fossey, 139 Islington, stopped Ernie Babbick, 142½, Czechoslovakia, in the second. Ken Bebbington, 146, West Ham, stopped Ken Tisor, 142, Luton, in the fifth. Lew Lazar, 147, Aldgate, outpointed Freddie Bird, 148, Bow, over six rounds.

Roy Baird, 145, Birmingham, stopped Johnny Cross, 140, Horwich, in the fourth of a ten-rounder at Sunderland. Alf O'Niell, Chopwell, outpointed Joe Elliott, Sunderland, over six rounds. Jimmy Ford, New Brancepeth, outpointed Ken Maynard, Stalybridge over six rounds. Dave Banks, Hexham, knocked out George Wilson, West Hartlepool, in the first.

Charles Humez, France, won the European welterweight championship at Portheawl when he administered a 15-round shellacking to the British and Empire welterweight champ, Eddie Thomas, Wales.

Humez, one of the hardest-hitting welterweights in the world, made the going too rough for the easy-going Thomas, hitting him almost at will, and it says much for the Welshman's gameness that he took all that Humez could deliver and indeed fought back in the last four rounds, but in the manner of Canute with the tide, could do little against the rugged Frenchman, who was an easy winner.

Dennis Sewell, Treharris, outpointed Bert Donaldson Birmingham over six rounds. Gerald Dreyer South Africa, stopped Selwyn Evans, Newbridge, in the sixth. Eddie Vann, Shoeburyeness, stopped Prosper Beck, Belgium, in the fourth.

Ken Rowlands Maestag, knocked out Billy Carrell Doncaster in the ninth of a scheduled ten-round affair at the Stadium, Liverpool. Bobby Mason Liverpool, outpointed Brian Jelly, Manchester, over eight. Tommy Barnabas, Holywell, stopped Paddy Gordon, Manchester, in the first.

Referee Jack Hart declared "no contest" in the third of a scheduled eight-rounder between Richard Armagh, West Africa, and Bos Murphy, New Zealand, when he decided that both men were not giving their best. The bout was at Brighton.

Tony McTigue, Wigan, won from Johnny Hazell, Jamaica, when the latter was disqualified in the fifth. Mat Thomas, Colsterworth, stopped Eddie Phillips, Birmingham, in the sixth. Wally Curtis, Swindon, outpointed Dennis Lockton, Manchester over six rounds.

Terry Cullen, Shotton, knocked out Billy Exley, Newcastle, in the seventh of a ten-rounder at the Ryhope Arena. Jim Storey, Darlington, knocked out Gerry Hames, Nottingham, in the second. Laurie Davies Newcastle, outpointed Mickie Campbell, Nottingham over six rounds. Dave Slade, Sunderland, stopped Joe Henderson, Newcastle, in the third. Dennis Fewkes, Nottingham, outpointed Mike Casey, Sunderland, over six rounds.

Jack Farclough, Preston, stopped Mickey McKay, Australia, in the fifth at Preston. Johnny Black, Preston, outpointed Sid Charles, Bolton over eight rounds. Jimmy Gregory, Atherton, and Derek Smith, Manchester, drew over six rounds. Brian Coxhead, Preston, knocked out Jackie Duncan, Bolton, in the second. Wally Barton, Bolton, stopped Colin Booth, Manchester, in the first.

Jack Mason, Bournemouth, and Bernie Morton, Ipswich, drew over six rounds at Weymouth. Al Gunning, Trinidad, knocked out Mike Hughes, Netheravon, in the second. Ron Kensington, London, outscored Jimmy Miller, Plymouth, over six rounds. Tony Brazil, Brighton, stopped Roy Coote, Falmouth, in the fifth. Harry Legge, Bournemouth, outpointed Tony Penpraze, Plymouth, over eight rounds.

Jackie Turpin Leamington, and Jackie Summerville, Greenwich, drew over eight rounds at Weston-Super-Mare. Ron Crogan, Paddington, outpointed Ron Cooper, Pyle, over eight rounds. Mickie Sullivan Weston, outpointed Johnny Board, Taunton over six rounds. Ken Wyatt, Minehead, outpointed Ron Rainer, Tottenham, over six rounds, while Vince Wallace Putney, won a points win over Andy Oliver, Fulham, over six rounds. Hugh O'Donnell, Herne Bay, outscored Brian Smith, Gloucester, after six rounds.

Ron Johnson, Bethnal Green, stopped Jackie Sutton, Wales, in the seventh of an eight-rounder at the Mile End Arena. Sammy McCarthy, Stepney, stopped Peter Morrison, Hull, in the third. Ron King, Walworth, outpointed Pete Davis, Slough, over six. Eddie Clancy, Brockley, stopped Tommy Walker, Kingston, in the fourth. Jackie Williams, West Ham, stopped George Goodsell, Cambridge, in the first round.

REPORT FROM THE PHILIPPINES

By Felipe J. C. Galang

MANUEL ORTIZ, former bantamweight champion of the world, won the featherweight championship of the Orient when he knocked out Bonnie Espinosa, title holder, in the eighth round of their ten-round main event of Promoter Victor Antonio's show for the benefit of the Peace Fund Drive Commission. Bonnie was leading by a wide margin when, in the fatal eighth, the American battered Bonnie's mid-section and took the steam out of the Filipino champion.

A left and a right to the chin sent the Filipino fighter to the floor and he was counted out. From the first until the eighth, Bonnie was pounding Ortiz with lefts and rights to the face but the American kept chasing the Filipino around the ring. Ortiz proved no match for his rival at long range, but in the sixth, Bonnie was exhausted from his back-pedaling as he had been the target of Ortiz's body punches. Ortiz was found the master of the Filipino in close fighting with his short, jolting lefts and rights that weakened the champion. Bonnie weighed 126 pounds to Ortiz's 125 pounds.

Speedy Cabanela, veteran Filipino fighter, is again in the limelight. He T.K.O.'ed Peter (Killer) Babia in the sixth round of their ten-round supporting main event. Cabanela, who tipped the scales at 129 to Babia's 133 proved to be the Killer's master from the first round until the sixth when Babia's second threw in the towel in token of surrender. Babia received two cuts over his eyes. Babia insisted on continuing the fight, but the commission physician advised him to accept his defeat as he was badly handicapped with his cuts, which were received in the first round.

Leo Espinosa, 118 Bonnie's kid brother, badly outpointed veteran Gon Ladrazo, 115, in ten rounds. Leo proved too fast and elusive for the slow-moving Ladrazo Eddie Tolentino, 119, of the Central Bank, outpointed Adamson Boy, 120, in four rounds Poyas Boy, 114, was knocked out in the fourth round by Benny Escobar 121. Baby Pingol, 114, won over Berry Jurnani, 112, in four. Bravo Jr., 104, of Manila Hotel, outpunched Rudy Alcantara, 104, in the opening curtain-raiser.

Tommy Lerma, 130, of Caloocan, Rizal, won over Dominio Boy, 130, of Pampanga, in their six-round main event at Grace Park Club under the promotion of Faustino Gonzales. Tommy is recognized as one of the heaviest sluggers among the lightweights. Both boys received a big hand.

Baby Mortel, 112, outpointed C. Silva, the rugged fighter from Tarlac, in another six-rounder. Terrible Garcia, 118, and Arce Santos, 118, drew in four. Angeles Alberto, 114, of Juanito Cruz's stable, badly outpointed Young Rosenberg, 114, of Malabon, in four. Tenejero Boy, 117, of Caloocan, Rizal, lost to Hospy Salatan in four. Young Narcing, 114, of Blumentritt, Manila won over Dan Alvarado, 114, in the curtain-raiser.

Star Nabua, former flyweight champion of the Philippines, badly outpointed Roy Sarmiento, 114, former flyweight champion of Guam and Marianas, in their eight-round encounter at the Balatan Square Garden at Sto. Domingo, Nabua, Camarines Sur of Promoter Orlando Alvarez for the benefit of the Nabua Police Peace and Order Fund. Tiger Destura, 128, of Legaspi City chilled Strong Layones in the third round of their six-round semi-windup. Kid Gobaton was kayoed in the second round by Battling Bagacay of Calabanga, Camarines Sur.

Star Naven, one of the leading contenders for the featherweight championship of the Orient, outpointed Rush Matagbac, Bicol featherweight champion, in eight rounds of Promoter Orlando Alvarez's card at Balatan Square Garden. Star Matnog and Strong Layones fought on even terms after their six-round mix-up.

Rush Matagbac knocked out Little Mercado in the second round of the scheduled eight-round main event of Promoter Orlando Alvarez's fistic card at Del Gallego Social Hall for the benefit of the Naga Fire Department. Strong Layones kayoed Baby Genio of Cabanatuan in the third round. Sammy Olleres, 127, was knocked out in the fourth round by Black Panther, 126, of Central Rivera Town. Terry Mindanao, 110, and Joe Gualbert, 111, of Libmanan, fought to a draw in four. Star Nicol outboxed Battling Bagacay of Calabanga in four. Star Celes 114, of Ligmanan, lost to Junior Nicol, 110, of Ligao, in four. Baby Bagacay, 126, of Tinambac, kayoed Flashy Tormes of Nabua in the second round of the four-round curtain-raiser.

Speedy Reyes, 123, of Marikina, won a very unpopular decision over Poyas Boy, 118, of Bacolod, at Odiongan Stadium for the benefit of the Police Fund. Poyas was leading by a slight margin but everyone was surprised when one of the judges and the referee voted in favor of Reyes. Tenejeros Boy won by a T.K.O. over Cunning Andy in the fifth round. Rush Dalming kayoed Rush Fe in the second round. Young Condez, 119, of Lemon, was stopped in the third round by Kid Guce, 120, of Looc. Little Guce, 108, of Looc, won by a T.K.O. over Rusah Paeng, 108, of Bagajoz, in the second.

Star Bringuela, 142, former lightweight champion of the Philippines, won over Johnny Cinto, 145, of Domingo Calapatia, for the Pasay City Police Force at the Pasay City Cockpit. It was a ten-round exhibition of toughness as the boys mixed it up from the start. The star baby landed the cleaner punches that convinced the two judges to award the decision in favor of Bringuela. Naby Mortel, 118, stopped Little Armstrong, 118, in the second round. Angeles Alberto, 114, kayoed Baby Pingol, 119, of Pampanga, in the second round. Poyas Boy stopped F. Ambalada in the third. Rod Hererra, 110, outpointed Dicky Corra, 114, of Pasay, in four. Little Mendiola outscored Bravo Jr. in the opening.

Milton Ross, 135, fast-slugging G.I. fighter, decisioned Cebu's Battling Lino in a bloody ten-round main event at the Olympic Stadium. Ross, who was the 7-5 favorite, made good the odds from the start when, in spite of a bleeding nose and broken lips, he succeeded in raining blows on Battling Lino. At the end of the tenth round, Lino was almost floored and the unanimous decision of the three judges went to Ross amidst the applause of the American consulate and executives of business, social and civil organizations. Part of the proceeds of the fight went to the National Peace Fund Commission. Little Brown, 110, of Manila, won over Joe Jumaoas of Cebu. Baby Eagle kayoed Corny Cortes in the second round. Babary Kid bowed to Kid Gonzaga. Melly Lond surrendered to Star Diaz, while Tommy Espinosa and Star Abarquez fought to a draw.

Little Ocampo kayoed Riverside Boy early in the third round to highlight the inaugural boxing smoker at the Don Bosco gym for the benefit of the Tarlac Knights of Columbus. Young Benny drew with Kid Dublas. Little Dundee decisioned Star Susing. Style Kid bested Baby Paras. Kid Arce kayoed Star Anong in the second round. Young Ernesto drew with Isidro Silva. Little Tony J. outpointed Young Tirso. Fighting Ocampo defeated Little Benny on points.

Before a record crowd, Milton Ross, 135, ex-G.I. sensation of Honolulu, scored a clean-cut victory over Strong Ravalo, 135, of Bicolandia, in the eight-round main event at the Cabanatuan Square Garden.

Kid Medina, bantam king of Nueva Ecija, kayoed Kid Jumaoas of Cebu in the sixth round.

European Gossip

By CHARLIE PARRISH

CHIEF items of interest during June were the numerous appearances of Ray Robinson, who continued his trail of destruction across the Continent. The disqualification of the champion, later muted to a no decision, caused a riot in Berlin. Luis Romero retained the European bantam crown against Nuvoloni, and Ray Famechon likewise continued to reign as feather king, after defeating Al Cerasani before the limit. Another European title changed hands when Charlie Humez, of France, captured welter honors from the singing Welshman, Eddie Thomas.

On the same bill as the Luis Romero-Conforti tussle at Barcelona, which ended as a win for the former, Domingo Lopez was held to a draw by Federico Carbonell after eight rounds, lightweights. The featherweight comer, Galiana, scored a victory over Juan Mir, and in two other feathers shindies, Bufala whipped Ruis and Andres Lopez scored over Gonzalo Perez, both in six.

At Brescia, Italy, Valentino Gianluppi was held to a draw by Vittorio Fuiano after a lively lightweight eight-rounder. At Firenze, Mario D'Agato came through with a surprise points win over experienced Tino Cardinale, who made the mistake of underestimating the local bantam.

Rotterdam. At the Riviera-Hall, Theun Brommer topped the bill for the first time, and improved the shining hour by forcing the Belgian welter, Alois De Wulf, to retire in the fifth. Frits Van Kempen shared honors with Ver Romaine in another welter affair, and finally Piet Voorwinde clinched Dutch superiority by halting another Beligan, featherweight Roval, in the sixth.

At the Paris Central, Maurice Maury added the name of Mohamed Messadoui to his list of victims, outscoring the North African on points in the latter's Parisian debut. Rene Bolivia and Sauveur Chiocca, a Corsican, disputed the show's second lightweight scrap, with honors going to Chiocca after eight rounds. Chickaoui forced Andre Scotto to retire in the sixth round, feathers. At St. Denis, Paris, Pierre Carrara and Maurice Forni tangled for the Parisian feathers title, and few were surprised when the elegant Forni out-generated the powerful Pierre, to gain the nod after ten rounds.

At Granville, Tino Albanese chalked up another victory when he trimmed Henri Hecquard over ten rounds, middles.

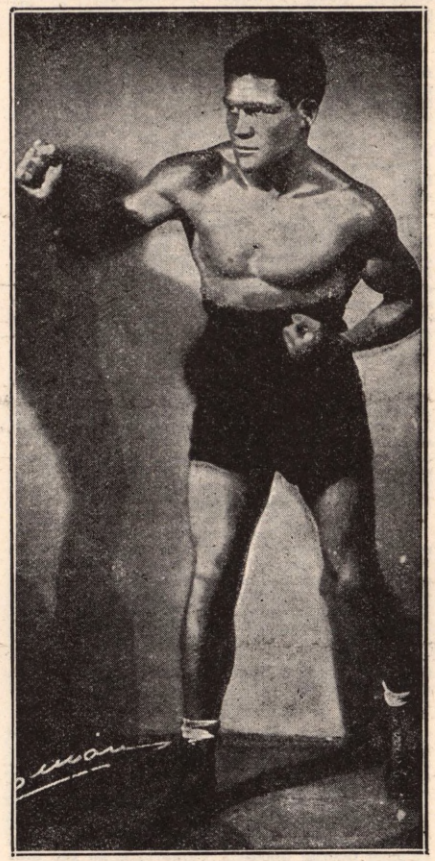
Peter Mueller came through with a most convincing victory in Duesseldorf, when he halted the good French middle, Michel Lapourielle, who was helpless in the eighth round. The fight was halted and Mueller received a warm ovation. Franz Szuzina made short work of the Spanish middles champ, Eduardo Lopez, and obliged that worthy to surrender at the end of the fourth stanza. Most colorful bout of the program was provided by Emilio Orozco and Albert Mueller, who made the sparks fairly fly in their whirlwind lightweight affair. The victory went to Mueller after eight rounds, but the Spaniard earned a draw. The third Spaniard to figure on the card was Augustin Argote, who displayed his punch to advantage, dropping Jupp Muennichhoff three times before the towel was thrown in in the second round. Hugo Salfeld outscored Hannes Scherbaum in six, heavies.

Luxembourg. The blond local heavyweight hero, Werner Wiegand, achieved a workmanlike victory against the Belgian champion, Piet Wilde, whom he flattened in two rounds. Wiegand's right hook did the job. Another local, Ray Schmitt, iced an Italian cruiser named Perini in the second, whilst Roger Behm halted Werner of Belgium in the fourth heat of their feathers clash. Ettore Santella, the carroty-headed Luxembourg welter, was unfortunate to be declared loser against Frankie Etienne, Belgium. All bouts scheduled for eight rounds.

Auguste Caulet became the new French lightweight champion when he outpointed hairy Gustave Perrot at Algiers. The bout opened tamely, but warmed up after both men were warned in the sixth, after which it was a toe-to-toe affair, in which Caulet appeared to gain the upper hand. Ramdane caused an upset by dropping the Parisian feather, Tony Say, a couple of times in the seventh, which led to Say's manager throwing in the towel. In another feathers bout, Guy Josseau lost to Keddad, and in a flyweight match, Loucif beat Cailleteau.

At the La Pepiniere Stadium in Tunis, Gaetan Annaloro had to extend himself to whip the local bantam, Kid Andre, over ten rounds, whilst another Tunisian star, Hadi Tihani, gave a brilliant performance in outpointing Marcel Auclair. At Alfortville, France, the Spanish welter, Alcazar, was constrained to retire at the opening of the third round due to a cut eye, against Robert Moreau.

Conny Rux showed all his old killer instinct when he met Giorgio Milan, the Italian heavy, in Hamburg. The bout was fairly even until the sixth round, when Rux unleashed his right for the first time and dropped Milan for six; in the following stanza, the German blond caught Milan repeatedly and dropped him four times, whereupon the slaughter was terminated by the referee. Georg Tietzsch retained his flyweight title by holding the challenger, Viktor Liwowski, to a twelve-round draw, whilst Ken Stribling of America and Karl Schmidt of Hamburg entertained with a first-rate middles duel, with the nod going to the American after eight rounds. Mario Minatelli, the Italian welter, was held to a draw by the considerably lighter Otto Domke, in six, whilst Herbert Tauber won convincingly against Wilkins, lightweights.



In a wild melee which saw both men down, Luis Romero retained his European bantamweight championship by decisioning Al Nuvoloni at Barcelona and cemented his world title shot with Vic Toweel.

At Augsburg, a small crowd turned up to watch three invaders from the U. S. knock out their German adversaries. Hubert Kohli was halted by Don Ellis in the eighth round, cruisers, and Hans Motzelt was creased by Charlie Anglee, of Pawtucket, L.I., in the fourth, middles. Welterweight Emil Dimmer survived until the eighth heat against Jimmy King, but was then constrained to retire. In two lightweight affairs, the German king-pin, Hans Haefner, knocked out Hans Groetzsch in the sixth round and Heini Hirsch drew with Berthold Raeder in four. Frenzel was lucky to get a draw after six rounds with Al Bishop of America, middles.

At Villeneuve-le-Roi, France, the rugged Polish welter, Stanis Pasek, came through with another victory before the limit, with Cyrille Hazebrouck the victim. The latter retired in the sixth. At Houilles, Serge Van Zandt won on points against Georges Clausener in a middleweight shindy. At the Paris Central, Andre Gonnet finally broke his losing streak by checking in with a good points win over Ben Khelifa, lightweights. Julien Rabaini whipped Roose after a poor bout, and Andre Caucino trimmed Ruellet, both were welter matches over eight rounds.

Jose Gonzales, the Spanish cruiser newcomer, gained revenge on Antonio Folgado by defeating the veteran over eight rounds at the Gran Price, Barcelona. Young Flores knocked out Munoz in two, bantams, and Caballero obliged Jose Valverde to retire in third, feathers. Martos was edged by Rivas after a very hectic lightweight six-rounder.

At Tarrasa, Antonio Soldevilla was favored with a home-town decision at the expense of the Moroccan middleweight, Abd ben Buker, over ten.

At Genoa, Italy, fans were disappointed by two quick endings. Riccardo Lonati, a cruiser who recently returned from America without contesting one fight there, knocked out Mariano Marcuzzo in the first, and featherweight Rosi chilled Felice Gallo in the same time. At Catania, Giuseppe D'Augusta whipped Gino Capobianchi over eight, feathers.

At Barcelona, Sam Conforti was defeated by the Spanish feather, Gonzalo, over eight rounds. A month ago, Conforti chilled Gonzalo in one round, but this time the Spanish fighter was clearly the better man. The Hawaiian lightie, Ray Lewis, scored his first Spanish victory when he edged Antonito Ruiz in eight, and Navarro iced Campeny in the first heat of their bantam affair. Galen whipped Escudie in a monotonous six, lightheavies.

Emile Delmine, the Belgian welter champ, forced the ancient Walter Momber to retire in the second round, at Wasmes, Belgium.

At Bologna, Livio Minelli gave six pounds and a beating to Henri Hecquart, who was carrying far too much avoirdupois but panted gamely to the tenth and last heat. Ernesto Formenti whipped the German feather, Hans Schoemig in ten, and Gavino Furesi trimmed Marco Permieri in six, lightweights. Ernesto Ballabio was ruled out for butting in the second frame of his lightweight tangle with Silvio Roteglia.

In Rome, Fernando Jannilli made an excellent debut in the light-heavy ranks by earning a drawn verdict against the Italian champ, Renato Tontini. On the same card, Ivano Fontana outscored Alessandro D'Ottavio in an interesting middles ten, whilst Luigi Valentini got the better of Aldo Vinci in an eight-round welter argument. Luigi Coluzzi obliged Giglio Odorico to retire in the third, welters.

Geneva, Switzerland. Jean Labalette, the wandering French lightie, stopped in here to book an impressive points victory over an Italian rival, Alfredo LaGrutta, in ten. A Swiss feather, Dallinges, gained the nod over Teresio Cavagna after six rounds.

At Rouen, France, Emile Dicristo did not cut a very aggressive figure against Jean Julien, who obtained a drawn decision after ten heats. Decaux beat Hally for the Normandy feathers title, in ten. At Pantin, in Paris, Ray Anselin trimmed Fernand Guillo over eight, and Maurice Taysse outdistanced Cournut over ten, in two feathers clashes.

At Cagliari, Sardinia, Gianni Zuddas was given a close decision when he was declared winner over the excellent French bantam, Georges Mousse, after a hotly disputed ten-rounder. Diullo Loi continued unbeaten against Morlay Kamara, whom he trimmed in a lightweight ten, and Michele Polo won over Madella in eight, middles. At Milan, Valdo Fusaro drew in eight with Valentino Gianluppi in a lightweight brawl, and Rino Voltolini gained a close victory over Ferruccio Rusticheli, welters. Mario Lutti beat Kid Arcelli in eight, bantams, and Salvoldi drew with Rizzotti, welters. At Pavia, Carlo Boccolini gained his revenge against Locatelli, whom he whipped in six rounds, welters.

At Munich, the American light-heavy, Don Ellis, had to be content with a drawn verdict with the clever Hans Strelecki, after eight rounds. Jimmy King, of America, caused something of a sensation by defeating the young German middles hopeful, Franz Szuzina, in eight, and Leo Hiller was knocked out in the second frame by Charlie Anglee in another middles bout. Al Bishop fought a six-round draw with Herbert Escher, welters.

Two of France's best middleweights resumed an old argument when Robert Villemain clashed with Laurent Dauthuille for the third time, at the Buffalo Stadium in Paris. Villemain won both the previous contests and appeared to have done sufficient to obtain the verdict on this occasion. Always a slow starter, Villemain conceded the first five rounds to his opponent, then forged ahead with lengthy spells of in-fighting which had Dauthuille in a bad way. The verdict of honors even was badly received by the crowd. Francis Bonnardel retained his French feathers title against his team-mate, Roger Bruneau, who drew with the champ after fifteen spirited rounds. Gilbert Lavoine outscored Gilbert Ussin for a second time in a ten-round welter affair, and Andre Valignat shared honors with Jean Senhadj after a hectic six, bantams. For the rest, Roger Lemoine whipped Niard in four, Entringer drew with Bimbo Kieffer and Christian Lunaud nodded Jean Bedin, both in six, all middles; Robert Masson outscored Lebegue in six, heavies, and Yves Calamari won over Dieu, also in six, light-heavies. The middleweight collision between Gilbert Stock and Georges Chappe was halted in the second round owing to heavy rain.

Ray Robinson met one of the most sporting of all his European adversaries when he tangled with Holland's blond Jan De Bruin, who gave up the fight in the eighth round "because Sugar treated me like a kid." The World Champion was rather cautious in the opening sessions, owing to the valiant sorties made by the Dutchman. After mastering several of these attacks, Ray opened up and lashed his man pitilessly. Nevertheless, De Bruin kept his feet for the whole of the encounter, surrendering only when further resistance was hopeless. Danny "Bang Bang" Womber fought a gory ten with Harry (The Bull) Mino, who lost on points, welters, and Van Hoeck knocked out Jo De Wilde in the fifth round of a feather match. Albert Heyen was defeated by the good scrapper from the Belgian Congo, Eli Elandon, in eight, light-heavies, and Robert Eugene was held to a draw by up-and-coming Jef Kloeck, in a heavyweight ten.

At Oran, Algeria, Ramdane drew with Godih in a featherweight match. At the other end of Africa, in Alexandria, Egypt, the Sudanese middleweight, Mohamed El Bernawi, repeated a previous victory by outscoring Georges Grispos, the Greek champion, in ten. Orghyris Vlahos won a close affair from Mohamed Shaari, the Tunisian bantam, in six, and Bazzani checked Sayed Eissa in the sixth, middles.

At the Paris Central, the last show for the season featured a Parisian title match, in which Guy Gracia captured the lightweight crown held by Louis Carrara, after a fast ten-round slam. Gaston Vandemeulebrouck, the middle with an awkward name but a good style, continued to progress by halting Sansonnet in the fifth. Finally, Kid le Noir whipped Sylvain Therouse in eight, lighties. At Flers, the Italian-Tunisian middles prospect, Tino Albanese, forced Loris Saccavini to retire in the fifth.

Pistoia, Italy. Giuliano Pancani fought one of the best bouts of his erratic career here, defeating the Guadaloupe cruiser, Lucien Corenthin, over eight rounds. At Civitavecchia, Franco Fratalia battered Moretti into retiring in the third heat of their welter maul.

Heinz Neuhaus boxed an exhibition with Scherbaum at Herne, whilst in training for his bout with Conny Rux. Horst Kemena won a clear decision at the expense of Al Bishop, middles, and Theo Baumjohann dropped Frittgen for the full count in the second frame of a light-heavy argument. Charlie Anglee added another kayo win to his record by stretching Bruno Junkuhn out in the third, middles.

Dieter Hucks returned to action with a vengeance when he clashed with the latest American threat, Don Ellis, at the Dubois Arena in Essen. Hucks broke his left early in the fight, but nevertheless the southpaw blacksmith gave an excellent account of himself and succeeded in sharing the honors with Ellis after eight rounds. Willi Hoepner creased Hermann Vermeulen with a left to the liver in the second round of their cruiser melee, and Leo Starosch outscored Hans Schmitz, who mauled and clinched for the whole fight. Horst Kemena had his second fight in two days, and paid the penalty by losing on points to mediocre Mathias Luyten in six. The lightweight contest between Glaeser and Nierschack was halted in the third in Glaeser's favor.

Jean Walzach did not fare so well in his third outing against the middleweight scourge, Ray Arsenic Robinson, at Liege, Belgium. Robinson was in tremendous form and shattered the tough Polack; after Walzach had taken numerous trips to the canvas the bout was halted early in the sixth. Jean Sneyers was in much better form than of late, and the Swiss bantam champ, Cagliostro Etter, was administered a boxing lesson for ten brilliant rounds. Jacques Prigent was also impressive in beating the Belgian lightweight hope, Roger Delabassee, on points.

In Marseilles appeared a new feathers prospect, young Ray Grassi, who halted workmanlike Bernard Dodin in the sixth round. This was Grassi's eighth win in as many starts. Gaston Chaix defeated Henri Maccio, lightweights. At Levallois, Robert DiMayo, of Indochina, flattened James Risi in the opening frame of their lightweight quarrel. Charles Dhery whipped Ali Amrane in a welter bout which followed Ray Robinson's exhibition at Carvin.

Nazzareno Gianelli and Ennio Aroldi gave an excellent performance in their contest for the Italian flyweight title, held by the former, at Cremona. After twelve lively rounds the verdict went to the champion. In a welter fray, Amadei Madella was outscored by Faverzani in six. At Naples, Altidoro Polidori knocked out Arbace Pavan in the sixth round, feathers, and Emilio Marconi won over Giovanni Bidini, who was disqualified in the eighth.

The European bantam title appeared in danger of changing hands when Luis Romero received his challenger, Al Nuvoloni, in the Barcelona ring. The Italian dropped Romero for a count in the third, but the latter came back to open up Nuvoloni's eye. Both men took two trips to the resin during the 15 rounds, and the verdict in Romero's favor was very close. The fight was more like a brawl, both men being warned for butting by the French referee. Georges Mousse appeared to obtain the edge over Gonzalo, but the verdict went in favor of the Spanish feather. Jose Carmona triumphed over Ruiz in eight feathers, and Diaz decisioned Navarro in a bantam eight.

Painful scenes accompanied the Ray Robinson-Gerhard Hecht duel in the Berlin Waldbuehne, news of which hit the headlines across the world. The German opened up cautiously and after a brief exchange Robinson whipped a right to the kidney which dropped Hecht, writhing on the canvas. A minute's interval was ordered, Robinson warned that kidney punches are illegal in Europe. In the second round Hecht again suffered a right hook to the kidney, dropped once more to the floor, whereupon Robinson was ruled out by Referee Otto Nispel.

The huge crowd roared its disapproval and bottles began to come flying into the ring; Robinson took cover under the ring, but was soon able to make the way back to his dressing-room.

The supporting card was highly interesting, beginning with Bobby Warmbrunn's points win over Hellfrich, the ex-amateur heavyweight star. Robinson's team-mate, Bang-Bang Womber, incensed the crowd with his repeated irregular tactics against Freddi Teichmann, and the Berliner received a drawn decision largely on account of this. The Finnish lightweight star, Elis Ask, made an excellent showing against Walter Demke, with whom he fought the best bout on the card; the drawn verdict favored Demke. Albert Yvel suffered his third consecutive defeat before the limit, his latest victor being Herbert Kleinwaechter, who forced the Algerian light-heavy to retire in the fourth stanza. A further sensation took place in the last bout, when Heinz Titze used the brawny Luzembourger, Werner Wiegand, for a punching-bag and finally disposed of the young giant in the third round. Around 22,000 attended the program.

At La Spezia, Italy, Gino Campagna successfully defended his middles title against the onslaughts of Ivano Fontana, who was declared loser after twelve evenly contested rounds. Giuliano Pancani handed a beating to Garutti in a cruiser eight. At Pordenone, Gino Rossi outfought Mario Falescky of Roumania in eight, middles, and at Piacenza, Arturo Peratici decisioned Gianni Capobianchi in six, bantams.

Around 20,000 fans attended the Vigorelli Stadium in Milan, to watch Alvaro Cerasani acknowledge defeat in the thirteenth frame of his slugging bee with Ray Famechon, with the latter's European title at stake. The Frenchman forged ahead during the early rounds, and dropped Cerasani no less than seven times during the 7th and 8th frames; in the next few rounds, the Italian came right back and fought it out toe to toe with the champ, but had reached the end of his resources in the 13th. Bloody and exhausted, he raised his arm in token of surrender.

Tiberio Mitri made a cautious comeback against another Frenchman, Gaston Chambraud, whom he outpointed in ten fast heats. Bill Poli nodded the American, Baby Day, in another middles ten, and Bollana drew with Voltolini in a welter clash. The Italian amateur star, Festucci, debuted as a pro by halting Ettore Santella in the second, middles.

The wicked punching of Sugar Ray Robinson humbled yet another of the European middleweight brigade, in the person of Cyrille Delannoit, who was nearly sawn in half by the champion at Turin, Italy. Three rounds were enough for the Belgian to forget his manners and crawl helplessly over to his own corner. That was the end of his boast that he would make Robinson suffer.

Here are the Continental Ratings for the month of June:

Heavies—Hein ten Hoff, Jo Weidin, W. Kohlbrecher, Heinz Neuhaus, Stef Olek, Kurt Schiegl, Karel Sys, Werner Wiegand, Piet Wilde, Heinz Titze.

Cruisers—Conny Rux, Gerhard Hecht, Jacques Hairabedian, Renato Tontini, Albert Yvel, Willi Hoepner, Dieter Hucks, Fernando Jannilli, Willy Schagen, Hans Sachs.

Middles—Laurent Dauthuille, Robert Villemain, Tiberio Mitri, Luc Van Dam, Jean Stock, Peter Mueller, Jan De Bruin, Michel Lapourielle, Cyrille Delannoit, Gino Campagna.

Welters—Charles Humez, Pierre Langlois, Gilbert Lavoine, Michele Palermo, Emmanuel Clavel, Chris Christensen, Emile Delmine, Gustav Scholz, Antonio Monzon, Val Benedetto.

Lightweights—Elis Ask, Joergen Johansen, Joseph Preys, Pierre Montane, Auguste Caulet, Diulio Loi, Gustave Perrot, Ben Miloud, Svend Wad, Jacques Prigent.

Feathers—Ray Famechon, Alvaro Cerasani, Francis Bonnardel, Ernesto Formenti, Guido Ferracin, Jean Machterlinck, Luis De Santiago, Roger Bruneau, Asger Warburg, Walter Demke.

Bantams—Luis Romero, Jean Sneyers, Maurice Sandeyron, Hadi Tijani, Gaetano Annaloro, Alvaro Nuvoloni, Gianni Zuddas, Emile Chemama, Sam Conforti, Dante Bini.

Flyweights — Louis Skena, Honore Pratesi, Nazzareno Gianelli, Otello Belardinelli, Florio Pancani, Andre Jasse, Donatien Millet, Georg Tietzsch, Ennio Aroldi, Ali Graichi.

WALCOTT IS FINALLY CHAMPION

(Continued from page 3)

on points. He began to shoot left hooks, and move about with more life. He had been putting up a dead, uninteresting, unimpressive fight against a highly trained and experienced technician.

Then, the seventh, and before the customers knew what had happened, Walcott had become the champion of the world.

As Jersey Joe became the king, the British Boxing Board of Control conceivably had a good laugh for itself. It had refused to recognize Charles as the world champion, and insisted that it would have to hold off until he had met Louis.

The British board insisted that since it had recognized Lee Savold as the champion after he had stopped Bruce Woodcock, it had to recognize Louis after he had stopped Savold. Logical enough, but it produced a lot of guffaws in the United States, where the British view was regarded as preposterous.

"Let Charles fight Louis, and we will agree that the winner is the champion of the world," said the board.

Now it doubtless is more than ever self-congratulatory over having failed to become involved in the Charles business, and having skipped the Cincinnati fighter's entire championship tenure.

Where does Charles stand now? Well, for one thing, he is in the background, to remain there for a while. There is no demand at this time for a return fight between Ezzard and Walcott.

Eventually, Charles may achieve rehabilitation. Perhaps he may even recover the title. But right now he is standing in a queue behind Walcott, Louis and even Marciano.

The International B.C. was not too overwhelmed about the Charles championship tenure.

Ezzard had a poor press. The experts could not warm up to him. This attitude was reflected in the public's reaction to Charles as a champion.

The Charles 15-rounder with Louis hardly was an electric affair. It failed to intrigue the customers, and was a financial disappointment.

Charles resented the attitude of the experts, and vowed that in his Pittsburgh encounter with Walcott, he would set aside all doubts. You know how much he succeeded.

"I got to shoot the works," said Charles.

"I got to shoot the works," vowed Walcott.

So now boxing has a superannuated heavyweight champion, and the division is right back where it was when Louis turned in the title after having knocked out Walcott on June 25, 1948.

"I got cheated out of the title in my first fight with Louis," Walcott insists. Referee Ruby Goldstein, who stood against the two judges, made the right decision.

"But the man who has faith and believes in God, he will make it."

Walcott had faith, and he made it. But boxing, bewildered, asks, "Just where do we go from here?"

GERMAN BOXING DIARY

By J. A. Tree

(Special Correspondence of THE RING *Magazine)*

BERLIN, Germany—Boxing enthusiasts of all Germany, those of Berlin in particular, are chagrined over what happened in the Ray Robinson-Gerhard Hecht fight. Particularly are they greatly disappointed because Joe Louis has seen fit to cancel his proposed contest here with Hein Ten Hoff.

What happened in the Robinson-Hecht affair, tracing to a weak referee and some hoodlum spectators, should not be held against the better elements in German boxing, and it is hoped here that Louis will change his mind and come over.

Wild scenes broke out among the 30,000 Berliners who packed the Waldbuhne Stadium to see their local hero face Robinson when the latter was disqualified for alleged blows to the kidney and spine.

Bottles were thrown into the ring, and believe me, there were plenty about. It was warm, and the fight fans were trying to quench their thirst with lemonade. Fights broke out and some 30 policemen were called to escort Robinson to the dressing room.

The American was taking cover under the ring with quite a few reporters. On his way out, some of the public tried to break the police cordon to get at Robinson. They failed and the American was hurried away to his hotel.

The trouble started in the first round when Hecht went to the canvas, holding his back. The referee took up the count and reached the fatal "ten." Hecht was then carried to his corner as the bell sounded. I thought that either the third man had not seen the blow or that he had considered the punch to be fair.

Hecht was given the once over by the doctor and, as the bell sounded for round two, it was reported that the German had been fouled but would continue fighting after an extra minute's pause.

Hecht came out for round two and it was obvious that he had not recovered. Robinson tore in, landing more blows in a few seconds than some fighters had delivered that afternoon in their whole contest. Most of these were hooks. Soon Hecht, coming in sideways, was caught with a blow to the kidneys. The German sank to the canvas and Robinson was sent to his corner, disqualified.

The wild crowd, who had been heated up in the first round, then broke loose and trouble began.

Referee Otto Nispel should have stuck to the decision in counting Hecht out in round one or disqualified the American and not have let the German come out again.

The first bout of the afternoon was a four-round heavy affair between Bobby Warmbrunn, Hamburg, and Claus Helfrich, Berlin, which the former won on points.

Warmbrunn, Ten Hoff's No. 1 sparring partner, appeared a little confused with Helfrich's two-handed attacks in round one, but finally settled down in a workmanlike manner to outscore his opponent.

Helfrich started off with great speed but did little of any significance in the remaining heats.

This bout was followed by a six-round welter engagement between Robinson's sparring partner, Danny Womber, U.S.A., and Fredy Teichmann.

Womber started off in whirlwind fashion and landed twice as many blows as the German. Blows were of a variety, including many hooks with the left and right hands. The American slowed up after the first two heats and Teichmann gradually came into the picture, holding often more than his own.

The referee Seewald, decided the points were level at the final gong and the bout resulted in a draw.

The contest between Elis Ask, Finland, and Walter Domke, Berlin, featherweight champion of Germany, followed, and after eight rounds the bout was declared a draw. The public had almost forgotten the Robinson affair watching these two clever boys in action. But when the verdict was announced, the crowd once again jumped to their feet and showed their disapproval in no uncertain manner. They thought that Ask had done enough to win.

Domke, a southpaw, was warned in rounds six, seven and eight for low blows. The German's southpaw stance often had Ask worried, but once they got in close, it was the Finn who was the better man, hitting with short, crisp but hard blows.

Albert Yvel, light-heavy champion of France, made his second appearance in the Waldbuhne ring and this time he faced Herbert Kleinwachter, Bad Sachsa, in a bout scheduled for eight rounds.

Yvel, as in his previous bout in this country with Hecht, was forced to retire in round four. His nose was bleeding badly and he also had a cut below his left eye, which was closing fast.

The Frenchman had a good defence as the bout opened, but Kleinwachter's heavy punching broke it wide open.

The final bout was between Werner Weigand, Dortmund, and Heinz Titze, Berlin. This heavy bout was scheduled for eight rounds but lasted only two, Weigand being K.O.'ed.

Weigand took a count in the opening round from a right to the chin and visited the canvas at least five times in the second heat before the referee finally called a halt in favor of Titze.

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BOXING IN PANAMA

By Arturo H. Le Conte

PANAMA'S featherweight champion, Federico Plummer, who has been tabbed by scribes as one of the best 126-pounders in boxing today, handed Jesus "Jessie" Compos, 124, a ten-round walloping. Compos, who lost via a decision to Willie Pep a couple of months back, proved to be no match for the 126-pound Plummer. Compos, who suffered a couple of knockdowns and a badly battered optic, told the press Plummer's 6-foot height makes him a tough hombre for anyone. During the past eight months Plummer defeated Francisco Colon Garcia, who is Jose Colon's kid brother, Cuba's Miguel Acevedo, Jesus Compos, Miami's promising lightweight, Honey Boy Williams, via a six-round knockout, and Kid Evans for Panama's 126-pound title. He rocked the latter to sleep in six.

In a featherweight battle, Gregorio Perez upset Vince Worrell in a six.

Juan Diaz II, local uncrowned king of the flyweights, handed the boxing world a big surprise by defeating Cuba's ninth ranking 112-pounder, Black Pico, in a ten-round go. Diaz II, 116, fancy pants from the Gold Coast, pulled every trick in the bag to whip the 115-pounder, famous Black Pico. The Cuban's best canto was the eighth, in which he turned the book at the clever-moving Juan in his effort to win by a knockout. The fans who saw Black Pico as the "winnah" booed the nod.

Steven Bennett, a fast-climbing Gold Coast featherweight, came in at 122 and shelled out a quick two-heat kayo over Al Perkinson, 124. The referee was forced to halt the slaughter after Perkinson had traveled six times to the canvas. It was an exciting brawl all the way.

Leslie Thompson, 118, floored Byron Cumberbatch, 119, in the opening canto, and from there on Leslie proved to be master during the six-heat go.

Baby Eastman, 112, drew with Al Stewart in a four-rounder which proved to be a perfect honey. Al scaled 117.

Two local pugs, Young Finnegan and Tito Despaigne, traveled all the way down to Barraquilla, Colombia, for their third outing. Tito, 152, defeated Finnegan, 150, for the second time.

Sammy Medina, 126, also battling out in Barranquilla, lost a ten to Baby Lemus, while Baby Allen, 124, another local lad, flattened Kid Centinito, 124, in eight.

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NEWS FROM SUNNY AUSTRALIA

By Ray Mitchell

DAVE SANDS and his manager, Tom Maguire, are together again with a new contract after their tiff. Now both are in England for a series of three fights, one being against Randolph Turpin.

During the past month not one Australian champion was in action, but several contenders supplied fireworks. The busiest of them was Alfie Sands, Dave's middleweight kid brother. He fought three 12-rounders within 12 days. He won them all in two, six and nine rounds, respectively. During the first six months of this year Alfie has taken part in 12 main-event contests, winning eight by the knockout.

Welterweight George Kapeen continued his winning knockout streak by disposing of Darby Brown in three rounds. He has won nine consecutive K.O.'s this year and only three boxers stand between him and a welter title shot.

In the lightweight division, Young Charlie Dunn set a record K.O. win at Leichhardt Stadium. He disposed of Ken Winman in 48 seconds of the opening round. Saddling up again a fortnight later, he iced Billy Watson a few seconds after the bell sent the boys on their way for the second round.

In Brisbane, new sensational lightweight, Mike Keresztes, had his amazing run of K.O.'s stopped when he bumped Arthur McKillop. With seven straight K.O.'s behind him Mike looked liked making it eight when he had McKillop out on his feet, but he stopped to a walk and the more experienced Mac stopped him; but it was exhaustion more than the power of Arthur's blows that halted Keresztes.

Number one lightweight contender, Frank Hanney, won a gruelling contest against No. 3, 135-pounder, Alfie Clay, in Melbourne, while Clay was halted in nine rounds in Sydney when he stepped up to the welter division in opposition to Ken Bailey, who is champion Mickey Tollis' greatest rival.

We in Australia were very interested in Jimmy Carter's feat of annexing the world lightweight crown from the head of Ike Williams. Jimmy fought in Australia some twenty months ago. He outpointed Bernie Hall, K.O.'d Charlie Ashenden, but was soundly outpointed by Norm Gent. We in this country think Freddie Dawson will easily whip Carter.

The Boxing Association, of which I am a committee member, held its third annual dinner during the month. These dinners bring together many old-time champions as well as present-day ones and it is certainly nice to see the good will that exists between the different generations and old opponents.

Just a thought: What a place to turn on a brawl—at the boxers' dinner!

Apart from bouts already mentioned, the results of the month include:

Sydney—12 rounds: Billy Barber drew with Jackie De Belin, welters. 12 rounds: Sigi Tennenbaum outpointed Norm Praine, lightweights.

Melbourne—12 rounds: Jimmy Reeves drew with Noel Coates in a thriller, lightweights.

Melbourne—12 rounds: Spencer Driver outpointed Bluey Wilkins, feathers. 12 rounds: Taffy Hancock (No. 1 contender for the flyweight title) K.O.'d Kev Hampton in eight. 12 rounds: Gordon Meredith K.O.'d Johnny Wheeler in two. It was an upset, feathers.

Brisbane—12 rounds: Bob Scrivano outpointed Rod Parsons, bantams. 15 rounds: Queensland flyweight title. Bruce Cole K.O.'d Ian Killeen, 14. 12 rounds: Bobby Sinn K.O.'d Mickey Roberts, 6, flyweights. 12 rounds: Little Paras won from Jackie Ryan in an upset points decision, lights.

Newcastle—12 rounds: Gordon Meredith outpointed Eddie Barton, Junior lightweights.

Newcastle—12 rounds: Harry Hayes K.O.'d Johnny Rehia in two, middleweights.

Broken Hill—12 rounds: Andre Famechon K.O.'d Joe Grant, four, welters.

Writer's address is 24 Milburn Rd., Sutherland, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

BOXING NEWS FROM HAWAII

By Ted Yamachika

WHAT appeared on paper at least, as a thrilling street brawl, the Philip Jim-Emil Barao ten-heater turned out to be a tame fight, with the decision, a split one, going to the Honolulu fighter. The bout, held indoors at the Civic Auditorium, drew a good crowd of 4,600 fans, who paid $9,581.10.

Coming here highly touted as a two-fisted puncher, Emil Barao, of Hayward, California, failed miserably in proving his claim, and except for a definite ruggedness, displayed little power in his fists. There was no doubt that he kept trying all the time, but the best he could do was land a few left hooks which were blocked for the most part and did very little damage. Only occasionally did he lash out with his right, but they were way off the mark nearly every time.

Philip Kim didn't do any too well himself and barely won the decision. The mere fact that he punched more, stood in his favor. Whether his injured hands, which were swollen when they were examined in the dressing room after the fight, had anything to do with it, Philip also disappointed by his lack of punching power. Only in the fifth round, the most exciting of the fight, did he display a little of his old-time form. Stung by a couple of fairly hard lefts, Philip suddenly fought back and landed several good lefts and rights which had the Californian on the run. The action was short lived and lasted no more than a half minute at most. After that it settled into a slow, dreary fight.

Philip Kim at 142½ outweighed Emil Barao, 139¼.

In another ten-round fight, Henry Davis, 132½, won a unanimous decision over Joe Lopez, 129, of California, in a fast paced battle. This was a return match between the two lightweights, and if there was any question of Davis' superiority in their first encounter, this second meeting dispelled all such doubts.

The harder puncher of the two, Davis landed enough hard blows to knock out a lesser fighter, but the tough Lopez fought back each time he was stung and in the process landed a few good blows of his own.

Other results: Eddie Reyes, 118, was held to a draw over ten rounds by Bobby Sanders, 117½. They fought for the territorial bantamweight crown. Incidentally this is the first time that three ten-round bouts have been held on a single card. The promoter was David Heath. Puna Titcomb, 137, knocked out Peter Rosado, 135, in the second of four. Linford Chung, 132, finished Antone Moniz, 132, in the fourth.

EUROPE MAKING HEADWAY

(Continued from page 22)

Following World War I, it was the heavyweights who held the attention of Continental Europe and England. In France it was the great Georges Carpentier who was the fistic idol, and in England Bombardier Billy Wells was the most idolized. Today it's mostly the boys in the lower classes who gain the fistic spotlight.

WRITING about the latest drop of the British heavyweight market Tom Phillips in the *Daily Mirror* types:

"What went wrong when Gardner was whipped by Brion? What world hopes can there be for a British champion whose defense is so weak that he takes such a terrible punishment from an American such as Gardner took from Brion?"

Well, Tom, what has happened to the British style of milling? Where is the cleverness which in the past was part and parcel of every fighter in Great Britain?

Apparently our British cousins are trying to follow too closely the American style which as a rule abandons cleverness and resorts chiefly to slugging. Only a few of our leading figures possess both cleverness and hitting power, the leading one being Harry Matthews. In my opinion Harry can clean up the entire field of light-heavyweights and most of the world's outstanding heavyweights because he possesses every asset of a great battler.

The British are now going to extremes. First, too much attention was being paid to cleverness and not enough—often none at all—to hitting. Now, after watching many imported Americans take the measure of their opponents—when such top Americans were brought across the ocean—the British have followed the slugging style of the visitors. Randolph Turpin is an example. He fights like our best talent.

When in past years did British fighters present such battered, bloody features as Gardner's following his bout with Brion?

Where was the science for which the British are noted? Gone are the days, it seems, when John Bull's fighting men will again exhibit the skill of Freddy Welsh, Jem Driscoll, Owen Moran, Jimmy Wilde, Ted Kid Lewis among others who could both hit and stab with perfection. But they have their Turpin and Cockell and seem well satisfied with their top men. And they should be. Each has what it takes.

ENGLISH boxing reached its height in Jem Mace and Charley Mitchell. Mace taught Foley in Australia all that great teacher knew and Foley was wonderfully apt in the assimilation of fistic knowledge. Then he in turn became a teacher and from his place in Sydney, emanated the wonderful band of Australian boxers—Bob Fitzsimmons, Peter Jackson, Paddy Slavin, George Dawson, Young Griffo among others.

What would the British give for another such instructor, one who could take fellows like Gardner, Johnny Williams and Don Cockell in hand and lead them to the heights of world pugilism as did Foley for the men he took in tow? The men whom Foley taught were the true exponents of the real English style of boxing and were we to comb every nook and corner of America—or for that matter—the world, we couldn't find their equals.

Jim Corbett, when helping me on his life story, remarked of Mace, "He was the master boxer of all time. The Mace blows were straight from the shoulder assaults and for many years the British boxers have followed his style."

Many still do, but too many have changed wholly to the American style in which science is replaced by rougher, tougher style.

BALTIMORE BOXING AND WRESTLING NEWS

By Joe Diehl

ELMER BARKSDALE, Baltimore lightweight, took another step forward in his pugilistic career when he easily decisioned Jesus Compos of New York in a one-sided ten-round bout at the Coliseum here.

From the first round on when Compos managed to hold his own, Barksdale won as he chose as he blended jabs with combinations in piling up points. Compos, 126, suffered a cut under the left eye in the fourth which hampered him still further in his efforts to make a showing. Barksdale, 132, was just as impressive against Compos as was Willie Pep who also won by a prohibitive margin from the New York fighter here several weeks back.

Undercard bouts saw Carl Coates, 140, Baltimore, decision Sweet Cake Lee, 139, Harrisburg. Walter Tyson, 146, win unanimously over Billy Brooks, 148. Both are local fighters. Young Satin, 155, Washington, registered a second round kayo over Fred Covington, 150, Baltimore. Charles Diggs, 133, Baltimore, scored a second round knockout over Billy Francis, 130, and Buddy Keenan, 169, bested George Brooks, 172½. Both scrappers hail from this city.

Jack Dempsey seems to be making it a habit to be in Baltimore for operations at the time of important fights. He missed the Robinson-LaMotta fight last February, but managed to catch it on television when he ordered a TV set hooked up in his hospital room a few hours after coming out of the ether.

At Johns Hopkins for treatment again recently, Jack bolted from the confines of his medical quarters long enough to join a capacity house viewing the Murphy-LaMotta scrap via a closed circuit at the Century Theater. A few days later, his strength returning, the Manassa Mauler was on his way again—this time to Canada for a recuperative period.

On the wrestling front, Promoter Ed Contos recently promoted all-star wrestling cards on successive nights, and packed the arena on both occasions. Contos regularly runs on Tuesdays but couldn't make the desired pairing of Don Eagle and The Golden Terror that night, due to the Eagle's previous commitments. Consequently, he ran his regular show Tuesday, and then ran the "special" with the Eagle and The Terror on top the following night. In more than 20 years of promotional work here, Contos never before had attempted the trick, but as the promoter has continuously shown, nothing succeeds like success, be it in the mat game or some other form of business. Contos plans to run regular indoor weekly shows throughout the hot weather months.

The 1,871 paid which contributed a gross gate of $4,108 to see Rocky Graziano toy with, and then belt out Freddie Lott of Newark in the third round at the Coliseum here recently, made possible the best fight night in Baltimore since last fall when the Squires AC took over the promotional reins from the now defunct Century A.C.

The Rock's magnetic gate appeal brought out fight fans who had not been near the arena in years, but they were disappointed in the manner the East Side Kid's timing was off. Graziano missed many sure shots at the Lott chin, and gave evidence that he better get in several more tuneups before contemplating a go with Robinson, who is razor sharp from his seemingly endless stream of one-night stands, and recent title tangle with Randy Turpin in London.

Roland LaStarza, New York heavy, is another name fighter who had little trouble in scoring a kayo here recently. LaStarza, at 192, chilled Gene Felton 199, of Los Angeles, after two minutes of milling in the third heat. A left to the body followed by a short right cross to the chin sent the crowd home early.

Undercard results saw Eddie Marshall, 167½, Washington, stop Zach Hobbs, 168, Philly. Johnny Iozza, 210, Baltimore, knocked out George Brooks, 190, Washington, in 47 seconds of the first. Curtis Wade, Baltimore and Rudolph Simms, Baltimore, drew as did Pat O'Shea, and Carl Bundy, both, also out of Baltimore. The other fight ended in a one-round knockout for Jesse Gethes, Philly, over Earl Jackson, of Camden, N. J.

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Randolph Turpin—the Ambassador of British Sport

By JAMES BUTLER

Shy Leamington fighter has outstripped the greatest of them, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jimmy Wilde, Ted Kid Lewis, Jim Driscoll and the rest—Thank Heavens the British Boxing Board's distasteful colour bar was squashed—Boxing Booths are the cradles of champions—Dave Sands takes a back seat—Johnny Williams could upset Jack Gardner in heavyweight title slam—Life begins at thirty-seven for Jersey Joe Walcott, Tommy Farr and Joe Louis.

THEY are still talking about the biggest boxinfi turn-up of the century—the flogging of Sugar Ray Robinson, the invincible one, by Randolph Turpin. The Americans can't believe it possible even at this stage, because until the young English kid from Leamington Spa stepped into the Earls Court ring on that hot July night, the most respected U.S. scribes were saying that Robinson was perhaps the greatest middleweight of all time—a tribute that seemed to be justified until young Turpin grinned, and then walked out and began thumping Sugar Ray around the ring as though he were nothing more dangerous than a bag of sugar.

Not only has Randolph Turpin excited the imagination of boxing fans in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, but every man, woman and child with British nationality, not normally interested in sport, has felt proud of Turpin in the last few weks. Turpin has raised the spirit of Britain. He has made everybody feel that any task is possible if it is tackled in the right spirit.

The Turpin win. therefore, must go down as the most sensational in the history of the British ring—and as Britain is the home of boxing, it is probably the biggest turn-up of world boxing. Even the surprising win of Tunney over Dempsey in 1926, and the recent turn-up when Jersey Joe Walcott knocked out Ezzard Charles cannot put the eclipse of Sugar Ray Robinson in the shade.

Not since Bob Fitzsimmons has any British pugilist caught the imagination of the world like Turpin. In fact, I shall go as far to say that whatever happens in the return world middleweight slam in America—at the time of going to press the result is not known—Turpin must go down as the No. 1 British Sports Ambassador of all time.

Although the great Fitzsimmons was born at Helston, Cornwall, on June 4, 1862, and went on to win the middle, light-heavyweight and heavyweight championships of the world, it must not be forgotten that Ruby Bob left England as a child, and was taken to New Zealand by his parents. From there he moved on to Australia, and learned much of his boxing at Sydney. And then on to America where he learned more and settled down to win his titles. Fitzsimmons also became an American citizen, so the most we can claim is that he was born in our little island, although he saw little of it.

But Turpin is British-born and British-trained. In fact, 100 per cent. British, and that is why we are so proud of his fine achievements.

THERE have been other great British fighters of the past who have gone out to America, and sent the Union Jack flying high. Men like Ted Kid Lewis who brought the world's welterweight championship to England when he beat Jack Britton at Boston in 1915.

The Kid fought 20 grim battles with Britton throughout America—many of them no decision contests—until Britton won the world title from Lewis, knocking him out in 9 rounds at Dayton, Ohio on St. Patrick's Night—March 17. 1919. But so well did Lewis always fight, giving the customers value for money that today his name is quoted in America when the boys start talking about the best of the "Limey" pugilists.

Freddie Welsh was another British great who brought a world title to the old country, although Freddy won the crown in London when he outpointed Willie Ritchie, at Olympia, in 1914 over 20 rounds. But the great Freddy held the title for three years until Benny Leonard knocked him out in nine rounds at New York in 1917.

Another Welshman, Jim Driscoll, although never recognised as official world featherweight champion — many experts considered he outpointed Abe Attell, then world champion, when they fought a 10 round "No Decision" battle in New York in 1909—and is still quoted when the world talks about the best boxer of all?time. By that I am referring strictly to the science and art of boxing.

The Birmingham scrapper, Owen Moran, was yet another ambassador of British boxing. This tearaway scrapper's battles with Abe Attell are still remembered by the old-timers who will insist fi,ghts like them are not seen today.

Ted Moore, of Plymouth, too, did England proudly. He went 15 rounds with the fabulous Harry Greb in 1924 in a world middleweight slam. Then was also Joe Bowker, who won the world bantam title in 1904, beating Frankie Neil in London over twenty rounds.

JIMMY WILDE. of course, is a British legend. In many ways the little Tylorstown Terror will go down as the most phenonemal of all fighters because when he was world flyweight champion he seldom scaled more than 7 stone, and often cracked them over when he himself scaled 6st. 10lbs.

Jimmy bossed the flyweights of the world from 1916 when he won the title officially beating Young Zulu Kid in London, knocking the American out in 11 rounds until 1923 when he was knocked out by Pancho Villa in seven rounds in New York. Throughout the years they talked of Jimmy as the Ghost with the hammer in his hand, for the frail lad with hardly any surplus flesh on his body used to stretch out flyweights, bantamweights and even featherweights.

There are other British boys like Kid Berg, Jock McAvoy and Tommy Farr who kept John Bull's reputation high in the United States, and Freddie Mills, who although never fighting in America. did at least bring the world light-heavyweight crown to Britain when he beat Gus Lesnevich in London in 1948.

Yet add all these great feats together, and still the world-wide excitement created by the Turpin achievement has not been reached.

One of the odd things about Randolph Turpin is that but for a great battle staged by our newspapers and a super effort by Bolton M.P., Mr. John Lewis, and the Colonial Office he would never have been allowed to become British middleweight champion. And kept back from that honour, he probably would never have got the chance of a crack at the world title.

The British Boxing Board of Control established a stupid colour bar—in fact it was more than stupid — whereby a boxer born in Britain was banned from contesting in a championship fight if he had coloured blood. If his father was

white and his mother coloured or vice versa he was barred.

Thus that great middleweight and light-heavyweight Len Johnson of a quarter a century ago was deprived of a title fight. Others to suffer were Tommy Martin, the Deptford cruiser and heavyweight, Stafford Barton and Lefty Flynn.

Dick Turpin, Randy's older brother, was side-stepped for years because of the colour bar. Dick went into the Army when war broke out, and would never have won the British title, but for the efforts of the few against a dictatorial law of the Boxing Board. Dick held the title only a short time, having won it late in his career, but Randy at 23 has years to go, and wouldn't our Board be kicking itself right now if they had been allowed to uphold this colour bar rule?

YET another rule brought in by the Board proved to be against the interests of British Boxing. This was the ban on licensed boxers taking part in booth shows. What nonsense! Were not some of our great champions, Jimmy Wilde, Jim Driscoll, Freddie Welsh, Tommy Barr, and Freddie Mills to name only a handful wheened in the booths?

And Randolph Turpin himself. Much of his preparation for the slaying of Robinson was achieved in Midland booths. He was still taking on all-comers up to a comparative short time before his world championship effort. After he won the title he was pleased to return to Hickman's Boxing Booth in Birmingham and show himself to the crowd as a product of the booths. They are the cradles for champions.

Fortunately, the Boxing Board had the common-sense to scrap this rule themselves. Wisely, they look after the interest of their licensed boxers by demanding that before one of their members appears in a booth, the owner must be a member of the Showman's Guild fulfilling certain requirements of hygienne, etc. This is good work by the Board.

With the names of Turpin and Robinson on everybody's lips, Dave Sands, Australia's holder of the British Empire middleweight title has become the forgotten boy of boxing. Sands, who became Empire title-holder, by knocking out Dick Turpin in one round, was wanted in London to defend that title against Randolph on June 5, but Sands and his manager, Tom McGuire hedged quite a bit, and finally Solomons agreed to their wishes that they could come to England at a later date, and then have a couple of warming up bouts before defending the precious title.

So the promoter re-arranged his summer schedule. On June 5, Jack Gardner was matched with and lost to Cesar Brion. Don Cockell scuttled Nick Barone, and Randolph Turpin thumped Jackie Keough round the ring to say nothing of Johnny Williams's fine knock-out win over Jo Weidin. Then Solomons went to work on Sugar Ray Robinson in Paris. With a lot of persuasion and a cheque getting on towards £30,000 the London promoter clinched the world title fight for July 10.

Sands arrived almost unnoticed amid the ballyhoo of the Sugar Ray circus, but was matched with Mel Brown, of America, on the same bill. The Australian won his fight easily, enough without being over impressive, but Dave takes quite a while to settle down and get acclimatised in England.

Solomons, like most of the boxing experts, obviously believed deep down in his heart that Robinson would beat Turpin—anybody who really knows the fight game must have thought that way —*before* that fight. So the wise man of boxing had the Empire title match ready for September. If Turpin had lost to Sugar, the Sands-Turpin Empire title fight would still have been a sell-out for White City.

WELL, it didn't work out that way. It worked out better for everybody—except Robinson who was licked, and Sands who has an Empire title that has become valueless for the time being in England.

Don't blame Turpin and don't blame Solomons. Sands is the man who must shoulder the loss himself. He could have had the Turpin fight in June. He hedged, so now he must take the first place in the queue. Consolation to Sands is that when eventually he puts up his Empire crown against Turpin he may be getting a crack at the world title which Britain hopes is still in Randolph's care after his New York encounter.

So great has been the Turpin fever that the heavyweights and light-heavyweights have been put in the shade. For instance, a couple of months ago the announcement by the Boxing Board that Jack Gardner must defend his title against Johnny Williams would have caused great interest. Now it is accepted only with mild enthusiasm—although, of course, there will be tense excitement when the match takes under Jack Solomons ever-stretching banner.

Interest must be tremendous before their previous fight at Leicester which was the final eliminator for the right to meet Bruce Woodcock for the title. Gardner won on points after 12 of the most exciting rounds seen in a heavyweight fight for years, but he only won by his great effort in the last round.

So close were the two fighters that I had them level on points when the last round began. Gardner was stronger, and so snatched the decision. Williams, so disappointed following his desperate all-out effort, collapsed at the end of the fight, was carried to the dressing room, and moved on to hospital suffering from slight concussion and nervous exhaustion. But what a great show he had put up.

I thought he would win that night. I think he would have come out victorious had he not gone into the fight with an ugly scar beneath his left eye—a legacy from the Pat Comiskey fight some weeks earlier.

The wound looked angry at the weigh-in, and must have given Gardner as much confidence as it unnerved Williams. Obviously, his opponent was thinking: "Well, I've only got to get one blow in there, and I'm on the way to victory." And obviously, Williams was worrying: "What is going to happen if Gardner opens the wound early in the fight?"

And that is just what happened. Williams began on the defensive, and Gardner came rushing out to make certain of that big target. He achieved his object as early as the second round. In the fourth session Williams's other eye was gashed, and so under a terrific handicap, Johnny struggled on.

In spite of all his troubles, Williams rallied so strongly in the ninth round that he came close to knocking out Gardner. He certainly staggered Jack with left hooks, cut his eye, and gave him a bad time generally, but his strength seemed to fade after this great effort.

Next time: I forecast we will see a stronger and more confident Williams. I expect him to win the British title.

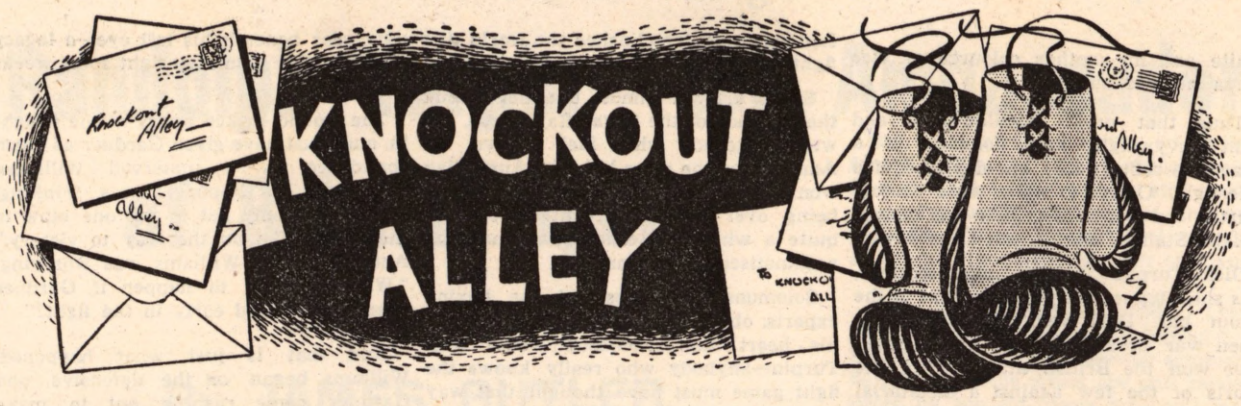
Cockell's case is different. Don is to defend his title against Albert Finch, a former middleweight champion, who lost his title on a knockout to Randy Turpin. Finch, a good boxer, is not likely to be of serious opposition to Cockell as far as the title is concerned.

THIRTY-SEVEN seems a fine age for heavyweights. Jersey Joe Walcott caused a sensation, second only to the Turpin turn-up, by knocking out Ezzard Charles in seven rounds at Pittsburgh to win the world heavyweight crown. Old Jersey Joe admits to 37, although he is the oldest 37 I have ever met. In any case he is the oldest man even to win the world heavyweight title.

Then we have 37 year old Tommy Farr regaining the Welsh title after 15 years, beating Dick Powell at Shrewsbury. Tommy first won the title of his country in 1936 when he beat Jim Wilde. He then relinquished it as he relinquished the Welsh cruiserweight crown, and later the British and Empire heavyweight championships.

There was some talk of Farr defending his newly won title against Johnny Williams in Wales, but after several pow-wows negotiations fell away, and Ted Broadribb switched to Germany to get action for Williams.

Yet another veteran heavyweight of the same age to make a great come-back a couple of months back was Joe Louis himself. Joe, fighting like a two year old, bounced around Lee Savold, a youngster of 36, and flattened him. It seems that life for a heavyweight these days begins at 37.



YOUR COLUMN by Charles Courage

BRIAN WILSON (Maid Road, Leverton)

Q.—I've been told that Don McCorkindale, the South African heavyweight, is the fellow who strikes the gong at the commencement of certain films. Is this correct?

A.—No, your friend is probably thinking of Billy Wells, the ex-heavyweight boxer. He used to be the fellow who strikes the gong, but he has ceased doing this for some years now.

J. SCANLON (St. David's Terrace, Dublin)

Q.—Who would you pick to win the following contests: Max Schmeling v. Primo Carnera, Max Schmeling v. Jim Braddock, Primo Carnera v. Jim Braddock, Steve Hamas v. Jim Braddock, Jack Petersen v. John H. Lewis, Max Baer v. Jack Sharkey?

A.—Schmeling, Schmeling, Braddock, Braddock, Lewis, and Baer.

PETER FALKNER (Auchinraith Avenue, Whitehill Hamilton, Lanark)

Q.—How many times did Tony Zale and Rocky Graziano meet, and what were the results? How many fights did Tony Galento and Jimmy Wilde have, and what were the results?

A.—Tony Zale and Rocky Graziano met three times for the world middleweight championship, all fights ending in a K.O. Zale won the first fight in six rounds, Graziano won the second, also in six rounds, and Zale won the third fight in three rounds. Jimmy Wilde had 864 fights, many of them in the booth. Out of this, he lost only four and avenged two of these defeats. Tony Galento had 115 fights, in which he won 84, lost 27, and drew 4.

S. D. NOCK (Broadway West, Palfrey, Walsall)

Q.—Could you give me your version of Charlie Baxter's best years of boxing?

A.—Charlie Baxter began boxing in 1927, and was fighting very well around 1934-35. He lost on points to Jack Hood over ten rounds in 1935, and also that year lost on technical K.O.s to George Rose and Jim Lawlor. In 1934 he beat Panther three times, Pat Butler, Chuck Parker twice, Billy Bird, Len Tiger Smith and Ernie Roderick. He also lost to Roderick in 1934.

D. WRIGHT (Cobden Street, Lochee, Dundee)

Q.—Did Barney Ross hold two world titles at the same time, or did he retire from one class before going on to win the other? What were the weights of these titles?

A.—Barney Ross held the world welterweight, junior welterweight, and lightweight titles at the same time. He won the lightweight and junior welterweight titles from Tony Canzoneri on June 23, 1933. He then won the welterweight title on May 28, 1934, beating Jimmy McLarnin. He lost the welterweight title back to McLarnin on Sept. 17, 1934, but regained it from McLarnin on May 28, 1935. Ross gave up the lightweight crown, having outgrown the class, in 1935.

KNOCKOUT ALLEY

Send your boxing queries to **Charles Courage, East Street and South Street, Oadby, Leicester.** Problems will be answered in this column at earliest possible. If you require a quick reply by post, please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

M. C. HIGGINS (Williams Avenue, Weymouth)

Q.—Your reply to B. McIntyre (Motherwell) is incorrect. Carnera gave his height as 6ft. 6½ins., not 6ft. 5¾ins. as you state. That was Jess Willard's height. Can you tell me Ray Impellettiere's height?

A.—You are wrong. I repeat the correct heights. Carnera 6ft. 5¾ins. and Willard 6ft. 6½ins. Impellettiere's height 6ft. 7ins.

D. B. DRAKE (Capcroft Road, Birmingham, 14)

Q.—I believe Sugar Ray Robinson defeated Henry Armstrong on points over ten rounds in late 1938. Is this correct?

A.—Sugar Ray Robinson defeated Henry Armstrong on points over ten rounds in late 1938. Is this correct?

A.—Sugar Ray Robinson defeated Henry Armstrong on points over ten rounds in New York on August 27, 1943. Robinson did not turn professional until 1940.

W. McMURTRY (Ballyclare, Co. Antrim)

Q.—Did Dave Sands ever fight Ken Shaw in Australia?

A.—No. Dave Sands and Ken Shaw have never met in the ring.

S. PUNCHARD (Highworth, Wilts)

Q.—Did a party of amateur boxers from England ever compete in the American Golden Gloves Tournament?

A.—No, a party of English amateur boxers went to America and competed against a team of Golden Gloves boxers on 2nd July, 1935. They did not, however, compete in the actual Golden Gloves Tournament. On 5th May, 1936, the American boys came to England for a return match.

MICHAEL BAKER (Brickfields, Worcester)

Q.—If Tommy Farr and Bruce Woodcock had ever met, who would have won?

A.—I personally would have favoured Tommy Farr. He was extremely tough and could have taken all Woodcock's best punches. Also, though not a great puncher himself, I think he would have been too smart for Woodcock.

C. DALY (Newport Street, Liverpool, 5)

Q.—Can you tell me where and when Gene Tunney was born? Also how many fights has Ray Robinson had since turning professional?

A.—Gene Tunny was born in New York City on May 28, 1898. Robinson has had 132 professional fights up to the time of going to press.

GERRY PATTERSON (Beersbridge Rd., Belfast)

Q.—Would you clear up the number of fights Sugar Ray Robinson had with Jake LaMotta? Also, did Robinson knock him out in their last meeting? Nat Fleischer's Ring Record Book for 1951 only gives four fights.

A.—LaMotta and Robinson met five times. LaMotta gained one decision only. In their last meeting on February 14, 1951, Robinson won the world middleweight title when the referee stopped the fight in the 13th round to save LaMotta from further punishment. This, of course, could not possibly have appeared in "The Ring Record Book" for 1951, which is compiled and published at the end of the previous year.

ROBERT PATTERSON (Denmark Street, Heaton)

Q.—I say Jock McAvoy, Ernie Roderick, Johnny King and Freddie Mills were the longest title-holders in Britain. My best eight champions (and I'm only including the champions I have seen) are: Tommy Farr, Len Harvey, Jock McAvoy, Ernie Roderick, Eric Boon, Nel Tarleton, Johnny King and Benny Lynch.

A.—McAvoy won middles title on April 10, 1933, and relinquished it on June 25, 1944. Roderick became welter champion on March 23, 1939, and lost his crown on November 8, 1948. Johnny King won bantamweight championship on October 10, 1932, lost it on February 12, 1934; regained it on March 27, 1935, and finally lost it on February 10, 1947. Freddie Mills won the British light-heavyweight title on June 20, 1942, and relinquished this crown on January 25, 1950. Your list of eight best champions is a good choice.

E. GREIG (Fernbrook Road, Lewisham, S.E. 13)

Q.—If a boxer leading on points knocked his opponent out, but left the ring while the other fighter is actually being counted out, what is the result? Also has it ever happened, and to whom?

A.—Official result would be disqualification of fighter who left the ring. Until the count is finished the fight is still on. It has never happened to my knowledge.

E. T. DAVIES (Woodland View, Wyesham, Monmouth)

Q.—Can you supply records and results of William Perry's (The Tipton Slasher) fights with the American giant Freeman. Also with Tom Paddock?

A.—Perry and Freeman had many battles. They fought 40 rounds at Sawbridgeworth on Dec. 14, 1842, when the police intervened. They fought a draw at Taplow, 41 days later Perry was disqualified in 38 rounds at Cliffe Marshes for going down without being hit. Reason for continuance of these battles was police intervention. Perry beat Tom Paddock on foul. Woking Common. 22 rounds. December 17, 1850.

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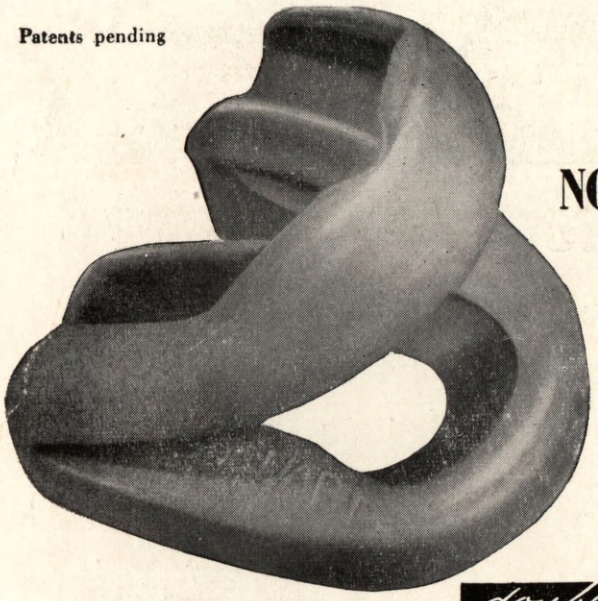

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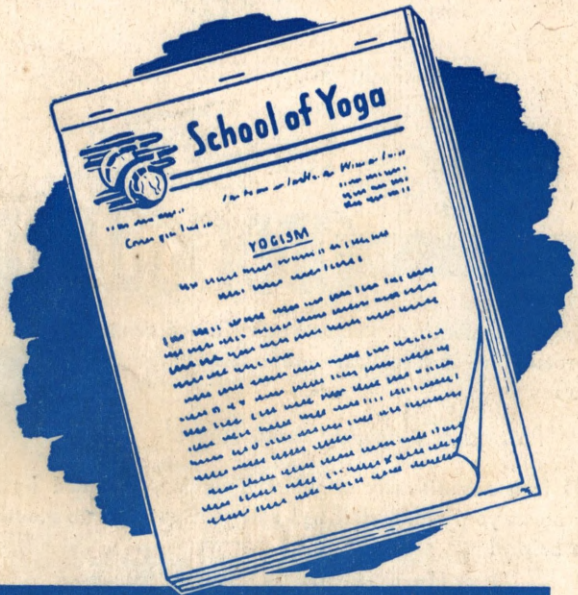

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